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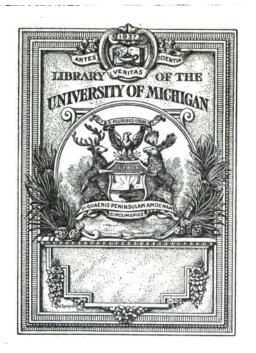
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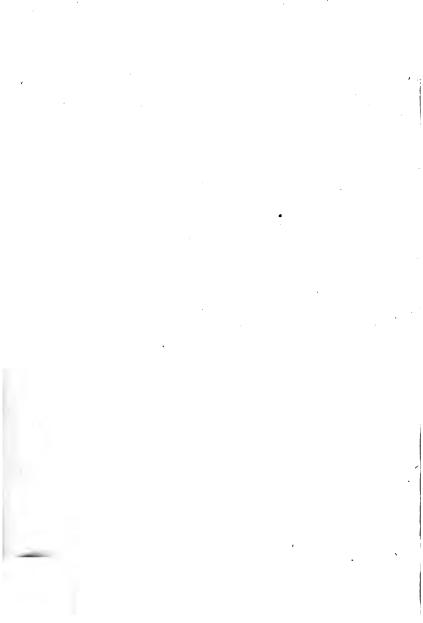
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LADY OF THE LAKE

EDITED

WITH PREFACE AND NOTES

BY

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PROFESSOR OF LOGIC AND ENGLISH LITERATURE
IN THE UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN

WITH A MAP OF SCOTT'S LAKE DISTRICT

Oxford

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

I. THE POEM IN RELATION TO THE POET.

THE Lady of the Lake was first published in May, 1810. It was the third of Scott's metrical romances. It followed Marmion after an interval of two years. The success of Marmion gave him, in his own words, 'a heeze that almost carried him off his feet,' but the success of the Lady of the Lake was still greater. It is the high-water mark of his popularity as a poet.

The instinct of contemporary feeling can be justified. There were good reasons why the poem should have been popular, and more so even than its predecessors: good reasons why it should remain popular. It is full of confident joy in the beauty and grandeur of nature, and in all that is generous, lovable, and admirable in man: full of a happy faith, an optimism, a buoyancy, an energy that spring from the poet's own genial temper, specially encouraged at the moment by happy circumstances. He was in a mood to give the world of his best.

Scott was in the very prime of his powers when he wrote the Lady of the Lake, and exhilarated by the success that those powers had won for him. These were the golden months of his life, bright with various enterprizes, filled with a sense of triumph and an energy that nothing could daunt. The amount of literary work that he accomplished between Marmion and the Lady—editorial notes on Swift, the Somers Tracts, the Sadler Papers, contributions to the Quarterly Review, the Annual Register, &c. &c.,—was marvellous: it was as if his strength had been renewed, like a fabulous hero's, seven times between sunrise and sunset.

The exhilaration of this prosperous activity pervades the scenery and the characters of the poem. As we read we

breathe with the breath of a strong and happy spirit; our blood beats with the pulse of a strong and healthy heart. There are no such sunrises in literature as the six sunrises with which the successive cantos open: the sky lightens, the birds sing, the dew-drops glisten as with the freshness of actual sound and sight. The energy of the narrative is superb.

And the persons of the story are all genially conceived, while the variety of incident shows forth their characters more fully than the poet succeeds in doing in the earlier romances. a world of large full-blooded types, and all have a generous strain in them, down even to Red Murdoch and John of Brent. Roderick Dhu, violent and passionate as he is, is a less brutal warrior than William of Deloraine, and is not stained by such mean arts as Marmion practised against De Wilton: he has the qualities of a noble savage: he has a vein of sentiment in him as the dispossessed heir of a royal line, and fights under the most chivalrous obligations of honour. The exiled Douglas. the victim of his family's ambition, in spite of all repulses and misunderstandings, remains loval to his king and his country, and is not for a moment tempted by opportunities of revenge. It was no easy thing to prevent the gallant king from suffering by comparison with two such rivals, but he holds his own, and in him also, though his character is more mixed and hesitating, generous motives prevail. Un Ellen, too, with her three lovers, and her touch of coquetry, there is more variety than in his earlier heroines: the final proof of her generous nature is given when she pleads for the pardon of Roderick. Malcolm Graeme plays but a small part in the story, but that little is happily chosen to show his promising manhood and his readiness to run risks for a generous purpose: enough is given to warrant his good fortune at the close of the story.

They are all simple types, dearly beloved of the simple reader of romance from the days when Arthur and Launcelot were first invented. The poet accepted them unreservedly as one who had no quarrel with the world's judgment and no need to go in search of strange types with which to shock and startle an indifferent public into attention. It was enough for him to render the old types in new circumstances and new artistic form: to this he applied his invention in whole-hearted

confidence, with all the prosperous strength that comes of previous victories.

In 1830 Scott wrote a sort of poetic autobiography in the form of introductions to his various poems. The introduction to the Lady of the Lake is particularly interesting from its lively reminiscences of the buoyant temper in which the poem was undertaken and written. 'After the success of Marmion,' he says, 'I felt inclined to exclaim with Ulysses in the Odyssey:—

Οὖτος μὲν δὴ ἄεθλος ἀάατος ἐκτετέλεσται· Νῦν αὖτε σκοπὸν ἄλλον. Odys. xxii. l. 5.

"One venturous game my hand has won to-day: Another, gallants, yet remains to play."

One of his friends seems to have thought that he should not risk another game, but should be content with the success he had won. A lady, whom Lockhart identifies with his aunt, Miss Christian Rutherford, a woman accomplished enough to be a literary confidante and adviser, happened to discover that he was busy with another poem, and strongly urged him to hold his hand. 'Do not be so rash,' she said. 'You are already popular—more so, perhaps, than you yourself will believe, or than even I, or other partial friends, can fairly allow to your merit. You stand high—do not rashly attempt to climb higher, and incur the risk of a fall; for, depend upon it, a favourite will not be allowed to stumble with impunity.' But to this cautious expostulation the poet replied gaily in the words of Montrose:—

'He either fears his fate too much, Or his deserts are small, Who dares not put it to the touch To gain or lose it all.'

. If I fail, he said, it is a sign that I ought never to have succeeded, and I will write prose for life: you shall see no change in my temper, nor will I eat a single meal the worse. But if I succeed,

"Up with the bonnie blue bonnet, The dirk, and the feather, and a'!"

In this gallant temper he completed and published the Lady of the Lake. 'The whole country rang with the praises of the poet.' But still he would not rest on his laurels. His reasons for this continued activity are characteristic. 'I had attained, perhaps, that degree of public reputation at which prudence, or certainly timidity, would have made a halt, and discontinued efforts by which I was far more likely to diminish my fame than to increase it. But, as the celebrated John Wilkes is said to have explained to his late Majesty, that he himself, amid his full tide of popularity, was never a Wilkite, so I can, with honest truth, exculpate myself from having been at any time a partisan of my own poetry, even when it was in the highest fashion with the million. It must not be supposed, that I was either so ungrateful, or so superabundantly candid, as to despise or scorn the value of those whose voice had elevated me so much higher than my own opinion told me I deserved. I -felt, on the contrary, the more grateful to the public, as receiving that from partiality to me, which I could not have claimed from merit; and I endeavoured to deserve the partiality, by continuing such exertions as I was capable of for their amusement.

'It may be that I did not, in this continued course of scribbling, consult either the interest of the public, or my own. But the former had effectual means of defending themselves, and could, by their coldness, sufficiently check any approach to intrusion; and for myself, I had now for several years dedicated my hours so much to literary labour, that I should have felt difficulty in employing myself otherwise; and so, like Dogberry, I generously bestowed all my tediousness on the public, comforting myself with the reflection, that if posterity should think me undeserving of the favour with which I was regarded by my contemporaries, "they could not but say I had the crown," and had enjoyed for a time that popularity which is so much coveted.

'I conceived, however, that I held the distinguished situation I had obtained, however unworthily, rather like the champion of pugilism, on the condition of being always ready to show proofs of my skill, than in the manner of the champion of chivalry, who performs his duties only on rare and solemn occasions. I was in any case conscious that I could not long hold a situation which

the caprice, rather than the judgment, of the public, had bestowed upon me, and preferred being deprived of my precedence by some more worthy rival, to sinking into contempt for my indolence, and losing my reputation by what Scottish lawyers call the *negative* prescription.'

II. SCOTT AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURY CRITICISM.

Scott's metrical romances smack strongly of the eighteenth century, and are, at least, none the worse for so doing. The romancer was born in an age of common sense, and he emancipated himself cautiously with a sweet but firm reasonableness peculiar to himself. He asserts his freedom with judgment and temperance: he does not flout critical prejudices as a rebel: he takes his own way, but makes deferential concessions to the established spirit.

It was as a romance pure and simple that the Lady of the Lake was read and enjoyed: it is as a romance that it continues to charm. Scott did not stint himself in the invention of romantic incident. In this poem, as he said himself to his printer Ballantyne, 'the stress is laid on incident,' as in the Lay it is upon 'style,' and in Marmion on 'description.' Accordingly he invented freely: and the romantic interest never flags from the moment that the adventurous Huntsman enters the dark defile of the Trosachs and sounds his horn on the strand of Loch Katrine to the mortal combat at Coilantogle Ford. From that point it becomes less intense: but still it holds us till the King's quarrel with the haughty Douglas is appeased, and reasons of State give way before the happiness of two lovers.

Scott allowed himself the romantic poet's full license, and yet he made concessions. The concessions, perhaps, were more in appearance than in reality: they were not such as to interfere with the free exercise of his art. Still, he deferred to common sense. This deference is apparent in his 'Notes' to the poem. Most of them seem to have been intended not so much for elucidation, as to justify his use of romantic material: to prove that, with all his romantic leanings, he was not unmindful of the canon

'True Art is Nature to advantage dressed.'

It is easy to go wrong in generalising about a century. It is

not easy to find a really valid formula for what is common to the aims and methods of several generations of poets and critics. But Pope's line, with all the elasticity given to it by the comprehensiveness of the word Nature, and the many possible ways of 'dressing' Nature 'to advantage,' does express a tangible common aim and method.

What is Nature? How is Nature to be dressed to advantage? There is room for boundless variety of view in the interpretation of these words. No two thoughtful people would interpret them in precisely the same sense. Yet substantially adherence to truth of Nature did receive a common meaning from the critics of the eighteenth century. Take two men whose authority was respected by the mass of lettered people, Johnson and Hurd. They were accustomed in poetry to a certain! conventional pomp of diction which would strike the common sense of our time as inflated, and this accordingly never struck them as unnatural: it came within the precept of dressing to advantage: but outside this conventional diction they would in the interests of Nature have confined poetry closely to the probabilities of human life in action, manners, character, and passion. Improbabilities formed the staple of eighteenth century critical fault-finding, and nowhere was this spirit more dominant than among the Edinburgh critics, from Kames to Jeffrey, under whose influence Scott was bred and in whose fear he walked

An instance or two will show how the canon of truth to nature was applied, and how prominent it was in the minds of authors and critics. When Horace Walpole published his Castle of Otranto in 1764, he made free use of supernatural incidents, but he considered it necessary to argue that this was admissible as long as the conduct of the persons of the story was such as might reasonably be expected in the extraordinary circumstances. Later on Mrs. Radcliffe in her tales enabled herself in another way to gratify the taste for the romantic without breaking the canon. She made her persons refer startling incidents to supernatural causes, and behave and feel as if they were supernatural. The reader also was left for a time in the same belief. But in the end, with much ingenuity, it was shown that this belief was a superstitious error, and that

the strange sights and sounds had a perfectly natural origin. Dr. Johnson laid down the law in connexion with the poetry of Collins that flights of imagination which pass the bounds of nature might be tolerated if they were in accordance with popular tradition. In this the mind might 'passively acquiesce.' Scott accommodated his romantic inventions to this rule.

Criticism demanded that romance should not stray too far from reality: the Lady of the Lake accordingly has some historical substance. As the Lay of the Last Minstrel was intended as a picture of the manners of the ancient Borderers. so was the Lady of the Lake intended as a picture of the manners of the ancient Highlanders,—an idealised picture, the Highlanders 'dressed to advantage,' but still a picture not too incredibly unlike the old reality. 'The ancient manners,' Scott wrote in 1830, in his account of the origin of the poem, 'the ancient manners, the habits and customs of the aboriginal race by whom the Highlands of Scotland were inhabited, had always appeared to me peculiarly adapted to poetry. The change in their manners, too, had taken place almost within my own time, or at least I had learned many particulars concerning the ancient state of the Highlands from the old men of the last generation. I had always thought the old Scottish Gael highly adapted for poetical composition.' In his notes he justified many of the incidents in detail. Lest anybody should challenge Allan Bane's 'second-sight' of the coming of the disguised King as a foolish superstition too absurd for a serious poem, he quoted authorities for the existence of this faculty among the Highlanders, adding that 'in despite of evidence which neither Bacon, Boyle, nor Johnson were able to resist,' it 'was now universally abandoned to the use of poetry.' Similarly he quoted a real parallel to Brian the Hermit from the records of the ancient Irish, remarking that as they were of kin to the Irish he had produced 'a strong warrant for the character in the text.' Even the King's incognito wandering he 'verified' by the tradition of a similar adventure in the life of James V.

In this way Scott sought to forestal any charge of romantic improbability. At the same time he left himself great freedom in the invention of persons and incidents true in kind or species to the period chosen. The Lowland kings all along had great

difficulties with their Highland neighbours. This long-standing historical enmity is embodied in Roderick Dhu and Clan Alpine. But the chief is an imaginary chief, and even the clan is an imaginary clan. Clan Alpine has a certain verisimilitude to the Clan Gregor, and is placed by the poet partly in Macgregor territory, but there was not in the time of James V. a real united clan within the district traversed by Roderick's fiery cross. The ambition of the powerful family of Douglas and its rivalry with the royal authority is also matter of history. But James of Bothwell is an imaginary personage. So with Malcolm Graeme, Roderick's neighbour. He is placed in veritable Graham territory; he is heir to lands in Menteith and Strathendrick, of which Grahams were long the lords; but there was no such royal ward in the reign of James V. It is enough for the poet's purpose that there might have been.

Scott took at last equal pains to be true to nature in his descriptions of the scenery, and yet he did not bind himself to it hand and foot. The real scenery of the Trosachs and its lakes is depicted with careful fidelity. The truth of the description of lakes and hills and glens is so striking that as we recognise feature after feature we find ourselves trying to identify the precise locality of every incident. But the romancer did not tie himself down to the limitations of Nature quite so closely as that. Guides sometimes insist upon showing the very spot where the wretched kerne was slain, the turn in the pathway where Fitz-James came upon the bivouac of Roderick Dhu, the very rock to which Fitz-James set his back when he was startled by the appearance of Roderick's ambush; but the story is not articulated to the scenery in such minor details. Scott aimed only at the semblance of probability: with this he was satisfied. The fact that many travellers try to verify every spot is a proof that he attained his object. It is mentioned as an instance of the care that he took to keep to probabilities that he rode from Coilantogle Ford to Stirling to satisfy himself that the King's ride after the combat was a possible achievement. But he did not consider it necessary to exhaust himself by a prolonged struggle for life before starting. Truth to nature is well, but it has its limits in romance: even the eighteenth century allowed a little dressing to advantage.

III. THE HIGHLANDERS AND THEIR COUNTRY BEFORE SCOTT.

Scott's romantic picture of the Scottish Highlanders and their country had an immense effect on public opinion. The effect was visible at once. The poem was published early in June, and crowds of tourists made for Loch Katrine before the summer was over. 'Every inn and house on the route was crammed with a constant succession of visitors.' 'The posthorse duty in Scotland rose that summer in an extraordinary degree.' These statements, which Lockhart makes on the authority of Cadell, the publisher, are confirmed by evidence published at the time. A lady tourist, a Miss Spence, made what she called a 'Caledonian Excursion' in 1810, the year of the publication of the Lady of the Lake. She was in Callender in August, and she records that 'the number of persons attracted to the far-famed spot in consequence of Mr. Walter Scott's beautiful poem exceeds calculation.' 'The number of carriages,' she adds, 'which have stopped at this place during the present season already exceeds 500.

And yet the very common impression that in this poem and his subsequent novels the 'Great Magician' originally created the romantic interest in Scotland is not quite accurate. He did not so much create this interest as popularise it. It had grown up slowly among literary people in the course of the century, and Scott gave it a sudden and wide expansion.

Even Loch Katrine had been discovered by the tourist in search of the picturesque many years before Scott made one of its beautiful islands the retreat of his heroine and her exiled father. A vivacious lady traveller, the 'Hon. Mrs. Murray, of Kensington,' who made the tour of Scotland in her own carriage, thought that Mr. Scott should have dedicated his poem to her because she was the first to bring the scenery of the Trosachs into notice. She travelled in 1796, and published her very lively narrative in 1799. But there is an earlier claimant. A minister of Callender, Mr. Robertson, 'believed he might without presumption say that he was the first to make the Trosachs known.' He was the author of a long and enthusiastic description of the scenery under the article Callender, in Sir John Sinclair's

Statistical Account of Scotland. This was published in 1794. Apparently it was published also in a separate pamphlet as a sort of Guide-book to Callender, for such a pamphlet by the minister of Callender was in Dorothy Wordsworth's hands when she and her brother visited the Trosachs in 1803. The curious thing, however, if we want to know who discovered the picturesqueness of the Trosachs, is that Mr. Robertson, in his statistical account, speaks of the place as already a favoured resort with persons of taste who are desirous of seeing Nature in her rudest and most unpolished shapes.' He tells us that the Hon. Mrs. Drummond, of Perth, had made provision for the comfort of 'strangers who visit this wild and picturesque landscape:' a road had been blasted out of the rock on the north side of the Loch for their convenience, booths of wicker-work had been erected as shelters, and the tenants of the neighbouring farms were 'very ready to show the beauty of the place to travellers.' This was twenty years before Scott made Loch Katrine the scene of his poem and drew all the world there. Wordsworth probably misunderstood the smiles of the farm servants of whom he asked the way to the Trosachs, and whom he informed that 'it was a place very much celebrated in England, though perhaps very little thought of by them.'

Whoever first discovered the Trosachs, it was undoubtedly Scott who popularised this resort. His influence is quaintly illustrated in an anecdote told by Mr. Jamieson, the editor of Burt's Letters (Letter X. i. 103, ed. 1818). An old man in the Loch Lomond district, fierce-looking as Red Murdoch, complained in 1814 that he had been a guide to the top of the Ben for forty years, but that now Walter Scott, 'that everybody makes such a work about,' had come and spoiled his trade. 'I wish,' he said, 'I had him to ferry over Loch Lomond; I should be after sinking the boat if I drowned myself into the bargain; for ever since he wrote his Lady of the Lake, as they call it, everybody goes to see that filthy hole, Loch Catrine The D—— confound his ladies and his lakes!'

This anecdote shows how powerful was Scott's influence on the stream of tourists, and it illustrates also another point, namely, that long before Scott's time there was a stream of tourists to Scotland. The Highlands of Scotland became one

of the recognised vents of the perennial English passion for travelling,—the passion that lay at the root of the mediaeval custom of pilgrimage,—as soon as it became possible to travel there with some measure of comfort and security. This could be done after the suppression of the Jacobite rising in 1745. From that date the stream of tourists began to set towards Scotland. Pennant (1769) speaks of an established petit tour and grand tour, the petit tour including Strathtay and its Loch, Loch Lomond and its Ben, the grand tour reaching as far north as Inverness, and as far west as the Isle of Skye. The poet Gray made the petit tour in two successive years, a decade before Dr. Johnson was led on the grand tour by Boswell. Before the end of the eighteenth century was reached. every writer of a new book of travels in Scotland apologised for adding to the number. Long before Scott described Scottish scenery in verse, hosts of writers had given the tourist directions in prose. A Map of the Scottish Roads was published by a London firm in 1776: and among the imitators of Pennant and Johnson may be mentioned Sullivan, 1780; Knox, 1787; Mrs. Murray, 1799; Garnett, 1800; Campbell, 1802; besides Sinclair's 'Statistical Account' in 21 volumes (1791-1799), and Forsyth's 'Beauties of Scotland' in 5 volumes (1805). In all these publications, even in the Statistical Account, prepared by the ministers of the various parishes, there are attempts at description of the picturesque, and Mrs. Murray was a wordpainter of great enthusiasm and eloquence. The tours were often illustrated by sketches made on the spot. Campbell's two large volumes, for example, contain elaborate sketches as well as verbal descriptions of all the localities of the Lady of , the Lake. Indeed, as one reads these tours one begins to wonder at Scott's hardihood in venturing a poem on such hackneved ground; so far was he from being the first to introduce that ground to the public.

As with the scenery, so with the romantic character of the inhabitants: here also Scott did not so much 'originally create' as popularise. For many years before he wrote, indifference and dislike towards the Highlanders had been gradually giving way to interest and a tendency to romantic admiration. He states his own position with perfect clearness. 'The feuds, and

political dissensions, which, half a century earlier, would have rendered the richer and wealthier part of the kingdom indisposed to countenance a poem, the scene of which was laid in the Highlands, were now sunk in the generous compassion which the English, more than any other nation, feel for the misfortunes of an honourable foe. The Poems of Ossian had, by their popularity, sufficiently shown, that if writings on Highland subjects were qualified to interest the reader, mere national prejudices were, in the present day, very unlikely to interfere with their success.' Scott mentions Macpherson's Ossian; he might have mentioned Rousseau also as one who did much to foster a sentiment for the noble savage in general and the inhabitants of mountainous regions in particular.

In the famous Thirteenth Chapter of his History, Macaulay draws a brilliant picture of the Scottish Highlanders and the sudden change of English feeling in regard to them. picture is true in the main, but the colours are somewhat heightened after Macaulay's manner: the change from indifference to interest and from aversion to pity and romantic admiration was not quite so sudden as he describes. It is not quite accurate to say that in the time of Oueen Anne the barbarians of Scotland were the only barbarians of whom Londoners knew nothing, and for whom they consequently cared less than the black men of Africa or the red men of America. This may be true of the Central Highlands, north of Inverary and west of Stirling, Perth, and the Passes of Birnam and Ballater. This region was practically unexplored till General Wade's roads were made in the early part of the reign of George II. But the Western Islands were more accessible, and of them and their population not a little was known early in the When pastoral poetry was in fashion, and fine sentiment loved to dream of an imaginary golden age, a traveller of the name of Martin made a nine days' wonder in 'the town' of Oueen Anne by describing St. Kilda, the westernmost of the Scottish Islands, as the abode of a people of primitive simplicity and virtue. Martin's 'Voyage to St. Kilda,' first published in 1699, and afterwards expanded into his 'Description of the Western Islands of Scotland' (published 1703), was really the germ of the romantic interest in Scotland. It inspired Collins's 'Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland, considered as the subject of poetry.'

'But oh, o'er all, forget not Kilda's race,
On whose bleak rocks, which brave the wasting tides,
Fair nature's daughter, Virtue, yet abides.
Go, just as they, their blameless manners trace!'

All the superstitions to which Collins refers as 'themes of simple sure effect' are taken from Martin's 'Description:' this was in his mind when he bade farewell to the author of 'Douglas,' and congratulated him on returning to a country so rich in the materials of poetry.

'Fresh to that soil thou turn'st, where every vale
Shall prompt the poet, and his song demand:
To thee thy copious subjects ne'er shall fail;
Thou need'st but take thy pencil to thy hand,
And paint what all believe, who own thy genial land.'

It was reserved for a greater than Home to realise the possibilities of romance that Collins discerned in the customs and superstitions of the Highlanders. But it should be remembered that Collins was romanticist enough to divine the value of this mine of poetic wealth. His Ode was written one year before the middle year of the century, ten years before Macpherson published his Ossian ¹.

When, then, Macaulay speaks as if nothing had been known of the Highlanders and their semi-barbarous customs before the publication of Burt's Letters in 1754, he conveys a wrong impression. The knowledge of the Highlands was not so general as it became: it was probably confined to the few who

¹ Though written then, Collins's Ode was not published till 1788. The MS. seems to have been carried north by Home, to whom the Ode was addressed, and lent by him to a friend. It was accidentally discovered among this friend's papers, and communicated to the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1784. It was first published in Edinburgh in this Society's Transactions. Scott was then a ballad-loving youth in his father's law office, and the Ode, with its exhortation 'Proceed, in forceful sounds and colours bold, The native legends of thy land rehearse,' came upon him with all the force of novelty.

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were curious in such matters: but it was open to the public in a book, and that book was not a particularly obscure one, but had attracted attention in its time. Johnson told Boswell that his father had put Martin's Western Islands into his hands when he was a boy: to this he traced the curiosity about Scotland which made him undertake his famous Tour.

When George IV. visited Scotland, he dressed on State occasions as a Highland chief in kilt and sporran. The Highlands had by that time become identical with Scotland in the English imagination. The main cause of this confusion was undoubtedly the glamour with which Scott's poems and novels had invested the Highlandmen. But we see from Collins's Ode that the confusion had begun long before. To the poet all Scotland was 'fancy's land,' every hill and meadow alive with poetic superstitions.

For the second time in history the conquered Celt took captive the imagination of his conquerors. The conquest of Scotland by the kilted Highlandman of romance has a parallel in the conquest of England by the Arthurian legend.

IV. THE TEXT OF THE POEM.

Attention was drawn to the state of the text by Mr. W. J. Rolfe in an edition published at Boston by Ticknor and Company in 1883. Mr. Rolfe pointed out that various misprints, such as 'heart' for 'heat,' 'barbed' for 'barded,' had crept into the Author's Edition, and he weeded these out carefully by collating the text with the editions of 1810 and 1821.

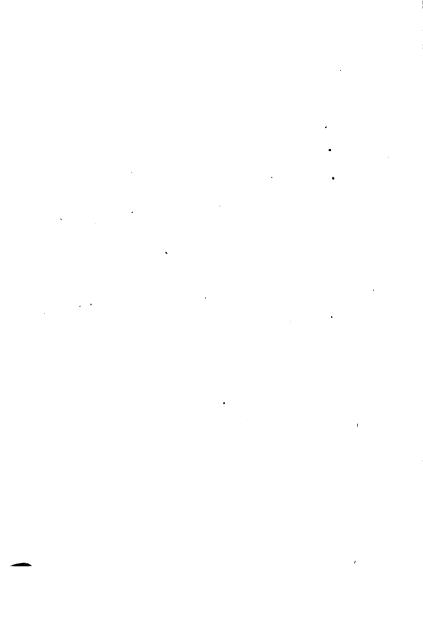
When the Messrs. Black, of Edinburgh, who represent the original publishers, asked me to undertake a revision of Lockhart's edition, I suggested that the text should be collated with the author's MSS., and at their instance Mr. Francis Richardson, the owner of the MS. of the Lady of the Lake, kindly placed it at my disposal. I have found that Mr. Rolfe was almost invariably right in his corrections, and I have been able to add one or two. The errors that had crept in were for the most part insignificant,—plurals for singulars, and so forth;—but Scott deserves that some pains should be taken to present his text as he wrote it, and presumably meant it to remain.

The truth is, however, that this puritanism must not be pushed too far, for I found on looking at the MS, that the poet was somewhat careless in spelling, and apt to leave to the printer such minutiae as marks of the possessive case. For example, in III. l. 15, the MS. reads 'torches ray,' and there is little to choose between the 'torches' ray' of the Author's edition, and the 'torch's ray' of Mr. Rolfe. So with 'passion's' or 'passions' sway' in L. l. 724: the MS. reads 'passions.' In IV. 1. 85, the 'shelve' of the Author's edition is warranted by the MS., but Mr. Rolfe's 'shelf' is preferable. The printer is not bound to follow his author in such eccentricities as 'wizzard' and 'chizzel.' Occasionally, but very rarely, Scott seems to have made slight alterations himself in the first edition. 'And when the midnight moon should lave,' for 'did' lave, is an example; 'Another step than thine to spy,' for 'The step of parting fair to spy,' is another. Mr. Rolfe has ascertained that the changes were made in the second edition, which Scott would seem to have carefully revised. 'Sound' for 'sounds,' II. l. 3573 which first appears in the edition of 1821, was possibly a change made by Scott himself for euphony, though Mr. Rolfe sticks to 'sounds.' But for the most part the first draft was corrected in the MS. itself, which nearly always contains the final form. The various readings given by Lockhart as from the MS. are, with hardly an exception, cancelled in the MS. so vigorously as to be almost indecipherable.

V. MAP OF SCOTT'S LAKE DISTRICT.

I have appended a map of the localities of the poem, on which the reader may trace the Chase of the stag from Glenartney to the Trosachs, the passage of the Fiery Cross through the Clan Alpine country, and the King's ride from Coilantogle Ford to Stirling. The map shows also the relative positions of the King's seat at Stirling and the districts assigned to the imaginary chieftainship of Roderick Dhu and Malcolm Graeme.

The following is the 'Argument' prefixed to the Poem:—
'The Scene of the following Poem is laid chiefly in the Vicinity of Loch Katrine, in the Western Highlands of Perthshire. The time of Action includes Six Days, and the transactions of each day occupy a Canto.'



THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

CANTO FIRST.

THE CHASE.

HARP of the North! that mouldering long hast hung
On the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's spring,
And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,
Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
Muffling with verdant ringlet every string,—
O minstrel Harp! still must thine accents sleep?
Mid rustling leaves and fountain's murmuring,
Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,
Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep?

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Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon,
Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,
When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,
Aroused the fearful, or subdued the proud.
At each according pause, was heard aloud
Thine ardent symphony sublime and high!
Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bow'd;
For still the burden of thy minstrelsy
Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and Beauty's matchless eye.

O wake once more! how rude soe'er the hand
That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray;
O wake once more! though scarce my skill command
Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay:

Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,
And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,
Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway,
The wizard note has not been touch'd in vain.
Then silent be no more! Enchantress, wake again!

I.

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The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade;
But, when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
The deep-mouth'd bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way,
And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

II.

As Chief, who hears his warder call, 'To arms! the foemen storm the wall.' The antler'd monarch of the waste Sprung from his heathery couch in haste. But, ere his fleet career he took, The dew-drops from his flanks he shook; Like crested leader proud and high, Toss'd his beam'd frontlet to the sky: A moment gazed adown the dale, A moment snuff'd the tainted gale, A moment listen'd to the cry, That thicken'd as the chase drew nigh; Then, as the headmost foes appear'd, With one brave bound the copse he clear'd, And, stretching forward free and far, Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

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III.

Yell'd on the view the opening pack; Rock, glen, and cavern, paid them back; 55 To many a mingled sound at once The awaken'd mountain gave response. A hundred dogs bay'd deep and strong, Clatter'd a hundred steeds along, Their peal the merry horns rung out, 60 A hundred voices join'd the shout; With hark and whoop and wild halloo, No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew. Far from the tumult fled the roe. Close in her covert cower'd the doe: 65 The falcon, from her cairn on high, Cast on the rout a wondering eye, Till far beyond her piercing ken ' The hurricane had swept the glen. Faint and more faint, its failing din 70 Return'd from cavern, cliff, and linn, And silence settled, wide and still, On the lone wood and mighty hill.

IV.

Less loud the sounds of silvan war
Disturb'd the heights of Uam-Var,
And roused the cavern, where, 'tis told,
A giant made his den of old;
For ere that steep ascent was won,
High in his pathway hung the sun,
And many a gallant, stay'd perforce,
Was fain to breathe his faltering horse,
And of the trackers of the deer,
Scarce half the lessening pack was near;
So shrewdly on the mountain side
Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

V.

The noble stag was pausing now, Upon the mountain's southern brow, Where broad extended, far beneath, The varied realms of fair Menteith. With anxious eye he wander'd o'er 90 Mountain and meadow, moss and moor, And ponder'd refuge from his toil, By far Lochard or Aberfoyle. But nearer was the copsewood grey, That waved and wept on Loch Achray, 95 And mingled with the pine-trees blue On the bold cliffs of Benvenue. Fresh vigour with the hope return'd; With flying foot the heath he spurn'd, Held westward with unwearied race, 100 And left behind the panting chase.

VI.

'T were long to tell what steeds gave o'er, As swept the hunt through Cambus-more; What reins were tighten'd in despair, When rose Benledi's ridge in air; Who flagg'd upon Bochastle's heath, Who shunn'd to stem the flooded Teith,—For twice that day, from shore to shore, The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er. Few were the stragglers, following far, That reach'd the lake of Vennachar; And when the Brigg of Turk was won, The headmost horseman rode alone.

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VII.

Alone, but with unbated zeal, That horseman plied the scourge and steel; For jaded now, and spent with toil, Emboss'd with foam, and dark with soil,

While every gasp with sobs he drew, The labouring stag strain'd full in view. Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed, 120 Unmatch'd for courage, breath, and speed, Fast on his flying traces came, And all but won that desperate game; For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch, Vindictive toil'd the bloodhounds stanch; 125 Nor nearer might the dogs attain, Nor farther might the quarry strain. Thus up the margin of the lake, Between the precipice and brake, O'er stock and rock their race they take. 130

VIII.

The Hunter mark'd that mountain high, The lone lake's western boundary, And deem'd the stag must turn to bay, Where that huge rampart barr'd the way; Already glorying in the prize, 135 Measured his antlers with his eyes; For the death-wound and death-halloo, Muster'd his breath, his whinyard drew;-But thundering as he came prepared, With ready arm and weapon bared, The wily quarry shunn'd the shock, And turn'd him from the opposing rock; Then, dashing down a darksome glen, Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken, In the deep Trosachs' wildest nook 145 His solitary refuge took. There, while close couch'd, the thicket shed Cold dews and wild-flowers on his head. He heard the baffled dogs in vain Rave through the hollow pass amain, 150 Chiding the rocks that yell'd again.

IX.

Close on the hounds the hunter came, To cheer them on the vanish'd game; But, stumbling in the rugged dell, The gallant horse exhausted fell. The impatient rider strove in vain To rouse him with the spur and rein, For the good steed, his labours o'er, Stretch'd his stiff limbs, to rise no more; Then, touch'd with pity and remorse, He sorrow'd o'er the expiring horse. 'I little thought, when first thy rein I slack'd upon the banks of Seine, That Highland eagle e'er should feed On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed! Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day, That costs thy life, my gallant grey!'

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X.

Then through the dell his horn resounds, From vain pursuit to call the hounds. Back limp'd, with slow and crippled pace, The sulky leaders of the chase; Close to their master's side they press'd, With drooping tail and humbled crest; But still the dingle's hollow throat Prolong'd the swelling bugle-note. The owlets started from their dream, The eagles answer'd with their scream, Round and around the sounds were cast. Till echo seem'd an answering blast; And on the hunter hied his way, To join some comrade of the day; Yet often paused, so strange the road, So wondrous were the scenes it show'd.

XI.

The western waves of ebbing day Roll'd o'er the glen their level way; 185 Each purple peak, each flinty spire, Was bathed in floods of living fire. But not a setting beam could glow Within the dark ravines below. Where twined the path in shadow hid, 190 Round many a rocky pyramid, Shooting abruptly from the dell Its thunder-splinter'd pinnacle; Round many an insulated mass, The native bulwarks of the pass, 195 Huge as the tower which builders vain Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain. The rocky summits, split and rent, Form'd turret, dome, or battlement, Or seem'd fantastically set 200 With cupola or minaret, Wild crests as pagod ever deck'd, Or mosque of Eastern architect. Nor were these earth-born castles bare. Nor lack'd they many a banner fair; 205 For, from their shiver'd brows display'd, Far o'er the unfathomable glade, All twinkling with the dewdrop sheen, The brier-rose fell in streamers green, And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes, 210 Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

XII.

Boon nature scatter'd, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
Here eglantine embalm'd the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale, and violet flower,
Found in each cleft a narrow bower;

Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side, Emblems of punishment and pride, Group'd their dark hues with every stain 220 The weather-beaten crags retain. With boughs that quaked at every breath, Grey birch and aspen wept beneath; Aloft, the ash and warrior oak Cast anchor in the rifted rock; 225 And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung, Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high, His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky. Highest of all, where white peaks glanced, 230 Where glist'ning streamers waved and danced, The wanderer's eye could barely view The summer heaven's delicious blue: So wondrous wild, the whole might seem The scenery of a fairy dream. 235

XIII.

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep A narrow inlet, still and deep, Affording scarce such breadth of brim As served the wild duck's brood to swim. Lost for a space, through thickets veering, But broader when again appearing, Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face Could on the dark-blue mirror trace: And farther as the hunter stray'd, Still broader sweep its channels made. The shaggy mounds no longer stood, Emerging from entangled wood, But, wave-encircled, seem'd to float, Like castle girdled with its moat; Yet broader floods extending still Divide them from their parent hill, Till each, retiring, claims to be An islet in an inland sea.

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XIV.

And now, to issue from the glen, No pathway meets the wanderer's ken, 255 Unless he climb, with footing nice, A far projecting precipice. The broom's tough roots his ladder made, The hazel saplings lent their aid; And thus an airy point he won, 260 Where, gleaming with the setting sun, One burnish'd sheet of living gold, Loch Katrine lav beneath him roll'd: In all her length far winding lay, With promontory, creek, and bay, 265 And islands that, empurpled bright, Floated amid the livelier light, And mountains, that like giants stand, To sentinel enchanted land. High on the south, huge Benvenue 270 Down to the lake in masses threw Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurl'd, The fragments of an earlier world; A wildering forest feather'd o'er His ruin'd sides and summit hoar, 275 While on the north, through middle air, Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

XV.

From the steep promontory gazed
The stranger, raptured and amazed.
And, 'What a scene were here,' he cried,
'For princely pomp, or churchman's pride!
On this broad brow, a lordly tower;
In that soft vale, a lady's bower;
On yonder meadow, far away,
The turrets of a cloister grey;
How blithely might the bugle-horn
Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn!

How sweet, at eve, the lover's lute
Chime, when the groves were still and mute!
And, when the midnight moon should lave
Her forehead in the silver wave,
How solemn on the ear would come
The holy matins' distant hum,
While the deep peal's commanding tone
Should wake, in yonder islet lone,
A sainted hermit from his cell,
To drop a bead with every knell—
And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,
Should each bewilder'd stranger call
To friendly feast, and lighted hall,

XVI.

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'Blithe were it then to wander here! But now,-beshrew you nimble deer,-Like that same hermit's, thin and spare, The copse must give my evening fare; Some mossy bank my couch must be, Some rustling oak my canopy. Yet pass we that; the war and chase Give little choice of resting-place;— A summer night, in greenwood spent, Were but to-morrow's merriment: But hosts may in these wilds abound, Such as are better miss'd than found; To meet with Highland plunderers here, Were worse than loss of steed or deer .--I am alone; -my bugle-strain May call some straggler of the train; Or, fall the worst that may betide, Ere now this falchion has been tried.'

XVII.

But scarce again his horn he wound, When lo! forth starting at the sound,

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From underneath an aged oak, That slanted from the islet rock, A damsel guider of its way, A little skiff shot to the bay, That round the promontory steep 325 Led its deep line in graceful sweep, Eddying, in almost viewless wave, The weeping willow-twig to lave, And kiss, with whispering sound and slow, The beach of pebbles bright as snow. 330 The boat had touch'd this silver strand, Just as the Hunter left his stand, And stood conceal'd amid the brake, To view this Lady of the Lake. The maiden paused, as if again 335 She thought to catch the distant strain. With head up-raised, and look intent, And eye and ear attentive bent, And locks flung back, and lips apart, Like monument of Grecian art, 340 In listening mood, she seem'd to stand, The guardian Naiad of the strand.

XVIII.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace Of finer form, or lovelier face! 345 What though the sun, with ardent frown, Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,— The sportive toil, which, short and light, Had dyed her glowing hue so bright, Served too in hastier swell to show 350 Short glimpses of a breast of snow: What though no rule of courtly grace To measured mood had train'd her pace.-A foot more light, a step more true, Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew; 355

E'en the slight harebell raised its head, Elastic from her airy tread: What though upon her speech there hung The accents of the mountain tongue,— Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear, The listener held his breath to hear!

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XIX.

A Chieftain's daughter seem'd the maid;	
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,	
Her golden brooch, such birth betray'd.	
And seldom was a snood amid	365
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,	
Whose glossy black to shame might bring	
The plumage of the raven's wing;	
And seldom o'er a breast so fair,	
Mantled a plaid with modest care,	370
And never brooch the folds combined	
Above a heart more good and kind.	
Her kindness and her worth to spy,	
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;	
Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,	375
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,	
Than every free-born glance confess'd	
The guileless movements of her breast;	
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,	
Or woe or pity claim'd a sigh,	380
Or filial love was glowing there,	
Or meek devotion pour'd a prayer,	
Or tale of injury call'd forth	
The indignant spirit of the North.	
One only passion unreveal'd,	385
With maiden pride the maid conceald,	
Yet not less purely felt the flame;—	
O! need I tell that passion's name?	

XX.

Impatient of the silent horn, Now on the gale her voice was borne:-390 'Father!' she cried: the rocks around Loved to prolong the gentle sound. A while she paused; no answer came.— 'Malcolm, was thine the blast?' the name Less resolutely utter'd fell: 395 The echoes could not catch the swell. 'A stranger I,' the Huntsman said, Advancing from the hazel shade. The maid, alarmed, with hasty oar, Push'd her light shallop from the shore, 400 And when a space was gain'd between, Closer she drew her bosom's screen: (So forth the startled swan would swing, So turn to prune his ruffled wing.) Then safe, though flutter'd and amazed, 405 She paused, and on the stranger gazed. Not his the form, nor his the eye, That youthful maidens wont to fly.

XXI.

On his bold visage middle age Had slightly press'd its signet sage, 410 Yet had not quench'd the open truth And fiery vehemence of youth; Forward and frolic glee was there, The will to do, the soul to dare, The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire, 415 Of hasty love, or headlong ire. His limbs were cast in manly mould, For hardy sports or contest bold; And though in peaceful garb array'd, And weaponless, except his blade, 420 His stately mien as well implied A high-born heart, a martial pride,

As if a Baron's crest he wore,
And sheathed in armour trode the shore.
Slighting the petty need he show'd,
He told of his benighted road;
His ready speech flow'd fair and free,
In phrase of gentlest courtesy;
Yet seem'd that tone, and gesture bland,
Less used to sue than to command.

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XXII.

A while the maid the stranger eyed, And, reassured, at length replied, That Highland halls were open still To wilder'd wanderers of the hill. 'Nor think you unexpected come To you lone isle, our desert home; Before the heath had lost the dew. This morn, a couch was pull'd for you; On yonder mountain's purple head Have ptarmigan and heath-cock bled, And our broad nets have swept the mere, To furnish forth your evening cheer.'-'Now, by the rood, my lovely maid, Your courtesy has err'd,' he said; 'No right have I to claim, misplaced, The welcome of expected guest, A wanderer, here by fortune tost, My way, my friends, my courser lost, I ne'er before, believe me, fair, Have ever drawn your mountain air, Till on this lake's romantic strand, I found a fay in fairy land!'-

XXIII.

'I well believe,' the maid replied, As her light skiff approach'd the side,— 'I well believe, that ne'er before 455 Your foot has trod Loch Katrine's shore; But yet, as far as yesternight, Old Allan-Bane foretold your plight,— A grey-hair'd sire, whose eye intent Was on the vision'd future bent. 460 He saw your steed, a dappled grey, Lie dead beneath the birchen way; Painted exact your form and mien, Your hunting suit of Lincoln green, That tassell'd horn so gaily gilt, 465 That falchion's crooked blade and hilt, That cap with heron plumage trim, And you two hounds so dark and grim. He bade that all should ready be To grace a guest of fair degree; 470 But light I held his prophecy, And deem'd it was my father's horn, Whose echoes o'er the lake were borne.'

XXIV.

The stranger smiled:—'Since to your home A destined errant-knight I come, 475 Announced by prophet sooth and old, Doom'd, doubtless, for achievement bold, I'll lightly front each high emprise, For one kind glance of those bright eyes. Permit me, first, the task to guide 480 Your fairy frigate o'er the tide.' The maid, with smile suppress'd and sly, The toil unwonted saw him try; For seldom sure, if e'er before, His noble hand had grasp'd an oar: 485 Yet with main strength his strokes he drew, And o'er the lake the shallop flew; With heads erect, and whimpering cry, The hounds behind their passage ply.

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Nor frequent does the bright oar break The dark'ning mirror of the lake, Until the rocky isle they reach, And moor their shallop on the beach.

XXV.

The stranger view'd the shore around; 'Twas all so close with copsewood bound, 495 Nor track nor pathway might declare That human foot frequented there, Until the mountain-maiden show'd A clambering unsuspected road, That winded through the tangled screen. 500 And open'd on a narrow green, Where weeping birch and willow round With their long fibres swept the ground. Here, for retreat in dangerous hour, Some chief had framed a rustic bower. 505

XXVI.

It was a lodge of ample size, But strange of structure and device; Of such materials, as around The workman's hand had readiest found: Lopp'd off their boughs, their hoar trunks bared, 510 And by the hatchet rudely squared. To give the walls their destined height The sturdy oak and ash unite; While moss and clay and leaves combined To fence each crevice from the wind. The lighter pine-trees, over-head, Their slender length for rafters spread, And wither'd heath and rushes dry Supplied a russet canopy. Due westward, fronting to the green, A rural portico was seen,

Aloft on native pillars borne,
Of mountain fir, with bark unshorn,
Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine
The ivy and Idaean vine,
The clematis, the favour'd flower
Which boasts the name of virgin-bower,
And every hardy plant could bear
Loch Katrine's keen and searching air.
An instant in this porch she staid,
And gaily to the stranger said,
'On heaven and on thy lady call,
And enter the enchanted hall!'

XXVII.

'My hope, my heaven, my trust must be, My gentle guide, in following thee.' 535 He cross'd the threshold—and a clang Of angry steel that instant rang. To his bold brow his spirit rush'd, But soon for vain alarm he blush'd. When on the floor he saw display'd, 540 Cause of the din, a naked blade Dropp'd from the sheath, that careless flung, Upon a stag's huge antlers swung; For all around, the walls to grace, Hung trophies of the fight or chase: 545 A target there, a bugle here, A battle-axe, a hunting-spear, And broadswords, bows, and arrows store, With the tusk'd trophies of the boar. Here grins the wolf as when he died, 550 And there the wild-cat's brindled hide The frontlet of the elk adorns, Or mantles o'er the bison's horns; Pennons and flags defaced and stain'd, That blackening streaks of blood retain'd, 555

And deer-skins, dappled, dun, and white, With otter's fur and seal's unite, In rude and uncouth tapestry all, To garnish forth the silvan hall.

XXVIII.

The wondering stranger round him gazed, 560 And next the fallen weapon raised:-Few were the arms whose sinewy strength Sufficed to stretch it forth at length: And as the brand he poised and sway'd, 'I never knew but one,' he said, 565 'Whose stalwart arm might brook to wield A blade like this in battle-field.' She sigh'd, then smiled and took the word: 'You see the guardian champion's sword; As light it trembles in his hand, 570 As in my grasp a hazel wand; My sire's tall form might grace the part Of Ferragus or Ascabart; But in the absent giant's hold Are women now, and menials old.' 575

XXIX.

The mistress of the mansion came,
Mature of age, a graceful dame;
Whose easy step and stately port
Had well become a princely court;
To whom, though more than kindred knew,
Young Ellen gave a mother's due.
Meet welcome to her guest she made,
And every courteous rite was paid,
That hospitality could claim,
Though all unask'd his birth and name.
Such then the reverence to a guest,
That fellest foe might join the feast,
And from his deadliest foeman's door
Unquestion'd turn, the banquet o'er.

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At length his rank the stranger names, 590 'The Knight of Snowdoun, James Fitz-James; Lord of a barren heritage. Which his brave sires, from age to age, By their good swords had held with toil; His sire had fallen in such turmoil, 595 And he, God wot, was forced to stand Oft for his right with blade in hand. This morning, with Lord Moray's train, He chased a stalwart stag in vain. Outstripp'd his comrades, miss'd the deer, 600 Lost his good steed, and wander'd here.'

XXX.

Fain would the Knight in turn require The name and state of Ellen's sire. Well show'd the elder lady's mien, That courts and cities she had seen: Ellen, though more her looks display'd The simple grace of silvan maid. In speech and gesture, form and face, Show'd she was come of gentle race. 'T were strange, in ruder rank to find Such looks, such manners, and such mind. Each hint the Knight of Snowdoun gave, Dame Margaret heard with silence grave: Or Ellen, innocently gay, Turn'd all inquiry light away:-615 'Weird women we! by dale and down We dwell, afar from tower and town. We stem the flood, we ride the blast, On wandering knights our spells we cast; While viewless minstrels touch the string, 620 'T is thus our charmed rhymes we sing.' She sung, and still a harp unseen Fill'd up the symphony between.

XXXI.

SONG.

'Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er, Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking; 625 Dream of battled fields no more. Days of danger, nights of waking. In our isle's enchanted hall, Hands unseen thy couch are strewing, Fairy strains of music fall. 630 Every sense in slumber dewing. Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er, Dream of fighting fields no more: Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking, Morn of toil, nor night of waking. 635 'No rude sound shall reach thine ear, Armour's clang, or war-steed champing, Trump nor pibroch summon here Mustering clan, or squadron tramping. Yet the lark's shrill fife may come 640 At the day-break from the fallow, And the bittern sound his drum, Booming from the sedgy shallow. Ruder sounds shall none be near Guards nor warders challenge here, 645 Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing, Shouting clans, or squadron's stamping.'

XXXII.

She paused—then, blushing, led the lay
To grace the stranger of the day.
Her mellow notes awhile prolong
The cadence of the flowing song,
Till to her lips in measured frame
The minstrel verse spontaneous came.

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SONG CONTINUED.

'Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,
How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye,
Here no bugles sound reveillé.'

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XXXIII.

The hall was clear'd—the stranger's bed Was there of mountain heather spread, Where oft a hundred guests had lain, And dream'd their forest sports again. But vainly did the heath-flower shed 670 Its moorland fragrance round his head; Not Ellen's spell had lull'd to rest The fever of his troubled breast. In broken dreams the image rose Of varied perils, pains, and woes: 675 His steed now flounders in the brake, Now sinks his barge upon the lake; Now leader of a broken host. His standard falls, his honour's lost. Then,—from my couch may heavenly might 68o Chase that worst phantom of the night!-Again return'd the scenes of youth, Of confident undoubting truth; Again his soul he interchanged With friends whose hearts were long estranged. They come, in dim procession led, The cold, the faithless, and the dead;

As warm each hand, each brow as gay, As if they parted yesterday.

And doubt distracts him at the view—
O were his senses false or true?

Dream'd he of death, or broken vow,
Or is it all a vision now?

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XXXIV.

At length, with Ellen in a grove He seem'd to walk, and speak of love; 695 She listen'd with a blush and sigh, His suit was warm, his hopes were high. He sought her yielded hand to clasp, And a cold gauntlet met his grasp: The phantom's sex was changed and gone, 700 Upon its head a helmet shone; Slowly enlarged to giant size, With darken'd cheek and threatening eyes, The grisly visage, stern and hoar, To Ellen still a likeness bore.-705 He woke, and, panting with affright, Recall'd the vision of the night. The hearth's decaying brands were red, And deep and dusky lustre shed, Half showing, half concealing, all 710 The uncouth trophies of the hall. Mid those the stranger fix'd his eye, Where that huge falchion hung on high, And thoughts on thoughts, a countless throng, Rush'd, chasing countless thoughts along, 715 Until, the giddy whirl to cure, He rose, and sought the moonshine pure.

XXXV.

The wild-rose, eglantine, and broom, Wasted around their rich perfume:

The birch-trees wept in fragrant balm,	720
The aspens slept beneath the calm;	
The silver light, with quivering glance,	
Play'd on the water's still expanse,—	
Wild were the heart whose passion's sway	
Could rage beneath the sober ray!	725
He felt its calm, that warrior guest,	
While thus he communed with his breast:—	
'Why is it, at each turn I trace	
Some memory of that exiled race?	
Can I not mountain-maiden spy,	730
But she must bear the Douglas eye?	
Can I not view a Highland brand,	
But it must match the Douglas hand?	
Can I not frame a fever'd dream,	
But still the Douglas is the theme?	735
I'll dream no more—by manly mind	
Not even in sleep is will resign'd.	
My midnight orisons said o'er,	
I'll turn to rest, and dream no more.'	
His midnight orisons he told,	740
A prayer with every bead of gold,	
Consign'd to heaven his cares and woes,	
And sunk in undisturb'd repose;	
Until the heath-cock shrilly crew,	
And morning dawn'd on Benvenue.	74

CANTO SECOND.

THE ISLAND.

T.

At morn the black-cock trims his jetty wing,
'Tis morning prompts the linnet's blithest lay,
All Nature's children feel the matin spring
Of life reviving, with reviving day;
And while yon little bark glides down the bay,
Wafting the stranger on his way again,
Morn's genial influence roused a minstrel grey,
And sweetly o'er the lake was heard thy strain,
Mix'd with the sounding harp, O white-hair'd Allan-Bane!

II.

SONG.

'Not faster yonder rowers' might 10 Flings from their oars the spray, Not faster yonder rippling bright, That tracks the shallop's course in light, Melts in the lake away, Than men from memory erase 15 The benefits of former days; Then, stranger, go! good speed the while, Nor think again of the lonely isle. 'High place to thee in royal court, High place in battled line, 20 Good hawk and hound for silvan sport, Where beauty sees the brave resort, The honour'd meed be thine! True be thy sword, thy friend sincere, Thy lady constant, kind, and dear, 25

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And lost in love's and friendship's smile Be memory of the lonely isle.

III.

SONG CONTINUED.

'But if beneath yon southern sky
A plaided stranger roam,
Whose drooping crest and stifled sigh,
And sunken cheek and heavy eye,
Pine for his Highland home;
Then, warrior, then be thine to show
The care that soothes a wanderer's woe;
Remember then thy hap ere while,
A stranger in the lonely isle.

'Or if on life's uncertain main
Mishap shall mar thy sail;
If faithful, wise, and brave in vain,
Woe, want, and exile thou sustain
Beneath the fickle gale;
Waste not a sigh on fortune changed,
On thankless courts, or friends estranged,
But come where kindred worth shall smile,
To greet thee in the lonely isle.'

IV

As died the sounds upon the tide,
The shallop reach'd the mainland side,
And ere his onward way he took,
The stranger cast a lingering look,
Where easily his eye might reach
The Harper on the islet beach,
Reclined against a blighted tree,
As wasted, grey, and worn as he.
To minstrel meditation given,
His reverend brow was raised to heaven,
As from the rising sun to claim
A sparkle of inspiring flame.

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His hand, reclined upon the wire, Seem'd watching the awakening fire; So still he sate, as those who wait Till judgment speak the doom of fate; So still, as if no breeze might dare To lift one lock of hoary hair; So still, as life itself were fled, In the last sound his harp had sped.

v.

Upon a rock with lichens wild, Beside him Ellen sate and smiled .-Smiled she to see the stately drake Lead forth his fleet upon the lake, While her vex'd spaniel, from the beach Bay'd at the prize beyond his reach? Yet tell me, then, the maid who knows, Why deepen'd on her cheek the rose?-Forgive, forgive, Fidelity! Perchance the maiden smiled to see Yon parting lingerer wave adieu, And stop and turn to wave anew; And, lovely ladies, ere your ire Condemn the heroine of my lyre, Show me the fair would scorn to spy, And prize such conquest of her eye!

VI.

While yet he loiter'd on the spot,
It seem'd as Ellen mark'd him not;
But when he turn'd him to the glade,
One courteous parting sign she made;
And after, oft the knight would say,
That not, when prize of festal day
Was dealt him by the brightest fair
Who e'er wore jewel in her hair.

So highly did his bosom swell,	90
As at that simple mute farewell.	
Now with a trusty mountain-guide,	
And his dark stag-hounds by his side,	
He parts—the maid, unconscious still,	
Watch'd him wind slowly round the hill;	95
But when his stately form was hid,	
The guardian in her bosom chid-	
'Thy Malcolm! vain and selfish maid!'	
'T was thus upbraiding conscience said,-	
'Not so had Malcolm idly hung	100
On the smooth phrase of southern tongue;	
Not so had Malcolm strain'd his eye,	
Another step than thine to spy.—	
Wake, Allan-Bane,' aloud she cried,	
To the old Minstrel by her side,—	105
'Arouse thee from thy moody dream!	
I'll give thy harp heroic theme,	
And warm thee with a noble name;	
Pour forth the glory of the Græme!'	
Scarce from her lip the word had rush'd,	110
When deep the conscious maiden blush'd;	
For of his clan, in hall and bower,	
Young Malcolm Græme was held the flower.	

VII.

The Minstrel waked his harp—three times	
Arose the well-known martial chimes,	115
And thrice their high heroic pride	
In melancholy murmurs died.	•.
'Vainly thou bidst, O noble maid,'	
Clasping his wither'd hands, he said,	
'Vainly thou bidst me wake the strain,	120
Though all unwont to bid in vain.	
Alas! than mine a mightier hand	
Has tuned my harp, my strings has spann'd!	

I touch the chords of joy, but low	
And mournful answer notes of woe;	125
And the proud march, which victors tread,	
Sinks in the wailing for the dead.	
O well for me, if mine alone	
That dirge's deep prophetic tone!	
If, as my tuneful fathers said,	1 30
This harp, which erst Saint Modan sway'd,	
Can thus its master's fate foretell,	
Then welcome be the minstrel's knell!	

VIII.

'But ah! dear lady, thus it sigh'd	
The eve thy sainted mother died;	135
And such the sounds which, while I strove	
To wake a lay of war or love,	
Came marring all the festal mirth,	
Appalling me who gave them birth,	
And, disobedient to my call,	140
Wail'd loud through Bothwell's banner'd hall.	
Ere Douglasses, to ruin driven,	
Were exiled from their native heaven.—	
Oh! if yet worse mishap and woe,	
My master's house must undergo,	145
Or aught but weal to Ellen fair,	
Brood in these accents of despair,	
No future bard, sad Harp! shall fling	
Triumph or rapture from thy string;	
One short, one final strain shall flow,	150
Fraught with unutterable woe,	
Then shiver'd shall thy fragments lie,	
Thy master cast him down and die!'	

IX.

Sooth	ing :	she a	answer'd	l hin	n'A	ssuage	٠,
Mine	hone	our'd	friend,	the	fears	of ag	е;

All melodies to thee are known,	
That harp has rung, or pipe has blown,	
In Lowland vale or Highland glen,	
From Tweed to Spey-what marvel, then,	
At times, unbidden notes should rise,	160
Confusedly bound in memory's ties,	
Entangling, as they rush along,	
The war-march with the funeral song?—	
Small ground is now for boding fear;	
Obscure, but safe, we rest us here.	165
My sire, in native virtue great,	
Resigning lordship, lands, and state,	
Not then to fortune more resign'd,	
Than yonder oak might give the wind;	
The graceful foliage storms may reave,	170
The noble stem they cannot grieve.	
For me,'—she stoop'd, and, looking round,	
Pluck'd a blue hare-bell from the ground,—	
'For me, whose memory scarce conveys	
An image of more splendid days,	175
This little flower, that loves the lea,	
May well my simple emblem be;	
It drinks heaven's dew as blithe as rose	
That in the king's own garden grows;	
And when I place it in my hair,	180
Allan, a bard is bound to swear	
He ne'er saw coronet so fair.'	
Then playfully the chaplet wild	
She wreath'd in her dark locks and smiled	

X.

Her smile, her speech, with winning sway, Wiled the old harper's mood away. With such a look as hermits throw, When angels stoop to soothe their woe, He gazed, till fond regret and pride Thrill'd to a tear, then thus replied:

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'Loveliest and best! thou little know'st
The rank, the honours, thou hast lost!
O might I live to see thee grace,
In Scotland's court, thy birth-right place,
To see my favourite's step advance,
The lightest in the courtly dance,
The cause of every gallant's sigh,
And leading star of every eye,
And theme of every minstrel's art,
The Lady of the Bleeding Heart!'

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XI.

'Fair dreams are these,' the maiden cried. (Light was her accent, yet she sigh'd;) 'Yet is this mossy rock to me Worth splendid chair and canopy; Nor would my footstep spring more gay In courtly dance than blithe strathspey, Nor half so pleased mine ear incline To royal minstrel's lay as thine. And then for suitors proud and high, To bend before my conquering eye,-Thou, flattering bard! thyself wilt say, That grim Sir Roderick owns its sway. The Saxon scourge, Clan-Alpine's pride, The terror of Loch Lomond's side. Would, at my suit, thou know'st, delay A Lennox foray-for a day.'-

XII.

The ancient bard his glee repress'd:
'Ill hast thou chosen theme for jest!
For who, through all this western wild,
Named Black Sir Roderick e'er, and smiled? 220
In Holy-Rood a knight he slew;
I saw, when back the dirk he drew,
Courtiers give place before the stride
Of the undaunted homicide;

And since, though outlaw'd, hath his hand	225
Full sternly kept his mountain land.	
Who else dared give—ah! woe the day,	
That I such hated truth should say—	
The Douglas, like a stricken deer,	
Disown'd by every noble peer,	230
Even the rude refuge we have here?	
Alas! this wild marauding Chief	
Alone might hazard our relief,	
And, now thy maiden charms expand,	
Looks for his guerdon in thy hand;	235
Full soon may dispensation sought,	
To back his suit, from Rome be brought.	
Then, though an exile on the hill,	
Thy father, as the Douglas, still	
Be held in reverence and fear;	240
And though to Roderick thou 'rt so dear,	
That thou mightst guide with silken thread,	
Slave of thy will, this chieftain dread,	
Yet, O loved maid, thy mirth refrain!	
Thy hand is on a lion's mane.'—	245

XIII.

'Minstrel,' the maid replied, and high
Her father's soul glanced from her eye,
'My debts to Roderick's house I know:
All that a mother could bestow,
To Lady Margaret's care I owe,
Since first an orphan in the wild
She sorrow'd o'er her sister's child;
To her brave chieftain son, from ire
Of Scotland's king who shrouds my sire,
A deeper, holier debt is owed;
And, could I pay it with my blood,
Allan! Sir Roderick should command
My blood, my life,—but not my hand.

Rather will Ellen Douglas dwell
A votaress in Maronnan's cell;
260
Rather through realms beyond the sea,
Seeking the world's cold charity,
Where ne'er was spoke a Scottish word,
And ne'er the name of Douglas heard,
An outcast pilgrim will she rove,
Than wed the man she cannot love.

XIV.

'Thou shakest, good friend, thy tresses grey,-That pleading look, what can it say But what I own?—I grant him brave, But wild as Bracklinn's thundering wave; 270 And generous-save vindictive mood, Or jealous transport, chafe his blood: I grant him true to friendly band. As his claymore is to his hand; But O! that very blade of steel 275 More mercy for a foe would feel: I grant him liberal, to fling Among his clan the wealth they bring, When back by lake and glen they wind, And in the Lowland leave behind. 28**0** Where once some pleasant hamlet stood, A mass of ashes slaked with blood. The hand that for my father fought I honour, as his daughter ought; But can I clasp it reeking red, 285 From peasants slaughter'd in their shed? No! wildly while his virtues gleam, They make his passions darker seem, And flash along his spirit high, Like lightning o'er the midnight sky. 290 While vet a child,—and children know, Instinctive taught, the friend and foe,-

I shudder'd at his brow of gloom,	
His shadowy plaid, and sable plume;	
A maiden grown, I ill could bear	295
His haughty mien and lordly air:	
But, if thou join'st a suitor's claim,	
In serious mood, to Roderick's name,	
I thrill with anguish! or, if e'er	
A Douglas knew the word, with fear.	300
To change such odious theme were best,—	
What thinkst thou of our stranger guest?'-	

XV.

What think I of him?—woe the while	
That brought such wanderer to our isle!	
Thy father's battle-brand, of yore	305
For Tine-man forged by fairy lore,	
What time he leagued, no longer foes,	
His Border spears with Hotspur's bows,	
Did, self-unscabbarded, foreshow	
The footstep of a secret foe.	310
If courtly spy hath harbour'd here,	
What may we for the Douglas fear?	
What for this island, deem'd of old	
Clan-Alpine's last and surest hold?	
If neither spy nor foe, I pray	3.15
What yet may jealous Roderick say?	
-Nay, wave not thy disdainful head,	
Bethink thee of the discord dread	
That kindled, when at Beltane game	
Thou ledst the dance with Malcolm Græme;	320
Still, though thy sire the peace renew'd,	
Smoulders in Roderick's breast the feud.	
Beware!—But hark, what sounds are these?	
My dull ears catch no faltering breeze;	
No weeping birch, nor aspens wake,	-325
Nor breath is dimpling in the lake:	

Still is the canna's hoary beard; Yet, by my minstrel faith, I heard—And hark again! some pipe of war Sends the bold pibroch from afar.'

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XVI.

Far up the lengthen'd lake were spied Four darkening specks upon the tide, That, slow enlarging on the view. Four mann'd and masted barges grew, And, bearing downwards from Glengyle, 335 Steer'd full upon the lonely isle; The point of Brianchoil they pass'd, And, to the windward as they cast, Against the sun they gave to shine The bold Sir Roderick's banner'd Pine. 340 Nearer and nearer as they bear, Spears, pikes, and axes flash in air. Now might you see the tartans brave, And plaids and plumage dance and wave: Now see the bonnets sink and rise, 345 As his tough oar the rower plies; See, flashing at each sturdy stroke, The wave ascending into smoke; See the proud pipers on the bow, And mark the gaudy streamers flow 350 From their loud chanters down, and sweep The furrow'd bosom of the deep, As, rushing through the lake amain, They plied the ancient Highland strain.

XVII.

Ever, as on they bore, more loud And louder rung the pibroch proud. At first the sound, by distance tame, Mellow'd along the waters came,

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And, lingering long by cape and bay,	
Wail'd every harsher note away;	360
Then bursting bolder on the ear,	_
The clan's shrill Gathering they could hear;	
Those thrilling sounds, that call the might	
Of old Clan-Alpine to the fight.	
Thick beat the rapid notes, as when	365
The mustering hundreds shake the glen,	
And, hurrying at the signal dread,	
The batter'd earth returns their tread.	
Then prelude light, of livelier tone,	
Express'd their merry marching on,	379
Ere peal of closing battle rose,	
With mingled outcry, shrieks, and blows;	
And mimic din of stroke and ward,	
As broad sword upon target jarr'd;	
And groaning pause, ere yet again,	375
Condensed, the battle yell'd amain;	
The rapid charge, the rallying shout,	
Retreat borne headlong into rout.	
And bursts of triumph, to declare	
Clan-Alpine's conquest—all were there.	380
Nor ended thus the strain; but slow,	
Sunk in a moan prolong'd and low,	
And changed the conquering clarion swell,	
For wild lament o'er those that fell.	

XVIII.

The war-pipes ceased; but lake and hill	385
Were busy with their echoes still;	
And, when they slept, a vocal strain	
Bade their hoarse chorus wake again,	
While loud a hundred clansmen raise	
Their voices in their Chiestain's praise.	390
Each boatman, bending to his oar,	
With measured sweep the burden bore,	

In such wild cadence, as the breeze Makes through December's leafless trees. The chorus first could Allan know, 'Roderick Vich Alpine, ho! iro!' And near, and nearer as they row'd, Distinct the martial ditty flow'd.

395

XIX.

BOAT SONG.

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances! Honour'd and bless'd be the ever-green Pine! 400 Long may the tree, in his banner that glances, Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line! Heaven send it happy dew, Earth lend it sap anew, Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to grow, 405 While every Highland glen Sends our shout back agen, 'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!' Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain, Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade; When the whirlwind has stripp'd every leaf on the mountain, The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade. Moor'd in the rifted rock, Proof to the tempest's shock, Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow; 415 Menteith and Breadalbane, then, Echo his praise agen,

XX.

'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'

Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in Glen Fruin,
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied;
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.

Widow and Saxon maid Long shall lament our raid. Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe; 425 Lennox and Leven-glen Shake when they hear agen, 'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!' Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands! Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green Pine! 430 O that the rose-bud that graces you islands Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine! O that some seedling gem, Worthy such noble stem. Honour'd and bless'd in their shadow might grow! 435 Loud should Clan-Alpine then Ring from her deepmost glen, 'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'

XXI.

With all her joyful female band, Had Lady Margaret sought the strand. Loose on the breeze their tresses flew, And high their snowy arms they threw, As echoing back with shrill acclaim, And chorus wild, the Chieftain's name; While, prompt to please, with mother's art. 445 The darling passion of his heart, The Dame call'd Ellen to the strand, To greet her kinsman ere he land: 'Come, loiterer, come! a Douglas thou, And shun to wreathe a victor's brow?' 450 Reluctantly and slow, the maid The unwelcome summoning obey'd, And, when a distant bugle rung, In the mid-path aside she sprung:-'List, Allan-Bane! From mainland cast, 455 I hear my father's signal blast,

Be ours,' she cried, 'the skiff to guide, And waft him from the mountain side.' Then, like a sunbeam, swift and bright, She darted to her shallop light, And, eagerly while Roderick scann'd, For her dear form, his mother's band, The islet far behind her lav. And she had landed in the bay.

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XXII.

Some feelings are to mortals given, With less of earth in them than heaven: And if there be a human tear From passion's dross refined and clear, A tear so limpid and so meek, It would not stain an angel's cheek, 'T is that which pious fathers shed Upon a duteous daughter's head! And as the Douglas to his breast His darling Ellen closely press'd, Such holy drops her tresses steep'd. Though 't was an hero's eye that weep'd. Nor while on Ellen's faltering tongue Her filial welcomes crowded hung, Mark'd she, that fear (affection's proof) Still held a graceful youth aloof; No! not till Douglas named his name, Although the youth was Malcolm Graeme.

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XXIII.

Allan, with wistful look the while, Mark'd Roderick landing on the isle; His master piteously he eyed, Then gazed upon the Chieftain's pride. Then dash'd, with hasty hand, away From his dimm'd eye the gathering spray;

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And Douglas, as his hand he laid	
On Malcolm's shoulder, kindly said,	490
'Canst thou, young friend, no meaning spy	
In my poor follower's glistening eye?	
I'll tell thee:—he recalls the day,	
When in my praise he led the lay	
O'er the arch'd gate of Bothwell proud,	495
While many a minstrel answer'd loud,	
When Percy's Norman pennon, won	
In bloody field, before me shone,	
And twice ten knights, the least a name	
As mighty as yon Chief may claim,	500
Gracing my pomp, behind me came.	
Yet trust me, Malcolm, not so proud	
Was I of all that marshall'd crowd,	
Though the waned crescent own'd my might,	
And in my train troop'd lord and knight,	505
Though Blantyre hymn'd her holiest lays,	
And Bothwell's bards flung back my praise,	
As when this old man's silent tear,	
And this poor maid's affection dear,	
A welcome give more kind and true,	510
Than aught my better fortunes knew.	
Forgive, my friend, a father's boast,	
O! it out-beggars all I lost!'	

XXIV.

Delightful praise!—Like summer rose,	
That brighter in the dew-drop glows,	515
The bashful maiden's cheek appear'd,	
For Douglas spoke, and Malcolm heard.	
The flush of shame-faced joy to hide,	
The hounds, the hawk, her cares divide:	
The loved caresses of the maid	520
The dogs with crouch and whimper paid:	

And, at her whistle, on her hand
The falcon took her favourite stand,
Closed his dark wing, relax'd his eye,
Nor, though unhooded, sought to fly.

And, trust, while in such guise she stood,
Like fabled Goddess of the wood,
That if a father's partial thought
O'erweigh'd her worth and beauty aught,
Well might the lover's judgment fail
To balance with a juster scale;
For with each secret glance he stole,
The fond enthusiast sent his soul.

XXV.

Of stature tall, and slender frame. But firmly knit, was Malcolm Græme. 535 The belted plaid and tartan hose Did ne'er more graceful limbs disclose: His flaxen hair, of sunny hue, Curl'd closely round his bonnet blue. Train'd to the chase, his eagle eye 540 The ptarmigan in snow could spy: Each pass, by mountain, lake, and heath, He knew, through Lennox and Menteith; Vain was the bound of dark-brown doe, When Malcolm bent his sounding bow; 545 And scarce that doe, though wing'd with fear, Outstripp'd in speed the mountaineer: Right up Ben-Lomond could he press, And not a sob his toil confess. His form accorded with a mind 550 Lively and ardent, frank and kind; A blither heart, till Ellen came, Did never love nor sorrow tame: It danced as lightsome in his breast, As play'd the feather on his crest. 555

Yet friends, who nearest knew the youth, His scorn of wrong, his zeal for truth, And bards, who saw his features bold. When kindled by the tales of old, Said, were that youth to manhood grown, Not long should Roderick Dhu's renown Be foremost voiced by mountain fame, But quail to that of Malcolm Græme.

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XXVI.

Now back they wend their watery way, And, 'O my sire!' did Ellen sav. 'Why urge thy chase so far astray? And why so late return'd?—and why'— The rest was in her speaking eye. 'My child, the chase I follow far, 'T is mimicry of noble war: And with that gallant pastime reft Were all of Douglas I have left. I met young Malcolm as I stray'd, Far eastward, in Glenfinlas' shade. Nor stray'd I safe; for, all around, Hunters and horsemen scour'd the ground. This youth, though still a royal ward, Risk'd life and land to be my guard, And through the passes of the wood Guided my steps, not unpursued; 580 And Roderick shall his welcome make. Despite old spleen, for Douglas' sake. Then must he seek Strath-Endrick glen, Nor peril aught for me agen.'

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XXVII

Sir Roderick, who to meet them came, Redden'd at sight of Malcolm Græme, Yet, not in action, word, or eve. Fail'd aught in hospitality.

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In talk and sport they whiled away The morning of that summer day; 590 But at high noon a courier light Held secret parley with the knight, Whose moody aspect soon declared. That evil were the news he heard. Deep thought seem'd toiling in his head: 595 Yet was the evening banquet made, Ere he assembled round the flame. His mother, Douglas, and the Græme, And Ellen too: then cast around His eyes, then fix'd them on the ground, 600 As studying phrase that might avail Best to convey unpleasant tale. Long with his dagger's hilt he play'd, Then raised his haughty brow, and said

XXVIII.

'Short be my speech; -nor time affords, 605 Nor my plain temper, glozing words. Kinsman and father,—if such name Douglas vouchsafe to Roderick's claim: Mine honour'd mother; -Ellen-why, My cousin, turn away thine eye?-610 And Græme: in whom I hope to know Full soon a noble friend or foe, When age shall give thee thy command And leading in thy native land,— List all !—The King's vindictive pride 615 Boasts to have tamed the Border-side, Where chiefs, with hound and hawk who came To share their monarch's silvan game, Themselves in bloody toils were snared; And when the banquet they prepared, 620 And wide their loyal portals flung, O'er their own gateway struggling hung.

Loud cries their blood from Meggat's mead, From Yarrow braes, and banks of Tweed, Where the lone streams of Ettrick glide, 625 And from the silver Teviot's side; The dales, where martial clans did ride, Are now one sheep-walk, waste and wide. This tyrant of the Scottish throne, So faithless and so ruthless known, 630 Now hither comes; his end the same, The same pretext of silvan game. What grace for Highland Chiefs, judge ye By fate of Border chivalry. Yet more; amid Glenfinlas green, 635 Douglas, thy stately form was seen-This by espial sure I know: Your counsel, in the streight I show?'

XXIX.

Ellen and Margaret fearfully Sought comfort in each other's eve. 640 Then turn'd their ghastly look, each one, This to her sire—that to her son. The hasty colour went and came In the bold cheek of Malcolm Græme; But from his glance it well appear'd, 645 'T was but for Ellen that he fear'd; While, sorrowful, but undismay'd, The Douglas thus his counsel said:-'Brave Roderick, though the tempest roar, It may but thunder, and pass o'er; 650 Nor will I here remain an hour, To draw the lightning on thy bower; For well thou know'st, at this grey head The royal bolt were fiercest sped. For thee, who, at thy King's command, 655 Canst aid him with a gallant band,

Submission, homage, humbled pride,
Shall turn the Monarch's wrath aside.
Poor remnants of the Bleeding Heart,
Ellen and I will seek, apart,
The refuge of some forest cell,
There, like the hunted quarry, dwell,
Till on the mountain and the moor,
The stern pursuit be pass'd and o'er.'

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XXX.

'No, by mine honour,' Roderick said, 665 'So help me Heaven, and my good blade! No, never! Blasted be you Pine, My fathers' ancient crest and mine, If from its shade in danger part The lineage of the Bleeding Heart! 670 Hear my blunt speech: grant me this maid To wife, thy counsel to mine aid; To Douglas, leagued with Roderick Dhu, Will friends and allies flock enow; Like cause of doubt, distrust, and grief, 675 Will bind to us each Western Chief. When the loud pipes my bridal tell, The Links of Forth shall hear the knell. The guards shall start in Stirling's porch; And, when I light the nuptial torch. 680 A thousand villages in flames Shall scare the slumbers of King James! -Nay, Ellen, blench not thus away, And, mother, cease these signs, I pray; I meant not all my heat might say. 685 Small need of inroad, or of fight, When the sage Douglas may unite Each mountain clan in friendly band, To guard the passes of their land, Till the foil'd king, from pathless glen, 690 Shall bootless turn him home agen,'

XXXI.

There are who have, at midnight hour, In slumber scaled a dizzy tower, And, on the verge that beetled o'er The ocean-tide's incessant roar. 695 Dream'd calmly out their dangerous dream, Till waken'd by the morning beam: When, dazzled by the eastern glow, Such startler cast his glance below, And saw unmeasured depth around, 700 And heard unintermitted sound, And thought the battled fence so frail, It waved like cobweb in the gale;-Amid his senses' giddy wheel, Did he not desperate impulse feel, 705 Headlong to plunge himself below, And meet the worst his fears foreshow?— Thus, Ellen, dizzy and astound, As sudden ruin yawn'd around, By crossing terrors wildly toss'd, 710 Still for the Douglas fearing most, Could scarce the desperate thought withstand, To buy his safety with her hand.

XXXII.

Such purpose dread could Malcolm spy
In Ellen's quivering lip and eye,
And eager rose to speak—but ere
His tongue could hurry forth his fear,
Had Douglas mark'd the hectic strife,
Where death seem'd combating with life;
For to her cheek, in feverish flood,
One instant rush'd the throbbing blood,
Then ebbing back, with sudden sway,
Left its domain as wan as clay.

'Roderick, enough!' he cried, 'My daughter cannot be thy bride; 725 Not that the blush to wooer dear. Nor paleness that of maiden fear. It may not be-forgive her, Chief, Nor hazard aught for our relief. Against his sovereign, Douglas ne'er 730 Will level a rebellious spear. 'T was I that taught his youthful hand To rein a steed and wield a brand; I see him yet, the princely boy! Not Ellen more my pride and joy; 735 I love him still, despite my wrongs, By hasty wrath, and slanderous tongues. O seek the grace you well may find, Without a cause to mine combined.'

XXXIII.

Twice through the hall the Chieftain strode; 740 The waving of his tartans broad, And darken'd brow, where wounded pride With ire and disappointment vied, Seem'd, by the torch's gloomy light, Like the ill Demon of the night, 745 Stooping his pinions' shadowy sway Upon the nighted pilgrim's way: But, unrequited Love! thy dart Plunged deepest its envenom'd smart, And Roderick, with thine anguish stung, 750 At length the hand of Douglas wrung, While eyes that mock'd at tears before, With bitter drops were running o'er. The death-pangs of long-cherish'd hope Scarce in that ample breast had scope, 755 But, struggling with his spirit proud, Convulsive heaved its chequer'd shroud.

While every sob—so mute were all—Was heard distinctly through the hall. The son's despair, the mother's look, Ill might the gentle Ellen brook; She rose, and to her side there came, To aid her parting steps, the Græme.

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XXXIV.

Then Roderick from the Douglas broke-As flashes flame through sable smoke, Kindling its wreaths, long, dark, and low, To one broad blaze of ruddy glow, So the deep anguish of despair Burst, in fierce jealousy, to air. With stalwart grasp his hand he laid On Malcolm's breast and belted plaid: 'Back, beardless boy!' he sternly said, 'Back, minion! hold'st thou thus at naught The lesson I so lately taught? This roof, the Douglas, and that maid, Thank thou for punishment delay'd.' Eager as grevhound on his game. Fiercely with Roderick grappled Græme. 'Perish my name, if aught afford Its Chieftain safety save his sword!' Thus as they strove, their desperate hand Griped to the dagger or the brand, And death had been-but Douglas rose, And thrust between the struggling foes His giant strength:- 'Chieftains, forego! I hold the first who strikes, my foe.— Madmen, forbear your frantic jar! What! is the Douglas fall'n so far, His daughter's hand is deem'd the spoil Of such dishonourable broil!' Sullen and slowly they unclasp, As struck with shame, their desperate grasp,

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And each upon his rival glared, With foot advanced, and blade half bared.

XXXV.

Ere yet the brands aloft were flung, 795 Margaret on Roderick's mantle hung. And Malcolm heard his Ellen's scream, As falter'd through terrific dream. Then Roderick plunged in sheath his sword, And veil'd his wrath in scornful word: 800 'Rest safe till morning; pity 'twere Such cheek should feel the midnight air! Then mayest thou to James Stuart tell, Roderick will keep the lake and fell, Nor lackey, with his freeborn clan, 805 The pageant pomp of earthly man. More would he of Clan-Alpine know, Thou canst our strength and passes show .--Malise, what ho!'-his henchmen came; 'Give our safe-conduct to the Græme.' 810 Young Malcolm answer'd, calm and bold, 'Fear nothing for thy favourite hold; The spot an angel deigned to grace Is bless'd, though robbers haunt the place. Thy churlish courtesy for those 815 - Reserve, who fear to be thy foes. As safe to me the mountain way At midnight as in blaze of day, Though with his boldest at his back, Even Roderick Dhu beset the track.— 820 Brave Douglas,-lovely Ellen,-nay, Nought here of parting will I say. Earth does not hold a lonesome glen So secret, but we meet agen.— Chieftain! we too shall find an hour.'-825 He said, and left the silvan bower.

XXXVI.

Old Allan follow'd to the strand. (Such was the Douglas's command.) And anxious told, how, on the morn, The stern Sir Roderick deep had sworn. 830 The Fiery Cross should circle o'er Dale, glen, and valley, down, and moor. Much were the peril to the Græme, From those who to the signal came: Far up the lake 'twere safest land, 835 Himself would row him to the strand. He gave his counsel to the wind, While Malcolm did, unheeding, bind, Round dirk and pouch and broadsword roll'd, His ample plaid in tighten'd fold, 840 And stripp'd his limbs to such array As best might suit the watery way,-

XXXVII.

Then spoke abrupt: 'Farewell to thee, Pattern of old fidelity!' The Minstrel's hand he kindly press'd,-845 'O! could I point a place of rest! My sovereign holds in ward my land, My uncle leads my vassal band; To tame his foes, his friends to aid, Poor Malcolm has but heart and blade. 850 Yet, if there be one faithful Græme, Who loves the Chieftain of his name, Not long shall honour'd Douglas dwell, Like hunted stag, in mountain cell; Nor, ere you pride-swoll'n robber dare,-855 I may not give the rest to air! Tell Roderick Dhu, I owed him nought, Not the poor service of a boat,

To waft me to you mountain-side.' Then plunged he in the flashing tide. 860 Bold o'er the flood his head he bore, And stoutly steer'd him from the shore; And Allan strain'd his anxious eye, Far 'mid the lake his form to spy, Darkening across each puny wave, 865 To which the moon her silver gave. Fast as the cormorant could skim, The swimmer plied each active limb; Then landing in the moonlight dell, Loud shouted, of his weal to tell. 870 The Minstrel heard the far halloo, And joyful from the shore withdrew.

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CANTO THIRD.

THE GATHERING.

I.

Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore, -Who danced our infancy upon their knee, And told our marvelling boyhood legends store. Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea, How are they blotted from the things that be! 5 How few, all weak and wither'd of their force. Wait on the verge of dark eternity. Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse, To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls his ceaseless course.

Yet live there still who can remember well, 10 How, when a mountain chief his bugle blew, Both field and forest, dingle, cliff, and dell, And solitary heath, the signal knew; And fast the faithful clan around him drew. What time the warning note was keenly wound, 15 What time aloft their kindred banner flew, While clamorous war-pipes yell'd the gathering sound, \(\forall

And while the Fiery Cross glanced, like a meteor, round. X

II.

The summer dawn's reflected hue To purple changed Loch Katrine blue; Mildly and soft the western breeze Just kiss'd the Lake, just stirr'd the trees; And the pleased lake, like maiden coy, Trembled but dimpled not for joy: The mountain-shadows on her breast Were neither broken nor at rest:

In bright uncertainty they lie, Like future joys to Fancy's eve. The water-lily to the light Her chalice rear'd of silver bright; 30 The doe awoke, and to the lawn, Begemm'd with dew-drops, led her fawn: The grey mist left the mountain side. The torrent show'd its glistening pride; Invisible in flecked sky, 35 The lark sent down her revelry: The blackbird and the speckled thrush Good-morrow gave from brake and bush; In answer coo'd the cushat dove Her notes of peace, and rest, and love. 40

III.

No thought of peace, no thought of rest, Assuaged the storm in Roderick's breast. With sheathed broadsword in his hand, Abrupt he paced the islet strand, And eyed the rising sun, and laid His hand on his impatient blade. Beneath a rock, his vassals' care Was prompt the ritual to prepare, With deep and deathful meaning fraught; For such Antiquity had taught Was preface meet, ere yet abroad The Cross of Fire should take its road. The shrinking band stood oft aghast At the impatient glance he cast;-Such glance the mountain-eagle threw, As, from the cliffs of Benvenue, She spread her dark sails on the wind, And, high in middle heaven reclined, With her broad shadow on the lake, Silenced the warblers of the brake.

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IV.

A heap of wither'd boughs was piled, Of juniper and rowan wild, Mingled with shivers from the oak, Rent by the lightning's recent stroke. Brian, the hermit, by it stood, 65 Barefooted, in his frock and hood. His grizzled beard and matted hair Obscured a visage of despair; His naked arms and legs, seamed o'er, The scars of frantic penance bore. 70 That monk, of savage form and face, & The impending danger of his race Had drawn from deepest solitude, Far in Benharrow's bosom rude. Not his the mien of Christian priest. 75 But Druid's, from the grave released, Whose hardened heart and eye might brook On human sacrifice to look: And much, 'twas said, of heathen lore, Mixed in the charms he muttered o'er. 80 The hallow'd creed gave only worse And deadlier emphasis of curse: No peasant sought that Hermit's prayer, His cave the pilgrim shunn'd with care, The eager huntsman knew his bound, 85 And in mid chase called off his hound; Or if, in lonely glen or strath, The desert-dweller met his path, He pray'd, and signed the cross between, While terror took devotion's mien. 90

v.

Of Brian's birth strange tales were told. His mother watch'd a midnight fold, Built deep within a dreary glen, Where scatter'd lay the bones of men,

In some forgotten battle slain. 95 And bleach'd by drifting wind and rain. It might have tamed a warrior's heart, To view such mockery of his art! The knot-grass fetter'd there the hand, Which once could burst an iron band; 100 Beneath the broad and ample bone, That buckler'd heart to fear unknown, A feeble and a timorous guest, The field-fare framed her lowly nest; There the slow blind-worm left his slime 105 On the fleet limbs that mock'd at time; And there, too, lay the leader's skull, Still wreathed with chaplet, flush'd and full, For heath-bell with her purple bloom, Supplied the bonnet and the plume. 110 All night, in this sad glen, the maid Sate, shrouded in her mantle's shade: -She said, no shepherd sought her side, No hunter's hand her snood untied, T Yet ne'er again, to braid her hair, 115 The virgin snood did Alice wear; Gone was her maiden glee and sport, Her maiden girdle all too short; Nor sought she, from that fatal night, Or holy church, or blessed rite, 120 But lock'd her secret in her breast, And died in travail, unconfess'd.

VI.

Alone, among his young compeers, Was Brian from his infant years; A moody and heart-broken boy, Estranged from sympathy and joy, Bearing each taunt which careless tongue On his mysterious lineage flung.

Whole nights he spent by moonlight pale, To wood and stream his hap to wail. 130 Till, frantic, he as truth received What of his birth the crowd believed. And sought, in mist and meteor fire. To meet and know his Phantom Sire! In vain, to soothe his wavward fate, 135 The cloister oped her pitying gate; In vain, the learning of the age Unclasp'd the sable-lettered page; X Even in its treasures he could find Food for the fever of his mind. 140 Eager he read whatever tells Of magic, cabala, and spells, × And every dark pursuit allied To curious and presumptuous pride: Till, with fired brain and nerves o'er-strung, 145 . And heart with mystic horrors wrung, Desperate he sought Benharrow's den, And hid him from the haunts of men.

VII.

The desert gave him visions wild, \(\lambda \) Such as might suit the spectre's child. 150 Where with black cliffs the torrents toil. He watch'd the wheeling eddies boil. Till, from their foam, his dazzled eyes Beheld the River Demon rise: The mountain mist took form and limb. 155 Of noontide hag, or goblin grim; The midnight wind came wild and dread, Swell'd with the voices of the dead: Far on the future battle-heath His eve beheld the ranks of death: 160 Thus the lone Seer, from mankind hurl'd, Shaped forth a disembodied world.

One lingering sympathy of mind Still bound him to the mortal kind; The only parent he could claim 165 Of ancient Alpine's lineage came. Late had he heard, in prophet's dream, The fatal Ben-Shie's boding scream; Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast Of charging steeds, careering fast 170 Along Benharrow's shingly side, Where mortal horseman ne'er might ride: The thunderbolt had split the pine,— All augur'd ill to Alpine's line. He girt his loins, and came to show 175 The signals of impending woe, And now stood prompt to bless or ban, As bade the Chieftain of his clan.

VIII.

'Twas all prepared; -and from the rock, A goat, the patriarch of the flock, 180 Before the kindling pile was laid, And pierced by Roderick's ready blade. Patient the sickening victim eyed The life-blood ebb in crimson tide, Down his clogg'd beard and shaggy limb. 185 Till darkness glazed his eyeballs dim. The grisly priest, with murmuring prayer, A slender crosslet form'd with care, A cubit's length in measure due; The shaft and limbs were rods of yew, 190 Whose parents in Inch-Cailliach waver Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's grave, And, answering Lomond's breezes deep, Soothe many a chieftain's endless sleep. The Cross, thus form'd, he held on high, 195 With wasted hand, and haggard eve.

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And strange and mingled feelings woke, While his anathema he spoke.

IX.

'Woe to the clansman, who shall view This symbol of sepulchral yew, 200 Forgetful that its branches grew Where weep the heavens their holiest dew On Alpine's dwelling low! Deserter of his Chieftain's trust, He ne'er shall mingle with their dust, 205 But, from his sires and kindred thrust, Each clansman's execration just Shall doom him wrath and woe.' He paused;—the word the vassals took, With forward step and fiery look, 210 On high their naked brands they shook, Their clattering targets wildly strook; (/ And first in murmur low, Then, like the billow in his course, That far to seaward finds his source, 215 And flings to shore his muster'd force, Burst, with loud roar, their answer hoarse, 'Woe to the traitor, woe!' Ben-an's grey scalp the accents knew, The joyous wolf from covert drew, 220 The exulting eagle scream'd afar,— They knew the voice of Alpine's war.

X.

The shout was hush'd on lake and fell,
The monk resumed his mutter'd spell:
Dismal and low its accents came,
The while he scathed the Cross with flame;
And the few words that reach'd the air,

Although the holiest name was there,	
Had more of blasphemy than prayer.	
But when he shook above the crowd	230
Its kindled points, he spoke aloud:—	•
'Woe to the wretch who fails to rear	
At this dread sign the ready spear!	
For, as the flames this symbol sear,	
His home, the refuge of his fear,	235
A kindred fate shall know;	
Far o'er its roof the volumed flame	
Clan-Alpine's vengeance shall proclaim,	
While maids and matrons on his name	
Shall call down wretchedness and shame,	240
And infamy and woe.'	•
Then rose the cry of females, shrill	
As goss-hawk's whistle on the hill,	
Denouncing misery and ill,	
Mingled with childhood's babbling trill	245
Of curses stammer'd slow;	
Answering, with imprecation dread,	
'Sunk be his home in embers red!	
And cursed be the meanest shed	
That e'er shall hide the houseless head,	250
We doom to want and woe!'	
A sharp and shrieking echo gave,	
Coir-Uriskin, thy goblin cave!	
And the grey pass where birches wave	
On Beala-nam-bo.	255
XI.	
AI.	
Then deeper paused the priest anew,	
And hard his labouring breath he drew,	
While, with set teeth and clenched hand,	
And eyes that glow'd like fiery brand,	

He meditated curse more dread,

And deadlier, on the clansman's head,

Who, summon'd to his Chieftain's aid, The signal saw and disobeyed. The crosslet's points of sparkling wood, He quenched among the bubbling blood, 265 And, as again the sign he rear'd, Hollow and hoarse his voice was heard: 'When flits this Cross from man to man, Vich-Alpine's summons to his clan. Burst be the ear that fails to heed! 270 Palsied the foot that shuns to speed! May ravens tear the careless eyes, Wolves make the coward heart their prize! As sinks that blood-stream in the earth, So may his heart's-blood drench his hearth! 275 As dies in hissing gore the spark, Quench thou his light, Destruction dark, And be the grace to him denied, Bought by this sign to all beside & He ceased; no echo gave agen 280 The murmur of the deep Amen.

XII.

Then Roderick, with impatient look, From Brian's hand the symbol took: 'Speed, Malise, speed!' he said, and gave The crosslet to his henchman brave. 285 'The muster-place be Lanrick mead-A Instant the time—speed, Malise, speed!' Like heath-bird, when the hawks pursue, A barge across Loch Katrine flew; High stood the henchman on the prow; 290 So rapidly the barge-men row, The bubbles, where they launch'd the boat, Were all unbroken and afloat, Dancing in foam and ripple still, When it had near'd the mainland hill: 295 And from the silver beach's side Still was the prow three fathom wide, When lightly bounded to the land The messenger of blood and brand.

XIII.

Speed, Malise, speed! the dun deer's hide On fleeter foot was never tied. Speed, Malise, speed! such cause of haste Thine active sinews never braced. Bend 'gainst the steepy hill thy breast, Burst down like torrent from its crest; 305 With short and springing footstep pass The trembling bog and false morass: Across the brook like roebuck bound, And thread the brake like questing hound ? The crag is high, the scaur is deep, * 310 Yet shrink not from the desperate leap: Parch'd are thy burning lips and brow, Yet by the fountain pause not now; Herald of battle, fate, and fear, Stretch onward in thy fleet career! 315 The wounded hind thou track'st not now. Pursuest not maid through greenwood bough, Nor pliest thou now thy flying pace, With rivals in the mountain race; But danger, death, and warrior deed, 320 Are in thy course-speed, Malise, speed!

XIV.

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Fast as the fatal symbol flies, In arms the huts and hamlets rise; From winding glen, from upland brown, They pour'd each hardy tenant down. Nor slack'd the messenger his pace; He show'd the sign, he named the place,

And, pressing forward like the wind,	
Left clamour and surprise behind.	
The fisherman forsook the strand,	330
The swarthy smith took dirk and brand;	
With changed cheer, the mower blithe	
Left in the half-cut swath the scythe;	
The herds without a keeper stray'd,	
The plough was in mid-furrow staid,	335
The falc'ner toss'd his hawk away,	
The hunter left the stag at bay;	
Prompt at the signal of alarms,	
Each son of Alpine rush'd to arms;	
So swept the tumult and affray	340
Along the margin of Achray.	
Alas, thou lovely lake! that e'er	
Thy banks should echo sounds of fear!	
The rocks, the bosky thickets, sleep	
So stilly on thy bosom deep,	345
The lark's blithe carol, from the cloud,	
Seems for the scene too gaily loud.	

XV.

Speed, Malise, speed!—The lake is past, Duncraggan's huts appear at last, And peep, like moss-grown rocks, half seen, 350 Half hidden in the copse so green; There mayest thou rest, thy labour done, Their Lord shall speed the signal on.-As stoops the hawk upon his prey, The henchman shot him down the way. 355 -What woeful accents load the gale? The funeral yell, the female wail! A gallant hunter's sport is o'er, A valiant warrior fights no more. Who, in the battle or the chase, 360 At Roderick's side shall fill his place!-

Within the hall, where torch's ray Supplies the excluded beams of day, Lies Duncan on his lowly bier, And o'er him streams his widow's tear. His stripling son stands mournful by, His youngest weeps, but knows not why; The village maids and matrons round The dismal coronach resound.

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XVI.

CORONACH.

•	
He is gone on the mountain, He is lost to the forest,	370
Like a summer-dried fountain,	
When our need was the sorest.	*
The font reappearing,	
From the rain-drops shall borrow,	375
But to us comes no cheering,	3.3
To Duncan no morrow!	
The hand of the reaper	
Takes the ears that are hoary,	
But the voice of the weeper	380
Wails manhood in glory.	
The autumn winds rushing	
Wast the leaves that are searest,	
But our flower was in flushing,	
When blighting was nearest.	385
Fleet foot on the correi, +	
Sage counsel in cumber,	
Red hand in the foray,	
How sound is thy slumber!	
Like the dew on the mountain,	390
Like the foam on the river,	
Like the bubble on the fountain,	
Thou art gone, and for ever!	

XVII.

See Stumah, who, the bier beside, His master's corpse with wonder eyed, 395 Poor Stumah! whom his least halloo Could send like lightning o'er the dew, Bristles his crest, and points his ears, As if some stranger step he hears. 'Tis not a mourner's muffled tread, 400 Who comes to sorrow o'er the dead, But headlong haste, or deadly fear, Urge the precipitate career. All stand aghast: -unheeding all, The henchman bursts into the hall; 405 Before the dead man's bier he stood: Held forth the Cross besmear'd with blood-'The muster-place is Lanrick mead-Speed forth the signal! clansmen, speed!'

XVIII.

Angus, the heir of Duncan's line. 410 Sprung forth and seized the fatal sign. In haste the stripling to his side His father's dirk and broadsword tied: But when he saw his mother's eye Watch him in speechless agony, 415 Back to her open'd arms he flew, Press'd on her lips a fond adieu-'Alas!' she sobb'd,--' and yet, be gone, And speed thee forth, like Duncan's son!' One look he cast upon the bier, 420 Dash'd from his eye the gathering tear, Breathed deep to clear his labouring breast, And toss'd aloft his bonnet crest, Then, like the high-bred colt, when, freed, First he essays his fire and speed, 425

He vanish'd, and o'er moor and moss Sped forward with the Fiery Cross. Suspended was the widow's tear, While yet his footsteps she could hear; And when she mark'd the henchman's eve 430 Wet with unwonted sympathy, 'Kinsman,' she said, 'his race is run, That should have sped thine errand on; The oak has fall'n,—the sapling bough Is all Duncraggan's shelter now. 435 Yet trust I well, his duty done, The orphan's God will guard my son.-And you, in many a danger true, At Duncan's hest your blades that drew, To arms, and guard that orphan's head! 440 Let babes and women wail the dead.' Then weapon-clang, and martial call, Resounded through the funeral hall, While from the walls the attendant band Snatch'd sword and targe, with hurried hand; 445 And short and flitting energy Glanced from the mourner's sunken eye, As if the sounds to warrior dear, Might rouse her Duncan from his bier. But faded soon that borrow'd force: 450 Grief claim'd his right, and tears their course.

XIX.

Benledi saw the Cross of Fire, Lit glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire. O'er dale and hill the summons flew, Nor rest nor pause young Angus knew; The tear that gather'd in his eye He left the mountain breeze to dry; Until, where Teith's young waters roll, Betwixt him and a wooded knoll,

That graced the sable strath with green, 460 The chapel of St. Bride was seen. Swoln was the stream, remote the bridge, But Angus paused not on the edge; Though the dark waves danced dizzily. Though reel'd his sympathetic eve. 465 He dash'd amid the torrent's roar: His right hand high the crosslet bore. His left the pole-axe grasp'd, to guide And stay his footing in the tide. He stumbled twice—the foam splash'd high, 470 With hoarser swell the stream raced by: And had he fall'n,—for ever there, Farewell Duncraggan's orphan heir! But still, as if in parting life, Firmer he grasp'd the Cross of strife, 475 Until the opposing bank he gain'd, And up the chapel pathway strain'd.



XX.

A blithesome rout, that morning tide, Had sought the chapel of St. Bride. Her troth Tombea's Mary gave 480 To Norman, heir of Armandave. And, issuing from the Gothic arch. The bridal now resumed their march. In rude, but glad procession, came Bonneted sire and coif-clad dame; \ 485 And plaided youth, with jest and jeer, Which snooded maiden would not hear: And children, that, unwitting why, Lent the gay shout their shrilly cry; And Minstrels, that in measures vied 490 Before the young and bonny bride, Whose downcast eye and cheek disclose The tear and blush of morning rose.

495

With virgin step, and bashful hand, She held the kerchief's snowy band; The gallant bridegroom by her side, Beheld his prize with victor's pride, And the glad mother in her ear Was closely whispering word of cheer.

XXI.

Who meets them at the churchyard gate? 500 The messenger of fear and fate! Haste in his hurried accent lies. And grief is swimming in his eyes. All dripping from the recent flood, Panting and travel-soil'd he stood. 505 The fatal sign of fire and sword Held forth, and spoke the appointed word: 'The muster-place is Lanrick mead-Speed forth the signal! Norman, speed!' And must he change so soon the hand, 510 Just link'd to his by holy band, For the fell Cross of blood and brand? And must the day, so blithe that rose, And promised rapture in the close, Before its setting hour, divide 515 The bridegroom from the plighted bride? O fatal doom !—it must! it must! Clan-Alpine's cause, her Chieftain's trust, Her summons dread, brook no delay; Stretch to the race-away! away! 520

XXII.

Yet slow he laid his plaid aside, And, lingering, eyed his lovely bride, Until he saw the starting tear Speak woe he might not stop to cheer;

•	
CANTO III.	87
Then, trusting not a second look, In haste he sped him up the brook, Nor backward glanced, till on the heath Where Lubnaig's lake supplies the Teith. —What in the racer's bosom stirr'd?	525
The sickening pang of hope deferr'd, And memory, with a torturing train Of all his morning visions vain. Mingled with love's impatience, came The manly thirst for martial fame;	530
The stormy joy of mountaineers, Ere yet they rush upon the spears; And zeal for Clan and Chieftain burning, And hope, from well-fought field returning, With war's red honours on his crest,	535
To clasp his Mary to his breast. Stung by such thoughts, o'er bank and brae, Like fire from flint he glanced away, While high resolve, and feeling strong, Burst into voluntary song.	540

XXIII.

SONG.

The heath this night must be my bed, The bracken curtain for my head, My lullaby the warder's tread,	545
Far, far, from love and thee, Mary;	
To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,	
My couch may be my bloody plaid,	550
My vesper song thy wail, sweet maid!	
It will not waken me, Mary!	
I may not, dare not, fancy now	
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow;	
I dare not think upon thy vow,	555
And all it promised me, Mary!	

No fond regret must Norman know; When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe, His heart must be like bended bow, His foot like arrow free, Mary.

560

A time will come with feeling fraught,
For, if I fall in battle fought,
Thy hapless lover's dying thought
Shall be a thought of thee, Mary.
And if return'd from conquer'd foes,
How blithely will the evening close,
How sweet the linnet sing repose.

565

To my young bride and me, Mary!

XXIV.

Not faster o'er thy heathery braes, Balquhidder, speeds the midnight blaze, Rushing, in conflagration strong, Thy deep ravines and dells along, Wrapping thy cliffs in purple glow, And reddening the dark lakes below; Nor faster speeds it, nor so far, As o'er thy heaths the voice of war. The signal roused to martial coil The sullen margin of Loch Voil, Waked still Loch Doine, and to the source Alarm'd, Balvaig, thy swampy course; Thence southward turn'd its rapid road Adown Strath-Gartney's valley broad, Till rose in arms each man might claim A portion in Clan-Alpine's name, From the grey sire, whose trembling hand Could hardly buckle on his brand, To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow Were yet scarce terror to the crow. Each valley, each sequester'd glen, Muster'd its little horde of men,

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That met as torrents from the height
In Highland dales their streams unite,
Still gathering, as they pour along,
A voice more loud, a tide more strong,
Till at the rendezvous they stood
By hundreds prompt for blows and blood;
Each train'd to arms since life began,
Owning no tie but to his clan,
No oath, but by his chieftain's hand,
No law, but Roderick Dhu's command

XXV.

That summer morn had Roderick Dhu Survey'd the skirts of Benvenue, And sent his scouts o'er hill and heath. To view the frontiers of Menteith. All backward came with news of truce; 605 Still lay each martial Græme and Bruce; In Rednoch courts no horsemen wait, No banner waved on Cardross gate, On Duchray's towers no beacon shone, Nor scared the herons from Loch Con; 610 All seemed at peace.—Now wot ye why The Chieftain, with such anxious eye, Ere to the muster he repair, This western frontier scann'd with care?— In Benvenue's most darksome cleft. 615 A fair, though cruel, pledge was left; For Douglas, to his promise true, That morning from the isle withdrew, And in a deep sequester'd dell Had sought a low and lonely cell. 620 By many a bard, in Celtic tongue, Has Coir-nan-Uriskin been sung A softer name the Saxons gave, And called the grot the Goblin-cave.

XXVI.

625 It was a wild and strange retreat, As e'er was trod by outlaw's feet. The dell, upon the mountain's crest, Yawn'd like a gash on warrior's breast; Its trench had staid full many a rock, Hurl'd by primeval earthquake shock 630 From Benvenue's grey summit wild, And here, in random ruin piled, They frown'd incumbent o'er the spot, And form'd the rugged silvan grot. The oak and birch, with mingled shade, 635 At noontide there a twilight made, Unless when short and sudden shone Some straggling beam on cliff or stone, With such a glimpse as prophet's eye Gains on thy depth, Futurity. 640 No murmur waked the solemn still. Save tinkling of a fountain rill; But when the wind chafed with the lake. A sullen sound would upward break With dashing hollow voice, that spoke 645 The incessant war of wave and rock. Suspended cliffs, with hideous sway, Seem'd nodding o'er the cavern grey. From such a den the wolf had sprung, In such the wild-cat leaves her young; 650 Yet Douglas and his daughter fair Sought for a space their safety there. Grey Superstition's whisper dread Debarr'd the spot to vulgar tread; For there, she said, did fays resort, 655 And satyrs hold their silvan court, By moonlight tread their mystic maze, And blast the rash beholder's gaze.

XXVII.

Now eve, with western shadows long,	
Floated on Katrine bright and strong,	660
When Roderick, with a chosen few,	
Repass'd the heights of Benvenue.	
Above the Goblin-cave they go,	
Through the wild pass of Beal-nam-bo:	
The prompt retainers speed before,	665
To launch the shallop from the shore,	
For cross Loch Katrine lies his way	
To view the passes of Achray,	
And place his clansmen in array.	
Yet lags the chief in musing mind,	670
Unwonted sight, his men behind.	
A single page, to bear his sword,	
Alone attended on his lord;	
The rest their way through thickets break,	
And soon await him by the lake.	675
It was a fair and gallant sight,	
To view them from the neighbouring height,	
By the low-levell'd sunbeams light!	
For strength and stature, from the clan	
Each warrior was a chosen man,	680
As even afar might well be seen,	
By their proud step and martial mien.	
Their feathers dance, their tartans float,	
Their targets gleam, as by the boat	
A wild and warlike group they stand,	685
That well became such mountain-strand	

XXVIII.

Their Chief, with step reluctant, still Was lingering on the craggy hill, Hard by where turn'd apart the road To Douglas's obscure abode. It was but with that dawning morn, That Roderick Dhu had proudly sworn

To drown his love in war's wild roar, Nor think of Ellen Douglas more; But he who steins a stream with sand, 695 And fetters flame with flaxen band, Has yet a harder task to prove-By firm resolve to conquer love! Eve finds the Chief, like restless ghost, Still hovering near his treasure lost; 700 For though his haughty heart deny A parting meeting to his eye, Still fondly strains his anxious ear. The accents of her voice to hear. And inly did he curse the breeze 705 That waked to sound the rustling trees. But hark! what mingles in the strain? It is the harp of Allan-Bane, That wakes its measure slow and high, Attuned to sacred minstrelsy. 710 What melting voice attends the strings! 'Tis Ellen, or an angel, sings.

XXIX.

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

Ave Maria! maiden mild!

Listen to a maiden's prayer!

Thou canst hear though from the wild,
Thou canst save amid despair.

Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
Though banish'd, outcast, and reviled—

Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer!

Mother, hear a suppliant child!

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria / undefiled!

The flinty couch we now must share Shall seem with down of eider piled, If thy protection hover there.

The murky cavern's heavy air Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled;	72
Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer! Mother, list a suppliant child!	
Ave Maria!	
Ave Maria! stainless styled!	
Foul demons of the earth and air,	739
From this their wonted haunt exiled,	
Shall flee before thy presence fair.	
We bow us to our lot of care,	
Beneath thy guidance reconciled;	
Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer!	73
And for a father hear a child!	
Ave Maria!	
XXX.	

Died on the harp the closing hymn.— Unmoved in attitude and limb, As list'ning still, Clan-Alpine's lord Stood leaning on his heavy sword, 740 Until the page, with humble sign, Twice pointed to the sun's decline. Then while his plaid he round him cast, 'It is the last time-'tis the last,' He mutter'd thrice,—'the last time e'er 745 That angel voice shall Roderick hear!' It was a goading thought—his stride Hied hastier down the mountain-side; Sullen he flung him in the boat, And instant 'cross the lake it shot. 750 They landed in that silvery bay, And eastward held their hasty way, Till, with the latest beams of light, The band arrived on Lanrick height, Where muster'd, in the vale below, 755 Clan-Alpine's men in martial show.

XXXI.

A various scene the clansmen made;	
Some sate, some stood, some slowly stray'd;	
But most, with mantles folded round,	
Were couch'd to rest upon the ground,	760
Scarce to be known by curious eye,	
From the deep heather where they lie,	
So well was match'd the tartan screen	
With heath-bell dark and brackens green;	
Unless where, here and there, a blade,	765
Or lance's point, a glimmer made,	
Like glow-worm twinkling through the shade.	
But when, advancing through the gloom,	
They saw the Chieftain's eagle plume,	
Their shout of welcome, shrill and wide,	770
Shook the steep mountain's steady side.	
Thrice it arose, and lake and fell	
Three times return'd the martial yell;	
It died upon Bochastle's plain,	•
And Silence claim'd her evening reign.	775

CANTO FOURTH.

THE PROPHECY.

I.

'The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,\
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;
The rose is sweetest wash'd with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalm'd in tears.
O wilding rose, whom fancy thus endears,
I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave,
Emblem of hope and love through future years!'—
Thus spoke young Norman, heir of Armandave,
What time the sun arose on Vennachar's broad wave.

II.

Such fond conceit, half said, half sung, 10 Love prompted to the bridegroom's tongue, All while he stripp'd the wild-rose spray. His axe and bow beside him lay, For on a pass 'twixt lake and wood. A wakeful sentinel he stood. 15 Hark! on the rock a footstep rung, And instant to his arms he sprung. 'Stand, or thou diest!-What, Malise?-soon Art thou return'd from Braes of Doune. By thy keen step and glance I know, 20 Thou bring'st us tidings of the foe.'-(For while the Fiery Cross hied on, On distant scout had Malise gone.) 'Where sleeps the Chief?' the henchman said .-'Apart, in yonder misty glade; 25 To his lone couch I'll be your guide.'-Then call'd a slumberer by his side,

And stirr'd him with his slacken'd bow— 'Up, up, Glentarkin! rouse thee, ho! We seek the Chieftain; on the track, Keep eagle watch till I come back.'

III.

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Together up the pass they sped: 'What of the foemen?' Norman said .-'Varying reports from near and far; This certain,-that a band of war 35 Has for two days been ready boune, At prompt command, to march from Doune; King James, the while, with princely powers, Holds revelry in Stirling towers. Soon will this dark and gathering cloud 40 Speak on our glens in thunder loud. Inured to bide such bitter bout, \ The warrior's plaid may bear it out; But, Norman, how wilt thou provide A shelter for thy bonny bride?'— 45 'What! know ye not that Roderick's care To the lone isle hath caused repair Each maid and matron of the clan. And every child and aged man Unfit for arms; and given his charge, 50 Nor skiff nor shallop, boat nor barge, Upon these lakes shall float at large, But all beside the islet moor, That such dear pledge may rest secure?'—

IV.

"Tis well advised—the Chieftain's plan Bespeaks the father of his clan. But wherefore sleeps Sir Roderick Dhu Apart from all his followers true?"— "It is, because last evening-tide Brian an augury hath tried, Of that dread kind which must not be Unless in dread extremity; The Taghairm\call'd; by which, afar, Our sires foresaw the events of war. Duncraggan's milk-white bull they slew.'

65

MALISE.

'Ah! well the gallant brute I knew! The choicest of the prey we had, When swept our merry-men Gallangad. His hide was snow, his horns were dark, His red eye glow'd like fiery spark; So fierce, so tameless, and so fleet, Sore did he cumber our retreat, And kept our stoutest kerned in awe, Even at the pass of Beal 'maha. But steep and flinty was the road, And sharp the hurrying pikemen's goad, And when we came to Dennan's Row, A child might scatheless stroke his brow.'

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V.

NORMAN.

'That bull was slain: his reeking hide They stretch'd the cataract beside, Whose waters their wild tumult toss Adown the black and craggy boss Of that huge cliff, whose ample verge Tradition calls the Hero's Targe, Couch'd on a shelve beneath its brink, Close where the thundering torrents sink, Rocking beneath their headlong sway, And drizzled by the ceaseless spray, Midst groan of rock, and roar of stream, The wizard waits prophetic dream.

Nor distant rests the Chief;—but hush!

See, gliding slow through mist and bush,

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The hermit gains you rock, and stands To gaze upon our slumbering bands. Seems he not, Malise, like a ghost, That hovers o'er a slaughter'd host? Or raven on the blasted oak, That, watching while the deer is broke His morsel claims with sullen croak?'

MALISE.

—'Peace! peace! to other than to me,
Thy words were evil augury;
But still I hold Sir Roderick's blade
Clan-Alpine's omen and her aid,
Not aught that, glean'd from heaven or hell,
Yon fiend-begotten monk can tell.
The Chieftain joins him, see—and now,
Together they descend the brow.'

VI.

And, as they came, with Alpine's Lord The Hermit Monk held solemn word:-'Roderick! it is a fearful strife, IIO For man endowed with mortal life. Whose shroud of sentient clay can still Feel feverish pang and fainting chill, Whose eye can stare in stony trance, Whose hair can rouse like warrior's lance,-115 'Tis hard for such to view, unfurl'd, The curtain of the future world. Yet, witness every quaking limb, My sunken pulse, my eyeballs dim, My soul with harrowing anguish torn, 120 This for my Chieftain have I borne!-The shapes that sought my fearful couch, A human tongue may ne'er avouch; No mortal man,—save he, who, bred Between the living and the dead, 125

Is gifted beyond nature's law,—
Had e'er survived to say he saw.
At length the fateful answer came,
In characters of living flame!
Not spoke in word, nor blazed in scroll,
But borne and branded on my soul;—
WHICH SPILLS THE FOREMOST FOEMAN'S LIFE,
THAT PARTY CONQUERS IN THE STRIFE.'—

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VII.

'Thanks, Brian, for thy zeal and care! Good is thine augury, and fair. 135 Clan-Alpine ne'er in battle stood, But first our broadswords tasted blood. A surer victim still I know, Self-offer'd to the auspicious blow: A spy has sought my land this morn,-140 No eve shall witness his return! My followers guard each pass's mouth, To east, to westward, and to south; Red Murdoch, bribed to be his guide, Has charge to lead his steps aside, 145 Till, in deep path or dingle brown, He light on those shall bring him down. -But see, who comes his news to show! Malise! what tidings of the foe?'-

VIII.

'At Doune, o'er many a spear and glaive
Two Barons proud their banners wave.
I saw the Moray's silver star,
And mark'd the sable pale of Mar.'—
'By Alpine's soul, high tidings those!
I love to hear of worthy foes.\
When move they on?'—'To-morrow's noon
Will see them here for battle boune.'—

155

'Then shall it see a meeting stern!-But, for the place—say, couldst thou learn Nought of the friendly clans of Earn? 160 Strengthened by them, we well might bide The battle on Benledi's side. Thou couldst not?—well! Clan Alpine's men Shall man the Trosachs' shaggy glen; Within Loch Katrine's gorge we'll fight, 165 All in our maids' and matrons' sight, Each for his hearth and household fire. Father for child, and son for sire, Lover for maid beloved !-But why-Is it the breeze affects mine eye? 170 Or dost thou come, ill-omened tear! A messenger of doubt or fear? No! sooner may the Saxon lance Unfix Benledi from his stance, Than doubt or terror can pierce through 175 The unyielding heart of Roderick Dhu! 'Tis stubborn as his trusty targe. Each to his post-all know their charge.' The pibroch sounds, the bands advance, The broadswords gleam, the banners dance, 180 Obedient to the Chiestain's glance. -I turn me from the martial roar. And seek Coir-Uriskin once more.

, IX.

Where is the Douglas?—he is gone;
And Ellen sits on the grey stone
Fast by the cave, and makes her moan;
While vainly Allan's words of cheer
Are pour'd on her unheeding ear.—
He will return—Dear lady, trust!—
With joy return;—he will—he must.

190
Well was it time to seek, afar,
Some refuge from impending war,

When e'en Clan-Alpine's rugged swarm Are cow'd by the approaching storm. I saw their boats, with many a light, 195 Floating the live-long vesternight, Shifting like flashes darted forth By the red streamers of the north; I mark'd at morn how close they ride. Thick moor'd by the lone islet's side, 200 Like wild ducks couching in the fen, When stoops the hawk upon the glen. Since this rude race dare not abide The peril on the mainland side. Shall not thy noble father's care 205 Some safe retreat for thee prepare?'—

X.

ELLEN.

'No, Allan, no! Pretext so kind My wakeful terrors could not blind. When in such tender tone, yet grave, Douglas a parting blessing gave, 210 The tear that glisten'd in his eye Drown'd not his purpose fix'd and high. My soul, though feminine and weak, Can image his; e'en as the lake, Itself disturb'd by slightest stroke, ' 215 Reflects the invulnerable rock. He hears report of battle rife, He deems himself the cause of strife. I saw him redden, when the theme Turn'd, Allan, on thine idle dream 220 Of Malcolm Græme in fetters bound. Which I, thou saidst, about him wound. Think'st thou he trow'd thine omen aught? Oh no! 'twas apprehensive thought For the kind youth,—for Roderick too— 225 (Let me be just) that friend so true;

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In danger both, and in our cause! Minstrel, the Douglas dare not pause. Why else that solemn warning given, "If not on earth, we meet in heaven?" Why else, to Cambus-kenneth's fane, If eve return him not again, Am I to hie, and make me known? Alas! he goes to Scotland's throne, Buys his friend's safety with his own; He goes to do—what I had done, Had Douglas' daughter been his son!'—

XI.

'Nay, lovely Ellen!-dearest, nay! If aught should his return delay, He only named yon holy fane As fitting place to meet again. Be sure he's safe; and for the Græme,-Heaven's blessing on his gallant name!-My vision'd sight may yet prove true, Nor bode of ill to him or you. When did my gifted dream beguile? Think of the stranger at the isle, And think upon the harpings slow, That presaged this approaching woe! Sooth was my prophecy of fear; Believe it when it augurs cheer. Would we had left this dismal spot! Ill luck still haunts a fairy grot. Of such a wondrous tale I know-Dear lady, change that look of woe, My harp was wont thy grief to cheer.'-

ELLEN.

'Well, be it as thou wilt; I hear, But cannot stop the bursting tear.' The Minstrel tried his simple art, But distant far was Ellen's heart.

XII.

BALLAD

DALLAD.	
ALICE BRAND.	
Merry it is in the good greenwood,	
When the mavis and merle are singing,	
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in And the hunter's horn is ringing.	cry
'O Alice Brand, my native land Is lost for love of you; And we must hold by wood and wold,	265
As outlaws wont to do.	
'O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so bright, And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue, That on the night of our luckless flight, Thy brother bold I slew.	270
'Now must I teach to hew the beech The hand that held the glaive,\ For leaves to spread our lowly bed, And stakes to fence our cave.	275
'And for vest of pall thy fingers small, That wont on harp to stray, A cloak must shear from the slaughter'd deer, To keep the cold away.'—	280
'O Richard! if my brother died, 'Twas but a fatal chance; For darkling was the battle tried, And fortune sped the lance.	
'If pall and vair no more I wear, Nor thou the crimson sheen, As warm, we'll say, is the russet grey, As gay the forest-green.	285
'And, Richard, if our lot be hard, And lost thy native land, Still Alice has her own Richard, And he his Alice Brand.'	290

XIII.

BALLAD CONTINUED.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood, So blithe Lady Alice is singing; On the beech's pride, and oak's brown side, Lord Richard's axe is ringing.

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Up spoke the moody Elfin King, Who won'd within the hill,—
Like wind in the porch of a ruin'd church,
His voice was ghostly shrill.

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'Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,
Our moonlight circle's screen?
Or who comes here to chase the deer,
Beloved of our Elfin Queen?
Or who may dare on wold to wear
The fairies' fatal green!

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'Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie, For thou wert christen'd man's For cross or sign thou wilt not fly, For mutter'd word or ban.

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'Lay on him the curse of the wither'd heart, The curse of the sleepless eye; Till he wish and pray that his life would part, Nor yet find leave to die.'

XIV.

BALLAD CONTINUED.

Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood, Though the birds have still'd their singing! The evening blaze doth Alice raise, And Richard is fagots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf, Before Lord Richard stands, And, as he cross'd and bless'd himself, 'I fear not sign,' quoth the grisly elf, 'That is made with bloody hands.'	320
But out then spoke she, Alice Brand, That woman void of fear,— 'And if there's blood upon his hand, 'Tis but the blood of deer.'—	325
'Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood! It cleaves unto his hand, The stain of thine own kindly blood, The blood of Ethert Brand.'	330
Then forward stepp'd she, Alice Brand, And made the holy sign,— 'And if there's blood on Richard's hand, A spotless hand is mine.	335
'And I conjure thee, Demon elf, By Him whom Demons fear, To show us whence thou art thyself, And what thine errand here?'	
XV.	
BALLAD CONTINUED.	
"Tis merry, 'tis merry, in Fairy-land, When fairy birds are singing, When the court doth ride by their monarch's side With bit and bridle ringing:	34°
'And gaily shines the Fairy-land— But all is glistening show,\ Like the idle gleam that December's beam Can dart on ice and snow.	345

'And fading, like that varied gleam,
Is our inconstant shape,
Who now like knight and lady seem,
And now like dwarf and ape.

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'It was between the night and day,
When the Fairy King has power,
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,
And, 'twixt life and death, was snatched away] 355
To the joyless Elfin bower.

'But wist I of a woman bold,
Who thrice my brow durst sign,
I might regain my mortal mould,
As fair a form as thine.'

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She cross'd him once—she cross'd him twice— That lady was so brave; The fouler grew his goblin hue, The darker grew the cave.

She cross'd him thrice, that lady bold;
He rose beneath her hand
The fairest knight on Scottish mould,
Her brother, Ethert Brand!

Merry it is in good greenwood,

When the mavis and merle are singing,
But merrier were they in Dunfermline grey,
When all the bells were ringing.

XVI.

Just as the minstrel sounds were staid,
A stranger climb'd the steepy glade;
His martial step, his stately mien,
His hunting suit of Lincoln green,
His eagle glance, remembrance claims—
'Tis Snowdoun's Knight, 'tis James Fitz-James.

Ellen beheld as in a dream,	
Then, starting, scarce suppress'd a scream:	380
'O stranger! in such hour of fear,	
What evil hap has brought thee here?'-	
'An evil hap how can it be,	
That bids me look again on thee?	
By promise bound, my former guide	385
Met me betimes this morning tide,	
And marshall'd, over bank and bournel	
The happy path of my return.'—	
'The happy path!—what! said he nought	
Of war, of battle to be fought,	390
Of guarded pass?'—'No, by my faith!	
Nor saw I aught could augur scathe.'—	
'O haste thee, Allan, to the kern,	
-Yonder his tartans I discern;	
Learn thou his purpose, and conjure	395
That he will guide the stranger sure!—	
What prompted thee, unhappy man?	
The meanest serf in Roderick's clan	
Had not been bribed by love or fear,	
Unknown to him to guide thee here.	400

XVII.

'Sweet Ellen, dear my life must be,
Since it is worthy care from thee;
Yet life I hold but idle breath,
When love or honour's weigh'd with death.
Then let me profit by my chance,
And speak my purpose bold at once.
I come to bear thee from a wild,
Where ne'er before such blossom smiled;
By this soft hand to lead thee far
From frantic scenes of feud and war.
Near Bochastle my horses wait;
They bear us soon to Stirling gate.

I'll place thee in a lovely bower, I'll guard thee like a tender flower'-'O! hush, Sir Knight! 'twere female art, 415 To say I do not read thy heart; Too much, before, my selfish ear Was idly soothed my praise to hear. That fatal bait hath lured thee back. In deathful hour, o'er dangerous track; 420 And how, O how, can I atone The wreck my vanity brought on !-One way remains-I'll tell him all-Yes! struggling bosom, forth it shall! Thou, whose light folly bears the blame 425 Buy thine own pardon with thy shame! But first-my father is a man Outlaw'd and exiled, under ban; The price of blood is on his head, With me 'twere infamy to wed.— 430 Still wouldst thou speak?—then hear the truth! Fitz-James, there is a noble youth,— If yet he is!—exposed for me And mine to dread extremity-Thou hast the secret of my heart; 435 Forgive, be generous, and depart!'

XVIII.

Fitz-James knew every wily train\\A lady's fickle heart to gain;
But here he knew and felt them vain.
There shot no glance from Ellen's eye,
To give her steadfast speech the lie;
In maiden confidence she stood,
Though mantled in her cheek the blood,
And told her love with such a sigh
Of deep and hopeless agony,
As death had seal'd her Malcolm's doom,
And she sat sorrowing on his tomb.

Hope vanish'd from Fitz-James's eye, But not with hope fled sympathy.	
He proffer'd to attend her side,	450
As brother would a sister guide.—	
'O! little know'st thou Roderick's heart!	
Safer for both we go apart.	
O haste thee, and from Allan learn,	
If thou mayst trust yon wily kern.'	455
With hand upon his forehead laid,	
The conflict of his mind to shade,	
A parting step or two he made;	
Then, as some thought had cross'd his brain,	
He paused, and turn'd, and came again.	460

XIX.

'Hear, lady, yet, a parting word !-	
It chanced in fight that my poor sword	
Preserved the life of Scotland's lord.	
This ring the grateful Monarch gave,	
And bade, when I had boon to crave,	465
To bring it back, and boldly claim	
The recompense that I would name.	
Ellen, I am no courtly lord,	
But one who lives by lance and sword,	
Whose castle is his helm and shield,	470
His lordship the embattled field.	
What from a prince can I demand,	
Who neither reck of state nor land?	
Ellen, thy hand—the ring is thine;	
Each guard and usher knows the sign.	475
Seek thou the King without delay;	
This signet shall secure thy way;	
And claim thy suit, whate'er it be,	
As ransom of his pledge to me.'	
He placed the golden circlet on,	480
Paused-kiss'd her hand-and then was gone.	

The aged Minstrel stood aghast, So hastily Fitz-James shot past. He join'd his guide, and wending down The ridges of the mountain brown, Across the stream they took their way, That joins Loch Katrine to Achray.

485

XX.

All in the Trosachs' glen was still, Noontide was sleeping on the hill: Sudden his guide whoop'd loud and high-490 'Murdoch! was that a signal cry?'-He stammer'd forth-'I shout to scare Yon raven from his dainty fare.' He look'd—he knew the raven's prey, His own brave steed:—'Ah! gallant grey! 495 For thee-for me, perchance-'twere well We ne'er had seen the Trosachs' dell .-Murdoch, move first-but silently: Whistle or whoop, and thou shalt die!' Iealous and sullen, on they fared, 500 Each silent, each upon his guard.

XXI.

Now wound the path its dizzy ledge
Around a precipice's edge,
When lo! a wasted female form,
Blighted by wrath of sun and storm,
In tatter'd weeds and wild array,
Stood on a cliff beside the way,
And glancing round her restless eye,
Upon the wood, the rock, the sky,
Seem'd nought to mark, yet all to spy.
Her brow was wreath'd with gaudy broom;
With gesture wild she waved a plume

505

510

Of feathers, which the eagles fling To crag and cliff from dusky wing; Such spoils her desperate step had sought, 515 Where scarce was footing for the goat. The tartan plaid she first descried, And shriek'd till all the rocks replied; As loud she laugh'd when near they drew, For then the Lowland garb she knew; 520 And then her hands she wildly wrung, And then she wept, and then she sung-She sung!—the voice, in better time, Perchance to harp or lute might chime; And now, though strain'd and foughen'd, still 525 Rung wildly sweet to dale and hill.

XXII.

SONG.

They bid me sleep they bid me pray, They say my brain is warp'd and wrung-I cannot sleep on Highland brae, I cannot pray in Highland tongue. 530 But were I now where Allan glides Or heard my native Devan's tides. So sweetly would I rest, and pray That Heaven would close my wintry day! 'Twas thus my hair they bade me braid, 535 They made me to the church repair; It was my bridal morn, they said, And my true love would meet me there. But woe betide the cruel guile, That drown'd in blood the morning smile! 540 And woe betide the fairy dream! I only waked to sob and scream.

XXIII.

'Who is this maid? what means her lay? She hovers o'er the hollow way, And flutters wide her mantle grey, 545 As the lone heron spreads his wing, By twilight, o'er a haunted spring.'— ''Tis Blanche of Devan,' Murdoch said, 'A crazed and captive Lowland maid, Ta'en on the morn she was a bride. 550 When Roderick foray'd Devan-side; The gay bridegroom resistance made, And felt our Chief's unconquer'd blade. I marvel she is now at large, But oft she 'scapes from Maudlin's charge.— Hence, brain-sick fool!'—He raised his bow:— . 'Now, if thou strikest her but one blow, I'll pitch thee from the cliff as far As ever peasant pitch'd a bar !'-'Thanks, champion, thanks!' the Maniac cried, 560 And press'd her to Fitz-James's side. 'See the grey pennons I prepare, To seek my true-love through the air! I will not lend that savage groom, To break his fall, one downy plume! 565 No!-deep amid disjointed stones, The wolves shall batten on his bones, And then shall his detested plaid, By bush and brier in mid air staid, Wave forth a banner fair and free, 570 Meet signal for their revelry.'-

XXIV.

'Hush thee, poor maiden, and be still!'—
'O! thou look'st kindly, and I will.—
Mine eye has dried and wasted been,
But still it loves the Lincoln green;

575

And, though mine ear is all unstrung, Still, still it loves the Lowland tongue.

'For O my sweet William was forester true,
He stole poor Blanche's heart away!
His coat it was all of the greenwood hue,
And so blithely he trill'd the Lowland lay!

580

'It was not that I meant to tell . . . But thou art wise, and guessest well.' Then, in a low and broken tone, And hurried note, the song went on. Still on the Clansman, fearfully, She fixed her apprehensive eye; Then turn'd it on the Knight, and then Her look glanced wildly o'er the glen.

585

XXV.

'The toils are pitch'd and the stakes are set, 590 Ever sing merrily, merrily;
The bows they bend, and the knives they whet,
Hunters live so cheerily.

It was a stag, a stag of ten.

Bearing its branches sturdily;

He came stately down the glen,

Ever sing hardily, hardily.

'It was there he met with a wounded doe,
She was bleeding deathfully;
She warn'd him of the toils below,
O, so faithfully, faithfully!

600

'He had an eye, and he could heed, Ever sing warily, warily; He had a foot, and he could speed— Hunters watch so narrowly.'

605

XXVI.

Fitz-James's mind was passion-toss'd, When Ellen's hints and fears were lost; But Murdoch's shout suspicion wrought, And Blanche's song conviction brought. Not like a stag that spies the snare, 610 But lion of the hunt aware, He waved at once his blade on high, 'Disclose thy treachery, or die!' Forth at full speed the Clansman flew, But in his race his bow he drew. 615 The shaft just grazed Fitz-James's crest, And thrill'd in Blanche's faded breast.— Murdoch of Alpine! prove thy speed, For ne'er had Alpine's son such need! With heart of fire, and foot of wind, 620 The fierce avenger is behind! Fate judges of the rapid strife— The forfeit death—the prize is life! Thy kindred ambush lies before, Close couch'd upon the heathery moor; 625 Them couldst thou reach !-- it may not be--Thine ambush'd kin thou ne'er shalt see, The fiery Saxon gains on thee! -Resistless speeds the deadly thrust, As lightning strikes the pine to dust; 630 With foot and hand Fitz-James must strain, Ere he can win his blade again. Bent o'er the fall'n, with falcon eye, He grimly smiled to see him die; Then slower wended back his way, 635 Where the poor maiden bleeding lay.

XXVII.

She sate beneath the birchen tree, Her elbow resting on her knee; CANTO IV.

115 She had withdrawn the fatal shaft, And gazed on it, and feebly laugh'd; Her wreath of broom and feathers gray, Daggled with blood beside her lay. The Knight to stanch the life-stream tried,-'Stranger, it is in vain!' she cried. 'This hour of death has given me more 645 Of reason's power than years before; For, as these ebbing veins decay, My frenzied visions fade away. A helpless injured wretch I die, And something tells me in thine eve, 650 That thou wert mine avenger born.-Seest thou this tress?—O! still I've worn This little tress of yellow hair, Through danger, frenzy, and despair! It once was bright and clear as thine, 655 But blood and tears have dimm'd its shine. I will not tell thee when 'twas shred, Nor from what guiltless victim's head-My brain would turn !- but it shall wave Like plumage on thy helmet brave, 660 Till sun and wind shall bleach the stain, And thou wilt bring it me again.-I waver still.—O God! more bright Let reason beam her parting light!-O! by thy knighthood's honour'd sign, 665 And for thy life preserved by mine, When thou shalt see a darksome man, Who boasts him Chief of Alpine's Clan, With tartans broad, and shadowy plume, And hand of blood, and brow of gloom, 670 Be thy heart bold, thy weapon strong, And wreak poor Blanche of Devan's wrong! They watch for thee by pass and fell . . .

Avoid the path . . . O God! . . . farewell.'

XXVIII.

A kindly heart had brave Fitz-James; 675 Fast pour'd his eyes at pity's claims; And now with mingled grief and ire, He saw the murder'd maid expire. 'God, in my need, be my relief, As I wreak this on yonder Chief!' 680 A lock from Blanche's tresses fair He blended with her bridegroom's hair; The mingled braid in blood he dyed, And placed it on his bonnet-side: 'By Him whose word is truth! I swear, 685 No other favour will I wear. Till this sad token I imbrue In the best blood of Roderick Dhu. -But hark! what means you faint halloo? The chase is up,—but they shall know, 690 The stag at bay's a dangerous foe.' Barr'd from the known but guarded way, Through copse and cliffs Fitz-James must stray, And oft must change his desperate track, By stream and precipice turn'd back. 695 Heartless, fatigued, and faint, at length, From lack of food and loss of strength, He couch'd him in a thicket hoar, And thought his toils and perils o'er:-'Of all my rash adventures past, 700 This frantic feat must prove the last! Who e'er so mad but might have guess'd, That all this Highland hornet's nest Would muster up in swarms so soon As e'er they heard of bands at Doune? 705 Like bloodhounds now they search me out,-Hark, to the whistle and the shout!-If farther through the wilds I go, I only fall upon the foe:

I'll couch me here till evening gray, Then darkling try my dangerous way.'

XXIX.

The shades of eve come slowly down, The woods are wrapt in deeper brown, The owl awakens from her dell. The fox is heard upon the fell; 715 Enough remains of glimmering light To guide the wanderer's steps aright, Yet not enough from far to show His figure to the watchful foe. With cautious step, and ear awake, 720 He climbs the crag and threads the brake; And not the summer solstice, there, Temper'd the midnight mountain air, But every breeze, that swept the wold, Benumb'd his drenched limbs with cold. 725 In dread, in danger, and alone, Famish'd and chill'd, through ways unknown, Tangled and steep, he journey'd on; Till, as a rock's huge point he turn'd, A watch-fire close before him burn'd. 730

XXX.

Beside its embers red and clear,
Bask'd, in his plaid, a mountaineer;
And up he sprung with sword in hand,—
'Thy name and purpose? Saxon, stand!'—
'A stranger.'—'What dost thou require?'—
'Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
My life's beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chill'd my limbs with frost.'—
'Art thou a friend to Roderick?'—'No.'—
'Thou darest not call thyself a foe?'—
'I dare! to him and all the band
He brings to aid his murderous hand.'—

'Bold words!-but, though the beast of game The privilege of chase may claim, Though space and law the stag we lend, 745 Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend, Who ever reck'd, where, how, or when, The prowling fox was trapp'd or slain? Thus treacherous scouts,—yet sure they lie, Who say thou camest a secret spy!'-750 'They do, by heaven !- Come Roderick Dhu, And of his clan the boldest two. And let me but till morning rest. I write the falsehood on their crest.'-'If by the blaze I mark aright, 755 Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight.'-'Then by these tokens mayest thou know Each proud oppressor's mortal foe.'-'Enough, enough; -sit down, and share A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare.' 760

XXXI.

He gave him of his Highland cheer. The harden'd flesh of mountain deer: Dry fuel on the fire he laid, And bade the Saxon share his plaid. He tended him like welcome guest, 765 Then thus his farther speech address'd:-'Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu A clansman born, a kinsman true: Each word against his honour spoke, Demands of me avenging stroke; 770 Yet more, upon thy fate, 't is said, A mighty augury is laid. It rests with me to wind my horn,-Thou art with numbers overborne: It rests with me, here, brand to brand, 775 Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand:

But, not for clan, nor kindred's cause, Will I depart from honour's laws: To assail a wearied man were shame, And stranger is a holy name; 780 Guidance and rest, and food and fire, In vain he never must require. Then rest thee here till dawn of day; Myself will guide thee on the way, O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward, 785 Till past Clan-Alpine's utmost guard, As far as Coilantogle's ford: From thence thy warrant is thy sword.'-'I take thy courtesy, by heaven, As freely as 't is nobly given!'-790 'Well, rest thee; for the bittern's cry Sings us the lake's wild lullaby.' With that he shook the gather'd heath, And spread his plaid upon the wreath; And the brave foemen, side by side, 795 Lay peaceful down, like brothers tried, And slept until the dawning beam Purpled the mountain and the stream.

CANTO FIFTH.

THE COMBAT.

I.

FAIR as the earliest beam of eastern light,
When first, by the bewilder'd pilgrim spied,
It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,
And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,
And lights the fearful path on mountain side;

Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,
Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,
Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow of
War.

II.

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That early beam, so fair and sheen,
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,
When, rousing at its glimmer red,
The warriors left their lowly bed,
Look'd out upon the dappled sky,
Mutter'd their soldier matins by,
And then awaked their fire, to steal,
As short and rude, their soldier meal.
That o'er, the Gael around him threw
His graceful plaid of varied hue,
And, true to promise, led the way,
By thicket green and mountain grey.
A wildering path!—they winded now
Along the precipice's brow,

Commanding the rich scenes beneath,
The windings of the Forth and Teith,
And all the vales beneath that lie,
Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky;
Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance
Gain'd not the length of horseman's lance.
'T was oft so steep, the foot was fain
Assistance from the hand to gain;
So tangled oft, that, bursting through,
Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew,—
That diamond dew, so pure and clear,
It rivals all but Beauty's tear!

III.

At length they came where, stern and steep, The hill sinks down upon the deep. Here Vennachar in silver flows, There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose; Ever the hollow path twined on, Beneath steep bank and threatening stone; An hundred men might hold the post With hardihood against a host. The rugged mountain's scanty cloak Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak. 45 With shingles bare, and cliffs between, And patches bright of bracken green, And heather black, that waved so high, It held the copse in rivalry. But where the lake slept deep and still, 50 Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill: And oft both path and hill were torn, Where wintry torrent down had borne, And heap'd upon the cumber'd land Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand. 55 So toilsome was the road to trace, The guide, abating of his pace,

Led slowly through the pass's jaws, And ask'd Fitz-James, by what strange cause He sought these wilds, traversed by few, Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

60

IV.

'Brave Gael, my pass in danger tried, Hangs in my belt, and by my side; Yet, sooth to tell,' the Saxon said, 'I dreamt not now to claim its aid. 65 When here, but three days since, I came, Bewilder'd in pursuit of game, All seem'd as peaceful and as still As the mist slumbering on you hill; Thy dangerous Chief was then afar, 70 Nor soon expected back from war. Thus said, at least, my mountain-guide, Though deep, perchance, the villain lied.'-'Yet why a second venture try?'-'A warrior thou, and ask me why!-75 Moves our free course by such fix'd cause As gives the poor mechanic laws? Enough, I sought to drive away The lazy hours of peaceful day; Slight cause will then suffice to guide 80 A Knight's free footsteps far and wide,-A falcon flown, a greyhound stray'd, The merry glance of mountain maid: Or, if a path be dangerous known, The danger's self is lure alone.'-85

V.

'Thy secret keep, I urge thee not;— Yet, ere again ye sought this spot, Say, heard ye nought of Lowland war, Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar?'

115

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- 'No, by my word; - of bands prepared 90 To guard King James's sports I heard; Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear This muster of the mountaineer, Their pennons will abroad be flung, Which else in Doune had peaceful hung.'-95 'Free be they flung!-for we were loth Their silken folds should feast the moth. Free be they flung!—as free shall wave Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave. But, Stranger, peaceful since you came, 100 Bewilder'd in the mountain game, Whence the bold boast by which you show Vich-Alpine's vow'd and mortal foe?'-'Warrior, but yester-morn, I knew Nought of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu, 105 Save as an outlaw'd desperate man, The chief of a rebellious clan. Who, in the Regent's court and sight, With ruffian dagger stabb'd a knight: Yet this alone might from his part 110 Sever each true and loval heart.'

VI.

Wrothful at such arraignment foul,
Dark lower'd the clansman's sable scowl.
A space he paused, then sternly said,
'And heardst thou why he drew his blade?
Heardst thou, that shameful word and blow
Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?
What reck'd the Chieftain if he stood
On Highland heath, or Holy-Rood?
He rights such wrong where it is given,
If it were in the court of heaven.'—
'Still was it outrage;—yet, 't is true,
Not then claim'd sovereignty his due;

While Albany, with feeble hand,
Held borrow'd truncheon of command,
The young King, mew'd in Stirling tower,
Was stranger to respect and power.
But then, thy Chieftain's robber life!—
Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
Wrenching from ruin'd Lowland swain
His herds and harvest rear'd in vain.—
Methinks a soul, like thine, should scorn
The spoils from such foul foray borne.'

VII.

The Gael beheld him grim the while, And answer'd with disdainful smile,-135 'Saxon, from yonder mountain high, I mark'd thee send delighted eve. Far to the south and east, where lay, Extended in succession gay, Deep waving fields and pastures green, 140 With gentle slopes and groves between:-These fertile plains, that soften'd vale, Were once the birthright of the Gael; The stranger came with iron hand. And from our fathers reft the land. 145 Where dwell we now? See, rudely swell Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell. Ask we this savage hill we tread, For fatten'd steer or household bread; Ask we for flocks these shingles dry 150 And well the mountain might reply,— "To you, as to your sires of yore, Belong the target and claymore! I give you shelter in my breast, Your own good blades must win the rest." 155 Pent in this fortress of the North, Thinkst thou we will not sally forth, To spoil the spoiler as we may, And from the robber rend the prey?

Ay, by my soul!—While on yon plain
The Saxon rears one shock of grain;
While, of ten thousand herds, there strays
But one along yon river's maze,—
The Gael, of plain and river heir,
Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share.
Where live the mountain Chiefs who hold,
That plundering Lowland field and fold
Is aught but retribution true?
Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu.'—

VIII.

Answer'd Fitz-James,-'And, if I sought, 170 Thinkst thou no other could be brought? What deem ye of my path waylaid? My life given o'er to ambuscade?'-'As of a meed to rashness due: Hadst thou sent warning fair and true,-175 I seek my hound, or falcon stray'd, I seek, good faith, a Highland maid,— Free hadst thou been to come and go; But secret path marks secret foe. Nor yet, for this, even as a spy, 180 Hadst thou, unheard, been doom'd to die, Save to fulfil an augury.'-'Well, let it pass; nor will I now Fresh cause of enmity avow, To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow. 185 Enough, I am by promise tied To match me with this man of pride: Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen In peace; but when I come agen, I come with banner, brand, and bow, 190 As leader seeks his mortal foe. For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,

As I, until before me stand
This rebel Chieftain and his band!'—

195

IX.

'Have, then, thy wish!'—He whistled shrill, And he was answer'd from the hill: Wild as the scream of the curlew. From crag to crag the signal flew. Instant, through copse and heath, arose 200 Bonnets and spears and bended bows; On right, on left, above, below, Sprung up at once the lurking foe; From shingles grey their lances start, The bracken bush sends forth the dart, 205 The rushes and the willow-wand Are bristling into axe and brand, And every tuft of broom gives life To plaided warrior arm'd for strife. That whistle garrison'd the glen 210 At once with full five hundred men, As if the yawning hill to heaven A subterranean host had given. Watching their leader's beck and will, All silent there they stood, and still. 215 Like the loose crags, whose threatening mass Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass, As if an infant's touch could urge Their headlong passage down the verge, With step and weapon forward flung, 220 Upon the mountain-side they hung. The Mountaineer cast glance of pride Along Benledi's living side, Then fix'd his eye and sable brow Full on Fitz-James—'How say'st thou now? 225 These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true; And, Saxon,-I am Roderick Dhu!'

X.

Fitz-James was brave:—though to his heart The life-blood thrill'd with sudden start. He mann'd himself with dauntless air. 230 Return'd the Chief his haughty stare, His back against a rock he bore, And firmly placed his foot before:-'Come one, come all! this rock shall fly From its firm base as soon as I.' 235 Sir Roderick mark'd-and in his eyes Respect was mingled with surprise, And the stern joy which warriors feel In foemen worthy of their steel. Short space he stood-then waved his hand 240 Down sunk the disappearing band; Each warrior vanish'd where he stood, In broom or bracken, heath or wood; Sunk brand and spear and bended bow, In osiers pale and copses low: 245 It seem'd as if their mother Earth Had swallowed up her warlike birth. The wind's last breath had toss'd in air, Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair,— The next but swept a lone hill-side, 250 Where heath and fern were waving wide: The sun's last glance was glinted back, From spear and glaive, from targe and jack,-The next all unreflected, shone On bracken green, and cold grey stone. 255

XI.

Fitz-James look'd round—yet scarce believed The witness that his sight received; Such apparition well might seem Delusion of a dreadful dream.

Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,	260
And to his look the Chief replied,	
'Fear nought—nay, that I need not say—	
But—doubt not aught from mine array.	
Thou art my guest;—I pledged my word	
As far as Coilantogle ford:	265
Nor would I call a clansman's brand	
For aid against one valiant hand,	
Though on our strife lay every vale	
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.	
So move we on;—I only meant	270
To show the reed on which you leant,	
Deeming this path you might pursue	
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.'	
They mov'd:-I said Fitz-James was brave,	
As ever knight that belted glaive;	275
Yet dare not say, that now his blood	
Kept on its wont and temper'd flood,	
As, following Roderick's stride, he drew	
That seeming lonesome pathway through,	
Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife	280
With lances, that, to take his life,	
Waited but signal from a guide	
So late dishonour'd and defied.	
Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round	
The vanish'd guardians of the ground,	285
And still, from copse and heather deep,	
Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,	
And in the plover's shrilly strain,	
The signal-whistle heard again.	
Nor breathed he free till far behind	290
The pass was left; for then they wind	
Along a wide and level green,	
Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,	
Nor rush nor bush of broom was near,	
To hide a honnet or a spear	205

XII.

The Chief in silence strode before. And reach'd that torrent's sounding shore. Which, daughter of three mighty lakes, From Vennachar in silver breaks. Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines 300 On Bochastle the mouldering lines, Where Rome, the Empress of the world, Of yore her eagle wings unfurl'd. And here his course the Chieftain staid. Threw down his target and his plaid. 305 And to the Lowland warrior said-'Bold Saxon! to his promise just, Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust. This murderous Chief, this ruthless man, This head of a rebellious clan, 310 Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward, Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard. Now, man to man, and steel to steel, A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel. See here, all vantageless I stand, 315 Arm'd, like thyself, with single brand: For this is Coilantogle ford, And thou must keep thee with thy sword.'

XIII.

The Saxon paused:—'I ne'er delay'd,
When foeman bade me draw my blade;
Nay, more, brave Chief, I vow'd thy death:
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserv'd,
A better meed have well deserv'd:
Can nought but blood our feud atone?

325
Are there no means?'—'No, Stranger, none!

And hear,—to fire thy flagging zeal,— The Saxon cause rests on thy steel; For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred Between the living and the dead: 330 "Who spills the foremost foeman's life, His party conquers in the strife."'-'Then, by my word,' the Saxon said, 'The riddle is already read. Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,-335 There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff. Thus Fate has solved her prophecy, Then yield to Fate, and not to me. To James, at Stirling, let us go, When, if thou wilt be still his foe. 340 Or if the King shall not agree To grant thee grace and favour free, I plight mine honour, oath, and word, That, to thy native strengths restored, With each advantage shalt thou stand, 345 That aids thee now to guard thy land.'

XIV.

Dark lightning flash'd from Roderick's eye-'Soars thy presumption, then, so high, Because a wretched kern ye slew, Homage to name to Roderick Dhu? 350 He yields not, he, to man nor Fate! Thou add'st but fuel to my hate:-My clansman's blood demands revenge. Not yet prepared?—By Heaven, I change My thought, and hold thy valour light 355 As that of some vain carpet knight, Who ill deserved my courteous care, And whose best boast is but to wear A braid of his fair lady's hair.'-'I thank thee, Roderick, for the word 360 It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;

For I have sworn this braid to stain In the best blood that warms thy vein. Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, begone!-Yet think not that by thee alone, 365 Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown; Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn, Start at my whistle clansman stern, Of this small horn one feeble blast Would fearful odds against thee cast. 370 But fear not-doubt not-which thou wilt-We try this quarrel hilt to hilt.'-Then each at once his falchion drew, Each on the ground his scabbard threw. Each look'd to sun, and stream, and plain, 375 As what they ne'er might see again; Then foot, and point, and eye opposed, In dubious strife they darkly closed.

XV.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu, That on the field his targe he threw, 380 Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide Had death so often dash'd aside; For, train'd abroad his arms to wield, Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield. He practised every pass and ward, 385 To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard; While less expert, though stronger far, The Gael maintain'd unequal war. Three times in closing strife they stood, And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood; 390 No stinted draught, no scanty tide, The gushing flood the tartans dyed. Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain, And shower'd his blows like wintry rain; And, as firm rock, or castle-roof, 395 Against the winter shower is proof,

The foe, invulnerable still,
Foil'd his wild rage by steady skill;
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
And backward borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

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XVI.

'Now, yield thee, or by Him who made The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!'-'Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy! 405 Let recreant yield, who fears to die.' -Like adder darting from his coil, Like wolf that dashes through the toil, Like mountain-cat who guards her young, Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung; 410 Received, but reck'd not of a wound, And lock'd his arms his foeman round.-Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own! No maiden's hand is round thee thrown! That desperate grasp thy frame might feel, 415 Through bars of brass and triple steel!-They tug, they strain! down, down they go, The Gael above, Fitz-James below. The Chieftain's gripe his throat compress'd, His knee was planted in his breast: 420 His clotted locks he backward threw, Across his brow his hand he drew. From blood and mist to clear his sight, Then gleam'd aloft his dagger bright!--But hate and fury ill supplied 425 The stream of life's exhausted tide, And all too late the advantage came, To turn the odds of deadly game; For, while the dagger gleam'd on high, Reel'd soul and sense, reel'd brain and eye. 439 Down came the blow! but in the heath The erring blade found bloodless sheath. The struggling foe may now unclasp The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp; Unwounded from the dreadful close, But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

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XVII.

He falter d thanks to Heaven for life,	
Redeem'd, unhoped, from desperate strife;	
Next on his foe his look he cast,	
Whose every gasp appear'd his last;	449
In Roderick's gore he dipt the braid,—	
'Poor Blanche! thy wrongs are dearly paid:	
Yet with thy foe must die, or live,	
The praise that Faith and Valour give.'	
With that he blew a bugle-note,	445
Undid the collar from his throat,	
Unbonneted, and by the wave	
Sate down his brow and hands to lave.	
Then faint afar are heard the feet	
Of rushing steeds in gallop fleet;	450
The sounds increase, and now are seen	
Four mounted squires in Lincoln green;	,
Two who bear lance, and two who lead,	
By loosen'd rein, a saddled steed;	
Each onward held his headlong course,	455
And by Fitz-James rein'd up his horse,—	
With wonder view'd the bloody spot—	
Exclaim not, gallants! question not	
You, Herbert and Luffness, alight,	
And bind the wounds of yonder knight;	460
Let the grey palfrey bear his weight,	
We destined for a fairer freight,	
And bring him on to Stirling straight;	
I will before at better speed,	
To seek fresh horse and fitting weed.	465

The sun rides high;—I must be boune, To see the archer-game at noon; But lightly Bayard clears the lea.— De Vaux and Herries, follow me.

XVIII.

'Stand, Bayard, stand!'-the steed obey'd, 470 With arching neck and bended head, And glancing eye and quivering ear, As if he loved his lord to hear. No foot Fitz-James in stirrup staid, No grasp upon the saddle laid, 475 But wreath'd his left hand in the mane. And lightly bounded from the plain, Turn'd on the horse his armed heel. And stirr'd his courage with the steel. Bounded the fiery steed in air, 480 The rider sate erect and fair. Then like a bolt from steel crossbow Forth launch'd, along the plain they go. They dash'd that rapid torrent through, And up Carhonie's hill they flew; 485 Still at the gallop prick'd the Knight, His merry-men follow'd as they might. Along thy banks, swift Teith! they ride, And in the race they mock thy tide; Torry and Lendrick now are past, 490 And Deanstown lies behind them cast: They rise, the banner'd towers of Doune, They sink in distant woodland soon: Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike fire, They sweep like breeze through Ochtertyre; 495 They mark just glance and disappear The lofty brow of ancient Kier; They bathe their courser's sweltering sides, Dark Forth! amid thy sluggish tides,

And on the opposing shore take ground,
With plash, with scramble, and with bound.
Right-hand they leave thy cliffs, Craig-Forth!
And soon the bulwark of the North,
Grey Stirling, with her towers and town,
Upon their fleet career look'd down.

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XIX.

As up the flinty path they strain'd, Sudden his steed the leader rein'd; A signal to his squire he flung, Who instant to his stirrup sprung:-'Seest thou, De Vaux, you woodsman grey, 510 Who town-ward holds the rocky way, Of stature tall and poor array? Markst thou the firm, yet active stride, With which he scales the mountain-side? Know'st thou from whence he comes, or whom?' 515 'No, by my word;—a burly groom He seems, who in the field or chase A baron's train would nobly grace.'-'Out, out, De Vaux! can fear supply, And jealousy, no sharper eye? 520 Afar, ere to the hill he drew, That stately form and step I knew; Like form in Scotland is not seen, Treads not such step on Scottish green. 'Tis James of Douglas, by Saint Serle! 525 The uncle of the banish'd Earl. Away, away, to court, to show The near approach of dreaded foe: The King must stand upon his guard; Douglas and he must meet prepared.' 530 Then right-hand wheel'd their steeds, and straight They won the Castle's postern gate.

XX.

The Douglas, who had bent his way	
From Cambus-Kenneth's Abbey grey,	
Now, as he climb'd the rocky shelf,	535
Held sad communion with himself:—	
'Yes! all is true my fears could frame;	
A prisoner lies the noble Græme,	
And fiery Roderick soon will feel	
The vengeance of the royal steel.	540
I, only I, can ward their fate,—	•
God grant the ransom come not late!	
The Abbess hath her promise given,	
My child shall be the bride of Heaven;—	
—Be pardon'd one repining tear!	545
For He, who gave her, knows how dear,	
How excellent! but that is by,	
And now my business is—to die.	
-Ye towers! within whose circuit dread	
A Douglas by his sovereign bled;	550
And thou, O sad and fatal mound!	
That oft hast heard the death-axe sound,	
As on the noblest of the land	
Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand,—	
The dungeon, block, and nameless tomb	55 5
Prepare—for Douglas seeks his doom!	
—But hark! what blithe and jolly peal	
Makes the Franciscan steeple reel?	
And see! upon the crowded street,	
In motley groups what masquers meet!	560
Banner and pageant, pipe and drum,	
And merry morrice-dancers come.	
I guess, by all this quaint array,	
The burghers hold their sports to-day.	
James will be there; he loves such show,	565
Where the good yeoman bends his bow,	
And the tough wrestler foils his foe.	

As well as where, in proud career,
The high-born tilter shivers spear.
I'll follow to the Castle-park,
And play my prize;—King James shall mark,
If age has tamed these sinews stark,
Whose force so oft, in happier days,
His boyish wonder loved to praise.'

XXI.

The Castle gates were open flung, 575 The quivering drawbridge rock'd and rung, And echo'd loud the flinty street Beneath the coursers' clattering feet, As slowly down the steep descent Fair Scotland's King and nobles went, 580 While all along the crowded way Was jubilee and loud huzza. And ever James was bending low, To his white jennet's saddle-bow, Doffing his cap to city dame, 585 Who smiled and blush'd for pride and shame. And well the simperer might be vain,— He chose the fairest of the train. Gravely he greets each city sire, Commends each pageant's quaint attire, 590 Gives to the dancers thanks aloud, And smiles and nods upon the crowd, Who rend the heavens with their acclaims-'Long live the Commons' King, King James!' Behind the King throng'd peer and knight, 595 And noble dame, and damsel bright, Whose fiery steeds ill brook'd the stay Of the steep street and crowded way. -But in the train you might discern Dark lowering brow, and visage stern: 600 There nobles mourn'd their pride restrain'd, And the mean burgher's joys disdain'd:

And chiefs, who, hostage for their clan, Were each from home a banish'd man, There thought upon their own grey tower, Their waving woods, their feudal power, And deem'd themselves a shameful part Of pageant which they cursed in heart.

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XXII.

Now, in the Castle-park, drew out Their chequer'd bands the joyous rout. 610 Their morricers, with bell at heel, And blade in hand, their mazes wheel; But chief, beside the butts, there stand Bold Robin Hood and all his band,-Friar Tuck with quarterstaff and cowl, 615 Old Scathelocke with his surly scowl, Maid Marion, fair as ivory bone, Scarlet, and Mutch, and Little John; Their bugles challenge all that will, In archery to prove their skill. 620 The Douglas bent a bow of might,-His first shaft centred in the white, And when in turn he shot again, His second split the first in twain. From the King's hand must Douglas take 625 A silver dart, the archer's stake: Fondly he watch'd, with watery eye, Some answering glance of sympathy,— No kind emotion made reply! Indifferent as to archer wight, 630 The Monarch gave the arrow bright.

XXIII.

Now, clear the ring! for, hand to hand, The manly wrestlers take their stand. Two o'er the rest superior rose, And proud demanded mightier foes,

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Nor call'd in vain; for Douglas came. -For life is Hugh of Larbert lame; Scarce better John of Alloa's fare, Whom senseless home his comrades bear. Prize of the wrestling match, the King 640 To Douglas gave a golden ring, While coldly glanced his eye of blue, As frozen drop of wintry dew. Douglas would speak, but in his breast His struggling soul his words suppress'd; 645 Indignant then he turn'd him where Their arms the brawny yeomen bare, To hurl the massive bar in air. When each his utmost strength had shown, The Douglas rent an earth-fast stone 650 From its deep bed, then heaved it high, And sent the fragment through the sky, A rood beyond the farthest mark;-And still in Stirling's royal park, The grey-haired sires, who know the past, 655 To strangers point the Douglas-cast, And moralize on the decay Of Scottish strength in modern day.

XXIV.

The vale with loud applauses rang,
The Ladies' Rock sent back the clang.
The King, with look unmoved, bestow'd
A purse well-fill'd with pieces broad.
Indignant smiled the Douglas proud,
And threw the gold among the crowd,
Who now, with anxious wonder, scan,
And sharper glance, the dark grey man;
Till whispers rose among the throng,
That heart so free, and hand so strong,
Must to the Douglas blood belong;

The old men mark'd, and shook the head, 670 To see his hair with silver spread, And wink'd aside, and told each son, Of feats upon the English done, Ere Douglas of the stalwart hand Was exiled from his native land. 675 The women praised his stately form, Though wreck'd by many a winter's storm; The youth with awe and wonder saw His strength surpassing Nature's law. Thus judged, as is their wont, the crowd, 68o Till murmur rose to clamours loud. But not a glance from that proud ring Of peers who circled round the King, With Douglas held communion kind, Or call'd the banish'd man to mind; 685 No, not from those who, at the chase, Once held his side the honour'd place, Begirt his board, and, in the field, Found safety underneath his shield; For he, whom royal eyes disown, 690 When was his form to courtiers known!

XXV.

The Monarch saw the gambols flag,
And bade let loose a gallant stag,
Whose pride, the holiday to crown,
Two favourite greyhounds should pull down,
That venison free, and Bourdeaux wine,
Might serve the archery to dine.
But Lufra,—whom from Douglas' side
Nor bribe nor threat could e'er divide,
The fleetest hound in all the North,—
Brave Lufra saw, and darted forth.
She left the royal hounds mid-way,
And dashing on the antler'd prey,

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Sunk her sharp muzzle in his flank,

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And deep the flowing life-blood drank. 705 The King's stout huntsman saw the sport By strange intruder broken short, Came up, and with his leash unbound, In anger struck the noble hound. -The Douglas had endured, that morn, 710 The King's cold look, the nobles' scorn, And last, and worst to spirit proud, Had borne the pity of the crowd; But Lufra had been fondly bred, To share his board, to watch his bed, 715 And oft would Ellen Lufra's neck In maiden glee with garlands deck; They were such playmates, that with name Of Lufra, Ellen's image came. His stifled wrath is brimming high, 720 In darken'd brow and flashing eye; As waves before the bark divide, The crowd gave way before his stride; Needs but a buffet and no more, The groom lies senseless in his gore. 725 Such blow no other hand could deal Though gauntleted in glove of steel.

XXVI.

Then clamour'd loud the royal train,
And brandish'd swords and staves amain.
But stern the Baron's warning—'Back!
Back, on your lives, ye menial pack!
Beware the Douglas.—Yes! behold,
King James! the Douglas, doom'd of old,
And vainly sought for near and far,
A victim to atone the war,
A willing victim, now attends,
Nor craves thy grace but for his friends.'

'Thus is my clemency repaid? Presumptuous Lord!' the monarch said; 'Of thy mis-proud ambitious clan, 740 Thou, James of Bothwell, wert the man. The only man, in whom a foe My woman-mercy would not know: But shall a Monarch's presence brook Injurious blow, and haughty look?-745 What ho! the Captain of our Guard! Give the offender fitting ward.— Break off the sports!'-for tumult rose, And yeomen 'gan to bend their bows,-'Break off the sports!' he said, and frown'd, 750 'And bid our horsemen clear the ground.'

XXVII.

Then uproar wild and misarray Marr'd the fair form of festal day. The horsemen prick'd among the crowd, Repell'd by threats and insult loud; 755 To earth are borne the old and weak, The timorous fly, the women shriek; With flint, with shaft, with staff, with bar, The hardier urge tumultuous war. At once round Douglas darkly sweep 760 The royal spears in circle deep, And slowly scale the pathway steep; While on the rear in thunder pour The rabble with disorder'd roar. With grief the noble Douglas saw 765 The Commons rise against the law, And to the leading soldier said,-'Sir John of Hyndford! 't was my blade That knighthood on thy shoulder laid; For that good deed, permit me then 770 A word with these misguided men.-

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XXVIII.

'Hear, gentle friends! ere yet for me	
Ye break the bands of fealty.	
My life, my honour, and my cause,	
I tender free to Scotland's laws.	775
Are these so weak as must require	
The aid of your misguided ire?	
Or, if I suffer causeless wrong,	
Is then my selfish rage so strong,	
My sense of public weal so low,	780
That, for mean vengeance on a foe,	
Those cords of love I should unbind,	
Which knit my country and my kind?	,
Oh no! Believe, in yonder tower	
It will not soothe my captive hour,	785
To know those spears our foes should dread,	
For me in kindred gore are red;	
To know, in fruitless brawl begun	
For me, that mother wails her son;	
For me, that widow's mate expires;	790
For me, that orphans weep their sires;	
That patriots mourn insulted laws,	
And curse the Douglas for the cause.	
O let your patience ward such ill,	
And keep your right to love me still!	705

XXIX.

The crowd's wild fury sunk again
In tears, as tempests melt in rain.
With lifted hands and eyes, they pray'd
For blessings on his generous head,
Who for his country felt alone,
And prized her blood beyond his own.

Old men, upon the verge of life,
Bless'd him who staid the civil strife;
And mothers held their babes on high,
The self-devoted Chief to spy,
Triumphant over wrongs and ire,
To whom the prattlers owed a sire:
Even the rough soldier's heart was moved;
As if behind some bier beloved,
With trailing arms and drooping head,
The Douglas up the hill he led,
And at the Castle's battled verge,
With sighs resign'd his honour'd charge.

XXX.

The offended Monarch rode apart, With bitter thought and swelling heart, 815 And would not now vouchsafe again Through Stirling streets to lead his train.— 'O Lennox, who would wish to rule This changeling crowd, this common fool? Hear'st thou,' he said, 'the loud acclaim, 820 With which they shout the Douglas name? With like acclaim, the vulgar throat Strain'd for King James their morning note; With like acclaim they hail'd the day When first I broke the Douglas' sway; 825 And like acclaim would Douglas greet. If he could hurl me from my seat. Who o'er the herd would wish to reign, Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain! Vain as the leaf upon the stream, 830 And fickle as a changeful dream; Fantastic as a woman's mood, And fierce as Frenzy's fever'd blood, Thou many-headed monster-thing, O who would wish to be thy king! 835

XXXI.

'But soft! what messenger of speed Spurs hitherward his panting steed? I guess his cognizance afar-What from our cousin, John of Mar?'-'He prays, my liege, your sports keep bound Within the safe and guarded ground: For some foul purpose yet unknown,— Most sure for evil to the throne,-The outlaw'd Chieftain, Roderick Dhu, Has summon'd his rebellious crew; 845 'Tis said, in James of Bothwell's aid These loose banditti stand arrav'd. The Earl of Mar, this morn, from Doune, To break their muster march'd, and soon Your grace will hear of battle fought: 850 But earnestly the Earl besought, Till for such danger he provide, With scanty train you will not ride.'

XXXII.

'Thou warn'st me I have done amiss,-I should have earlier look'd to this: 855 I lost it in this bustling day. -Retrace with speed thy former way; Spare not for spoiling of thy steed, The best of mine shall be thy meed. Say to our faithful Lord of Mar, 860 We do forbid the intended war: Roderick, this morn, in single fight, Was made our prisoner by a knight; And Douglas hath himself and cause Submitted to our kingdom's laws. 865 The tidings of their leaders lost Will soon dissolve the mountain host,

Nor would we that the vulgar feel, For their Chief's crimes, avenging steel. Bear Mar our message, Braco: fly!'— He turn'd his steed,—'My liege, I hie,—Yet, ere I cross this lily lawn, I fear the broadswords will be drawn.' The turf the flying courser spurn'd, And to his towers the King return'd.

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XXXIII.

Ill with King James's mood that day, Suited gay feast and minstrel lay; Soon were dismiss'd the courtly throng, And soon cut short the festal song. Nor less upon the sadden'd town The evening sunk in sorrow down. The burghers spoke of civil jar, Of rumour'd feuds and mountain war, Of Moray, Mar, and Roderick Dhu, All up in arms:—the Douglas too, They mourn'd him pent within the hold, 'Where stout Earl William was of old.'-And there his word the speaker staid, And finger on his lip he laid, Or pointed to his dagger blade. But jaded horsemen, from the west, At evening to the Castle press'd: And busy talkers said they bore Tidings of fight on Katrine's shore: At noon the deadly fray begun, And lasted till the set of sun. Thus giddy rumour shook the town, Till closed the Night her pennons brown.

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CANTO SIXTH.

THE GUARD-ROOM.

T.

The sun, awakening, through the smoky air
Of the dark city casts a sullen glance,
Rousing each caitiff to his task of care,
Of sinful man the sad inheritance;
Summoning revellers from the lagging dance,
Scaring the prowling robber to his den;
Gilding on battled tower the warder's lance,
And warning student pale to leave his pen,
And yield his drowsy eyes to the kind nurse of men.

What various scenes, and, O! what scenes of woe,
Are witness'd by that red and struggling beam!
The fever'd patient, from his pallet low,
Through crowded hospital beholds its stream;
The ruin'd maiden trembles at its gleam,
The debtor wakes to thought of gyve and jail,
The love-lorn wretch starts from tormenting dream;
The wakeful mother, by the glimmering pale,
Trims her sick infant's couch, and soothes his feeble wail.

II.

At dawn the towers of Stirling rang
With soldier-step and weapon clang,
While drums, with rolling note, foretell
Relief to weary sentinel.
Through narrow loop and casement barr'd,
The sunbeams sought the Court of Guard,
And, struggling with the smoky air,
Deaden'd the torches' yellow glare.

In comfortless alliance shone The lights through arch of blacken'd stone, And show'd wild shapes in garb of war, Faces deform'd with beard and scar, 30 All haggard from the midnight watch, And fever'd with the stern debauch; For the oak table's massive board, Flooded with wine, with fragments stored, And beakers drain'd, and cups o'erthrown, 35 Show'd in what sport the night had flown. Some, weary, snored on floor and bench; Some labour'd still their thirst to quench; Some, chill'd with watching, spread their hands O'er the huge chimney's dying brands, 40 While round them, or beside them flung, At every step their harness rung.

III.

These drew not for their fields the sword, Like tenants of a feudal lord, Nor own'd the patriarchal claim 45 Of Chieftain in their leader's name; Adventurers they, from far who roved, To live by battle which they loved. There the Italian's clouded face, The swarthy Spaniard's there you trace; 50 The mountain-loving Switzer there More freely breathed in mountain-air; The Fleming there despised the soil, That paid so ill the labourer's toil; Their rolls show'd French and German name; 55 And merry England's exiles came, To share, with ill conceal'd disdain, Of Scotland's pay the scanty gain. All brave in arms, well train'd to wield The heavy halberd, brand, and shield; 60 In camps licentious, wild, and bold; In pillage fierce and uncontroll'd; And now, by holytide and feast, From rules of discipline released.

IV.

They held debate of bloody fray, 65 Fought 'twixt Loch Katrine and Achray. Fierce was their speech, and, 'mid their words, Their hands oft grappled to their swords; Nor sunk their tone to spare the ear Of wounded comrades groaning near, 70 Whose mangled limbs, and bodies gored, Bore token of the mountain sword. Though, neighbouring to the Court of Guard, Their prayers and feverish wails were heard; Sad burden to the ruffian joke, 75 And savage oath by fury spoke!-At length up-started John of Brent A yeoman from the banks of Trent; A stranger to respect or fear, In peace a chaser of the deer, 80 In host a hardy mutineer, But still the boldest of the crew. When deed of danger was to do. He grieved, that day, their games cut short, And marr'd the dicer's brawling sport, 85 And shouted loud, 'Renew the bowl! And, while a merry catch I troll, Let each the buxom chorus bear, Like brethren of the brand and spear.'

V.

SOLDIER'S SONG.

Our vicar still preaches that Peter and Poule 90 Laid a swinging long curse on the bonny brown bowl, That there's wrath and despair in the jolly black-jack, And the seven deadly sins in a flagon of sack; Yet whoop, Barnaby! off with thy liquor, Drink upsees out, and a fig for the vicar!

95

Our vicar he calls it damnation to sip
The ripe ruddy dew of a woman's dear lip,
Says, that Beelzebub lurks in her kerchief so sly,
And Apollyon shoots darts from her merry black eye;
Yet whoop, Jack! kiss Gillian the quicker, 100
Till she bloom like a rose, and a fig for the vicar!

Our vicar thus preaches—and why should he not?

For the dues of his cure are the placket and pot;
And 'tis right of his office poor laymen to lurch,
Who infringe the domains of our good Mother Church.

Yet whoop, bully-boys! off with your liquor,
Sweet Marjorie's the word, and a fig for the vicar!

VI.

The warder's challenge, heard without, Staid in mid-roar the merry shout. A soldier to the portal went,-110 'Here is old Bertram, sirs, of Ghent: And,—beat for jubilee the drum! A maid and minstrel with him come.' Bertram, a Fleming, grey and scarr'd, Was entering now the Court of Guard, 115 A harper with him, and in plaid All muffled close, a mountain maid, Who backward shrunk to 'scape the view Of the loose scene and boisterous crew. 'What news?' they roar'd.—'I only know, 120 From noon till eve we fought with foe, As wild and as untameable As the rude mountains where they dwell;

On both sides store of blood is lost,

Nor much success can either boast.'—

'But whence thy captives, friend? such spoil

As theirs must needs reward thy toil.

Old dost thou wax, and wars grow sharp;

Thou now hast glee-maiden and harp!

Get thee an ape, and trudge the land,

The leader of a juggler band.'—

VII.

'No, comrade;—no such fortune mine. After the fight, these sought our line, That aged harper and the girl, And, having audience of the Earl, 135 Mar bade I should purvey them steed, And bring them hitherward with speed. Forbear your mirth and rude alarm, For none shall do them shame or harm.'-'Hear ye his boast?' cried John of Brent, 140 Ever to strife and jangling bent; 'Shall he strike doe beside our lodge, And yet the jealous niggard grudge To pay the forester his fee? I'll have my share, howe'er it be, 145 Despite of Moray, Mar, or thee.' Bertram his forward step withstood; And, burning in his vengeful mood, Old Allan, though unfit for strife, Laid hand upon his dagger-knife; 150 But Ellen boldly stepp'd between, And dropp'd at once the tartan screen:-So, from his morning cloud, appears The sun of May, through summer tears. The savage soldiery, amazed, 155 As on descended angel gazed; Even hardy Brent, abash'd and tamed, Stood half admiring, half ashamed.

VIII.

Boldly she spoke,—'Soldiers, attend! My father was the soldier's friend; 160 Cheer'd him in camps, in marches led, And with him in the battle bled. Not from the valiant, or the strong, Should exile's daughter suffer wrong.'-Answer'd De Brent, most forward still 165 In every feat or good or ill,-'I shame me of the part I play'd; And thou an outlaw's child, poor maid! An outlaw I by forest laws, And merry Needwood knows the cause. 170 Poor Rose,—if Rose be living now,'— He wiped his iron eye and brow,-'Must bear such age, I think, as thou.— Hear ye, my mates;—I go to call The Captain of our watch to hall: 175 There lies my halberd on the floor; And he that steps my halberd o'er, To do the maid injurious part, My shaft shall quiver in his heart!-Beware loose speech, or jesting rough: 180 Ye all know John de Brent. Enough.'

IX.

Their Captain came, a gallant young,—
Of Tullibardine's house he sprung,—
Nor wore he yet the spurs of knight;
Gay was his mien, his humour light,
And, though by courtesy controll'd,
Forward his speech, his bearing bold.
The high-born maiden ill could brook
The scanning of his curious look
And dauntless eye;—and yet, in sooth,
Young Lewis was a generous youth;

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But Ellen's lovely face and mien, Ill suited to the garb and scene, Might lightly bear construction strange. And give loose fancy scope to range. 195 'Welcome to Stirling towers, fair maid! Come ye to seek a champion's aid, On palfrey white, with harper hoar, Like errant damosel of yore? Does thy high quest a knight require, 200 Or may the venture suit a squire?'— Her dark eye flash'd;—she paused and sigh'd,— 'O what have I to do with pride!-Through scenes of sorrow, shame, and strife, A suppliant for a father's life, 205 I crave an audience of the King. Behold, to back my suit, a ring, The royal pledge of grateful claims, Given by the Monarch to Fitz-James.'

X.

The signet-ring young Lewis took, 210 With deep respect and alter'd look; And said—'This ring our duties own; And pardon, if to worth unknown, In semblance mean, obscurely veil'd, Lady, in aught my folly fail'd. 215 Soon as the day flings wide his gates, The King shall know what suitor waits. Please you, meanwhile, in fitting bower Repose you till his waking hour; Female attendance shall obey 220 Your hest, for service or array. Permit I marshal you the way,' But, ere she followed, with the grace And open bounty of her race, She bade her slender purse be shared 225 Among the soldiers of the guard.

The rest with thanks their guerdon took;
But Brent, with shy and awkward look,
On the reluctant maiden's hold
Forced bluntly back the proffer'd gold;—
'Forgive a haughty English heart,
And O forget its ruder part!
The vacant purse shall be my share,
Which in my barret-cap I'll bear,
Perchance, in jeopardy of war,
Perchance, in jeopardy of war,
Where gayer crests may keep afar.'
With thanks—'twas all she could—the maid
His rugged courtesy repaid.

XI.

When Ellen forth with Lewis went, Allan made suit to John of Brent:-240 'My lady safe, O let your grace Give me to see my master's face! His minstrel I,—to share his doom Bound from the cradle to the tomb. Tenth in descent, since first my sires 245 Waked for his noble house their lyres, Nor one of all the race was known But prized its weal above their own. With the Chief's birth begins our care; Our harp must soothe the infant heir, 250 Teach the youth tales of fight, and grace His earliest feat of field or chase: In peace, in war, our rank we keep, We cheer his board, we soothe his sleep, Nor leave him till we pour our verse-255 A doleful tribute!—o'er his hearse. Then let me share his captive lot; It is my right-deny it not!'-'Little we reck,' said John of Brent, 'We Southern men, of long descent; 260 Nor wot we how a name—a word— Makes clansmen vassals to a lord: Yet kind my noble landlord's part,— God bless the house of Beaudesert! And, but I loved to drive the deer, More than to guide the labouring steer, I had not dwelt an outcast here. Come, good old Minstrel, follow me; Thy Lord and Chieftain shalt thou see.'

265

XII.

Then, from a rusted iron hook,	270
A bunch of ponderous keys he took,	
Lighted a torch, and Allan led	
Through grated arch and passage dread.	
Portals they pass'd, where, deep within,	
Spoke prisoner's moan, and fetters' din;	275
Through rugged vaults, where, loosely stored,	
Lay wheel, and axe, and headsman's sword,	
And many an hideous engine grim,	
For wrenching joint, and crushing limb,	
By artist form'd, who deemed it shame	280
And sin to give their work a name.	
They halted at a low-brow'd porch,	
And Brent to Allan gave the torch,	
While bolt and chain he backward roll'd,	
And made the bar unhasp its hold.	285
They enter'd:—'twas a prison-room	
Of stern security and gloom,	
Yet not a dungeon; for the day	
Through lofty gratings found its way,	
And rude and antique garniture	290
Deck'd the sad walls and oaken floor;	
Such as the rugged days of old	
Deem'd fit for captive poble's hold	



'Here,' said De Brent, 'thou mayst remain
Till the Leech visit him again.

Strict is his charge, the warders tell,
To tend the noble prisoner well.'
Retiring then, the bolt he drew,
And the lock's murmurs growl'd anew.
Roused at the sound, from lowly bed
A captive feebly raised his head;
The wondering Minstrel look'd, and knew—
Not his dear lord, but Roderick Dhu!
For, come from where Clan-Alpine fought,
They, erring, deem'd the Chief he sought.

XIII.

As the tall ship, whose lofty prore Shall never stem the billows more, Deserted by her gallant band, Amid the breakers lies astrand,-So, on his couch, lay Roderick Dhu! 310 And oft his fever'd limbs he threw In toss abrupt, as when her sides Lie rocking in the advancing tides, That shake her frame with ceaseless beat. Yet cannot heave her from the seat:-315 O! how unlike her course on sea! Or his free step on hill and lea!-Soon as the Minstrel he could scan, 'What of thy lady?-of my clan?-My mother?—Douglas?—tell me all?— 320 Have they been ruin'd in my fall? Ah, yes! or wherefore art thou here? Yet speak,—speak boldly,—do not fear.'— (For Allan, who his mood well knew, Was choked with grief and terror too.) 325 'Who fought?-who fled?-Old man, be brief;-Some might-for they had lost their Chief.

Who basely live?—who bravely died?'—	
'O, calm thee, Chief!' the Minstrel cried;	
'Ellen is safe;'—'For that, thank Heaven!'—	330
'And hopes are for the Douglas given;-	
The Lady Margaret, too, is well;	
And, for thy clan,—on field or fell,	
Has never harp of minstrel told	
Of combat fought so true and bold.	335
Thy stately Pine is yet unbent,	
Though many a goodly bough is rent.'	

XIV.

The Chieftain rear'd his form on high,	
And fever's fire was in his eye;	
But ghastly, pale, and livid streaks	340
Chequer'd his swarthy brow and cheeks.	
- Hark, Minstrel! I have heard thee play,	
With measure bold, on festal day,	
In yon lone isle, again where ne'er	
Shall harper play, or warrior hear!	345
That stirring air that peals on high,	
O'er Dermid's race our victory.—	
Strike it!—and then, (for well thou canst,)	
Free from thy minstrel-spirit glanced,	
Fling me the picture of the fight,	350
When met my clan the Saxon might.	
I'll listen, till my fancy hears	
The clang of swords, the crash of spears!	
These grates, these walls, shall vanish then,	
For the fair field of fighting men,	355
And my free spirit burst away,	
As if it soar'd from battle fray.'	
The trembling Bard with awe obey'd,—	
Slow on the harp his hand he laid;	
But soon remembrance of the sight	360

He witness'd from the mountain's height, With what old Bertram told at night, Awaken'd the full power of song, And bore him in career along;— As shallop launch'd on river's tide, That slow and fearful leaves the side. But, when it feels the middle stream, Drives downward swift as lightning's beam.

365

XV.

BATTLE OF BEAL' AN DUINE.

'The Minstrel came once more to view	
The eastern ridge of Benvenue,	370
For ere he parted, he would say	
Farewell to lovely Loch Achray—	
Where shall he find, in foreign land,	
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand!	
There is no breeze upon the fern,	375
Nor ripple on the lake,	
Upon her eyry nods the erne,	
The deer has sought the brake;	
The small birds will not sing aloud,	
The springing trout lies still,	380
So darkly glooms you thunder cloud,	•
That swathes, as with a purple shroud,	
Benledi's distant hill.	
Is it the thunder's solemn sound	
That mutters deep and dread,	385
Or echoes from the groaning ground	3-3
The warrior's measured tread?	
Is it the lightning's quivering glance	
That on the thicket streams,	
Or do they flash on spear and lance	390
The sun's retiring beams?	390
The sun a rearing beams:	

I see the dagger-crest of Mar,
I see the Moray's silver star,
Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,
That up the lake comes winding far!
To hero bound for battle-strife,
Or bard of martial lay,
'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array!

XVI.

'Their light-arm'd archers far and near 400 Survey'd the tangled ground; Their centre ranks, with pike and spear, A twilight forest frown'd; Their barded horsemen, in the rear, The stern battalia crown'd. 405 No cymbal clash'd, no clarion rang, Still were the pipe and drum; Save heavy tread, and armour's clang, The sullen march was dumb. There breathed no wind their crests to shake, Or wave their flags abroad: Scarce the frail aspen seem'd to quake, That shadow'd o'er their road. Their vaward scouts no tidings bring, Can rouse no lurking foe, 415 Nor spy a trace of living thing, Save when they stirr'd the roe; The host moves like a deep-sea wave, Where rise no rocks its pride to brave, High-swelling, dark, and slow. 420 The lake is pass'd, and now they gain A narrow and a broken plain, Before the Trosachs' rugged jaws; And here the horse and spearmen pause, While, to explore the dangerous glen, 425 Dive through the pass the archer-men.

XVII.

At once there rose so wild a yell	
Within that dark and narrow dell,	
As all the fiends, from heaven that fell,	
lad peal'd the banner-cry of hell!	430
Forth from the pass in tumult driven,	
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,	
The archery appear;	
For life! for life! their flight they ply—	
And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,	435
And plaids and bonnets waving high,	
And broadswords flashing to the sky,	
Are maddening in the rear.	
Onward they drive, in dreadful race,	
Pursuers and pursued;	440
Before that tide of flight and chase,	
How shall it keep its rooted place,	
The spearmen's twilight wood?—	
'Down, down,' cried Mar, 'your lances down	!
Bear back both friend and foe!'—	445
Like reeds before the tempest's frown,	713
That serried grove of lances brown	
At once lay levell'd low;	
And closely shouldering side to side,	
The bristling ranks the onset bide.—	
	450
'We'll quell the savage mountaineer,	
As their Tinchel cows the game!	
They come as fleet as forest deer,	
We'll drive them back as tame.'—	

XVIII.

455

'Bearing before them, in their course,
The relics of the archer force,
Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,

Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.	
Above the tide, each broadsword bright	
Was brandishing like beam of light,	460
Each targe was dark below;	•
And with the ocean's mighty swing,	
When heaving to the tempest's wing,	
They hurl'd them on the foe.	
I heard the lance's shivering crash,	465
As when the whirlwind rends the ash;	1.3
I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,	
As if an hundred anvils rang!	
But Moray wheel'd his rearward rank	
Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank,	470
-"My banner-man, advance!	7/-
I see," he cried, "their column shake.—	
Now, gallants! for your ladies' sake,	
Upon them with the lance!"—	
The horsemen dash'd among the rout,	475
As deer break through the broom;	7/3
Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,	
They soon make lightsome room.	
Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne—	
Where, where was Roderick then?	480
One blast upon his bugle-horn	400
Were worth a thousand men!	
And refluent through the pass of fear	
The battle's tide was pour'd;	
Vanish'd the Saxon's struggling spear,	485
Vanish'd the mountain-sword.	
As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep,	
Receives her roaring linn,	
As the dark caverns of the deep	
Suck the dark whirlpool in,	490
So did the deep and darksome pass	''
Devour the battle's mingled mass:	
None linger now upon the plain,	
Save those who ne'er shall fight again	

XIX.

Now westward rolls the battle's din,	495
That deep and doubling pass within.	
-Minstrel, away! the work of fate	
Is bearing on: its issue wait,	
Where the rude Trosachs' dread defile	
Opens on Katrine's lake and isle.	500
Grey Benvenue I soon repass'd,	
Loch Katrine lay beneath me cast.	
The sun is set;—the clouds are met,	
The lowering scowl of heaven	
An inky hue of livid blue	505
To the deep lake has given;	
Strange gusts of wind from mountain-glen	
Swept o'er the lake, then sunk agen.	
I heeded not the eddying surge,	
Mine eye but saw the Trosachs' gorge,	510
Mine ear but heard that sullen sound,	
Which like an earthquake shook the ground,	
And spoke the stern and desperate strife	
That parts not but with parting life,	
Seeming, to minstrel ear, to toll	515
The dirge of many a passing soul.	
Nearer it comes—the dim-wood glen	
The martial flood disgorged agen,	
But not in mingled tide;	
The plaided warriors of the North	520
High on the mountain thunder forth	
And overhang its side;	
While by the lake below appears	
The dark'ning cloud of Saxon spears.	
At weary bay each shatter'd band,	525
Eyeing their foemen, sternly stand;	
Their banners stream like tatter'd sail,	
That flings its fragments to the gale,	
And broken arms and disarray	
Mark'd the fell havoc of the day.	530

XX.

'Viewing the mountain's ridge askance, The Saxon stood in sullen trance, Till Moray pointed with his lance, And cried-"Behold yon isle!-See! none are left to guard its strand, 535 But women weak, that wring the hand: 'Tis there of yore the robber band Their booty wont to pile;— My purse, with bonnet-pieces store, To him will swim a bow-shot o'er, 540 And loose a shallop from the shore. Lightly we'll tame the war-wolf then, Lords of his mate, and brood, and den."-Forth from the ranks a spearman sprung, On earth his casque and corslet rung, 545 He plunged him in the wave:-All saw the deed-the purpose knew, And to their clamours Benvenue A mingled echo gave; The Saxons shout, their mate to cheer, 550 The helpless females scream for fear. And yells for rage the mountaineer. 'Twas then, as by the outcry riven, Pour'd down at once the lowering heaven; A whirlwind swept Loch Katrine's breast, 555 Her billows rear'd their snowy crest. Well for the swimmer swell'd they high, To mar the Highland marksman's eye; For round him shower'd, 'mid rain and hail, The vengeful arrows of the Gael.— 560 In vain-He nears the isle-and lo! His hand is on a shallop's bow. -Just then a flash of lightning came, It tinged the waves and strand with flame;-I mark'd Duncraggan's widow'd dame-565

Behind an oak I saw her stand, A naked dirk gleam'd in her hand: It darken'd,—but, amid the moan Of waves, I heard a dying groan; Another flash!—the spearman floats A weltering corse beside the boats, And the stern matron o'er him stood, Her hand and dagger streaming blood.

570

XXI.

"Revenge! revenge!" the Saxons cried—	
The Gael's exulting shout replied.	575
Despite the elemental rage,	
Again they hurried to engage;	
But, ere they closed in desperate fight,	
Bloody with spurring came a knight,	
Sprung from his horse, and, from a crag,	580
Waved 'twixt the hosts a milk-white flag.	
Clarion and trumpet by his side	
Rung forth a truce-note high and wide,	
While, in the Monarch's name, afar	
An herald's voice forbade the war,	585
For Bothwell's lord, and Roderick bold,	
Were both, he said, in captive hold.'	
-But here the lay made sudden stand!-	
The harp escaped the Minstrel's hand!—	
Oft had he stolen a glance, to spy	590
How Roderick brook'd his minstrelsy:	
At first, the Chiestain, to the chime,	
With lifted hand, kept feeble time;	
That motion ceased,—yet feeling strong	
Varied his look as changed the song;	595
At length, no more his deafen'd ear	
The minstrel melody can hear;	
His face grows sharp,—his hands are clench'd,	
As if some pang his heart-strings wrench'd;	

600

605

Set are his teeth, his fading eye Is sternly fix'd on vacancy; Thus, motionless, and moanless, drew His parting breath, stout Roderick Dhu!-Old Allan-bane look'd on aghast, While grim and still his spirit pass'd: But when he saw that life was fled, He pour'd his wailing o'er the dead.

XXII.

LAMENT.

'And art thou cold and lowly laid, Thy foeman's dread, thy people's aid, Breadalbane's boast, Clan-Alpine's shade! For thee shall none a requiem say? -For thee,-who loved the minstrel's lay, For thee, of Bothwell's house the stay, The shelter of her exiled line? E'en in this prison-house of thine, I'll wail for Alpine's honour'd Pine!

610

615

'What groans shall yonder valleys fill! What shrieks of grief shall rend you hill! What tears of burning rage shall thrill, When mourns thy tribe thy battles done, Thy fall before the race was won, Thy sword ungirt ere set of sun! There breathes not clansman of thy line. But would have given his life for thine.-O woe for Alpine's honour'd Pine!

625

620

'Sad was thy lot on mortal stage!-The captive thrush may brook the cage, The prison'd eagle dies for rage.

630

Brave spirit, do not scorn my strain!
And, when its notes awake again,
Even she, so long beloved in vain,
Shall with my harp her voice combine,
And mix her woe and tears with mine,
To wail Clan-Alpine's honour'd Pine.'—

XXIII.

Ellen, the while, with bursting heart,	635
Remain'd in lordly bower apart,	,
Where play'd, with many-coloured gleams,	
Through storied pane the rising beams.	
In vain on gilded roof they fall,	
And lighten'd up a tapestried wall,	640
And for her use a menial train	
A rich collation spread in vain.	
The banquet proud, the chamber gay,	
Scarce drew one curious glance astray;	
Or if she look'd, 'twas but to say,	645
With better omen dawn'd the day	
In that lone isle, where waved on high	
The dun-deer's hide for canopy;	
Where oft her noble father shared	
The simple meal her care prepared,	650
While Lufra crouching by her side,	
Her station claim'd with jealous pride,	
And Douglas, bent on woodland game,	
Spoke of the chase to Malcolm Græme,	
Whose answer, oft at random made,	655
The wandering of his thoughts betray'd.—	
Those who such simple joys have known,	
Are taught to prize them when they're gone.	
But sudden, see, she lifts her head!	
The window seeks with cautious tread.	660
What distant music has the power	
To win her in this woful hour!	

'Twas from a turret that o'erhung Her latticed bower, the strain was sung.

XXIV.

LAY OF THE IMPRISONED HUNTSMAN.

'My hawk is tired of perch and hood,
My idle greyhound loathes his food,
My horse is weary of his stall,
And I am sick of captive thrall.
I wish I were, as I have been,
Hunting the hart in forest green,
With bended bow and bloodhound free,
For that's the life is meet for me.

I hate to learn the ebb of time,
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,
Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,
Inch after inch, along the wall.
The lark was wont my matins ring,
The sable rook my vespers sing;
These towers, although a king's they be,
Have not a hall of joy for me.

No more at dawning morn I rise, And sun myself in Ellen's eyes, Drive the fleet deer the forest through, And homeward wend with evening dew; A blithesome welcome blithely meet, And lay my trophies at her feet, While fled the eve on wing of glee,— That life is lost to love and me!'

XXV.

The heart-sick lay was hardly said, The list'ner had not turn'd her head, It trickled still, the starting tear,

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685

When light a footstep struck her ear, And Snowdoun's graceful Knight was near. She turn'd the hastier, lest again The prisoner should renew his strain.— 695 'O welcome, brave Fitz-James!' she said; 'How may an almost orphan maid Pay the deep debt'- 'O say not so! To me no gratitude you owe. Not mine, alas! the boon to give, 700 And bid thy noble father live; I can but be thy guide, sweet maid, With Scotland's King thy suit to aid. No tyrant he, though ire and pride May lay his better mood aside. 705 Come, Ellen, come! 'tis more than time-He holds his court at morning prime.' With beating heart, and bosom wrung, As to a brother's arm she clung: Gently he dried the falling tear, 710 And gently whisper'd hope and cheer; Her faltering steps half led, half stayed, Through gallery fair, and high arcade, Till, at his touch, its wings of pride A portal arch unfolded wide. 715

XXVI.

Within 'twas brilliant all and light,
A thronging scene of figures bright;
It glow'd on Ellen's dazzled sight,
As when the setting sun has given
Ten thousand hues to summer even,
And from their tissue, fancy frames
Aërial knights and fairy dames.
Still by Fitz-James her footing staid;
A few faint steps she forward made,
Then slow her drooping head she raised,
And fearful round the presence gazed;

720

725

For him she sought, who own'd this state, The dreaded Prince, whose will was fate!-. She gazed on many a princely port, Might well have ruled a royal court: 730 On many a splendid garb she gazed, Then turn'd bewilder'd and amazed. For all stood bare; and, in the room, Fitz-James alone wore cap and plume. To him each lady's look was lent: 735 On him each courtier's eye was bent: Midst furs, and silks, and jewels sheen, He stood, in simple Lincoln green, The centre of the glittering ring,-And Snowdoun's Knight is Scotland's King! 740

XXVII.

As wreath of snow, on mountain-breast, Slides from the rock that gave it rest, Poor Ellen glided from her stay, And at the Monarch's feet she lav: No word her choking voice commands,-745 She show'd the ring-she clasp'd her hands. O! not a moment could he brook. The generous Prince, that suppliant look! Gently he raised her; and, the while, Check'd with a glance the circle's smile; 750 Graceful, but grave, her brow he kiss'd. And bade her terrors be dismiss'd:-'Yes, Fair; the wandering poor Fitz-James The fealty of Scotland claims. To him thy woes, thy wishes, bring: 755 He will redeem his signet ring. Ask nought for Douglas; yester even, His Prince and he have much forgiven: Wrong hath he had from slanderous tongue-I. from his rebel kinsmen, wrong. 760

We would not, to the vulgar crowd,
Yield what they craved with clamour loud;
Calmly we heard and judged his cause,
Our council aided, and our laws.
I stanch'd thy father's death-feud stern
With stout De Vaux and Grey Glencairn;
And Bothwell's Lord henceforth we own
The friend and bulwark of our Throne.—
But, lovely infidel, how now?
What clouds thy misbelieving brow?
Too
Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid;
Thou must confirm this doubting maid.

XXVIII.

Then forth the noble Douglas sprung, And on his neck his daughter hung. The Monarch drank, that happy hour, 775 The sweetest, holiest draught of Power,-When it can say, with godlike voice, Arise, sad Virtue, and rejoice! Yet would not James the general eye On Nature's raptures long should pry; 780 He stepp'd between-' Nay, Douglas, nay, Steal not my proselyte away! The riddle 'tis my right to read, That brought this happy chance to speed. Yes, Ellen, when disguised I stray 785 In life's more low but happier way, 'Tis under name which veils my power; Nor falsely veils-for Stirling's tower Of yore the name of Snowdoun claims, And Normans call me James Fitz-James. 790 Thus watch I o'er insulted laws, Thus learn to right the injured cause.'— Then, in a tone apart and low,-'Ah, little traitress! none must know

What idle dream, what lighter thought,
What vanity full dearly bought,
Join'd to thine eye's dark witchcraft, drew
My spell-bound steps to Benvenue,
In dangerous hour, and all but gave
Thy Monarch's life to mountain glaive!'—
Aloud he spoke—'Thou still dost hold
That little talisman of gold,
Pledge of my faith, Fitz-James's ring—
What seeks fair Ellen of the King?'

XXIX.

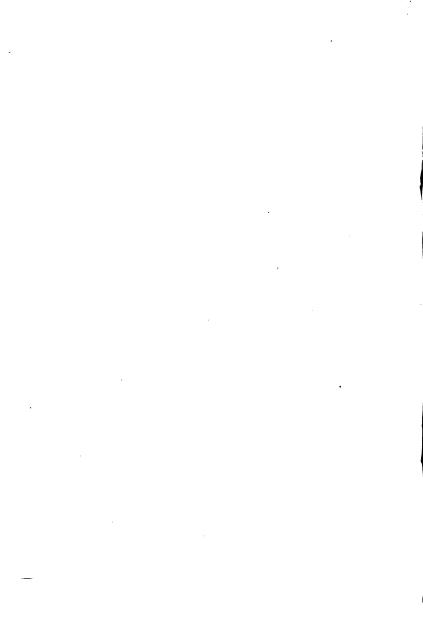
Full well the conscious maiden guess'd 805 He probed the weakness of her breast; But, with that consciousness, there came A lightening of her fears for Græme. And more she deem'd the Monarch's ire Kindled 'gainst him, who, for her sire, 810 Rebellious broadsword boldly drew: And, to her generous feeling true, She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu. 'Forbear thy suit:—the King of kings Alone can stay life's parting wings: 815 I know his heart, I know his hand, Have shared his cheer, and proved his brand;-My fairest earldom would I give To bid Clan-Alpine's Chieftain live!-Hast thou no other boon to crave? 820 No other captive friend to save?' Blushing, she turn'd her from the King, And to the Douglas gave the ring, As if she wish'd her sire to speak The suit that stain'd her glowing cheek.— 825 'Nay, then, my pledge has lost its force, And stubborn justice holds her course.— Malcolm, come forth!'-and, at the word, Down kneel'd the Græme to Scotland's Lord.

'For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues,
From thee may Vengeance claim her dues.
Who, nurtured underneath our smile,
Hast paid our care by treacherous wile,
And sought, amid thy faithful clan,
A refuge for an outlaw'd man,
Dishonouring thus thy loyal name.—
Fetters and warder for the Græme!'—
His chain of gold the King unstrung,
The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung,
Then gently drew the glittering band,
And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand.

HARP of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark,
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;
In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark,
The deer, half-seen, are to the covert wending.
Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain lending,
And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy;
Thy numbers sweet with nature's vespers blending,
With distant echo from the fold and lea,
And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel harp!
Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway!
And little reck I of the censure sharp
May idly cavil at an idle lay.
Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,
Through secret woes the world has never known,
When on the weary night dawn'd wearier day,
And bitterer was the grief devour'd alone.
That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress! is thine own.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,	860
Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string!	
'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire—	
'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing;—	
Receding now, the dying numbers ring	
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell-	865
And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring	
A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—	
And now, 'tis silent all!-Enchantress, fare thee well	!



NOTES.

CANTO I.

In the Lay of the Last Minstrel Scott formally puts his tale of Border Life into the mouth of an ancient Minstrel. The machinery is not so formal and definite in The Lady of the Lake, which he designed as a tale of Highland Life; but in his short introductory stanzas he presents himself as the successor of the old Celtic bards.

His choice of the Spenserian stanza is not accidental. The pioneers of the romantic revival, Collins and the Wartons, harked back to Spenser. Collins associates Spenser's name with the Gaelic bards in his Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands (1.36):—

'E'en yet preserved, how often may'st thou hear,
Where to the pole the Boreal mountains run,
Taught by the father to his listening son
Strange lays whose power had charmed a Spenser's ear.
At every pause, before thy mind possest,
Old Runic bards shall seem to rise around.'

1. 2. witch-elm that shades St. Fillan's spring. Scott being an antiquary and a scholar as well as a poet, and his poetry being interpenetrated with antiquarian and scholarly allusion, it is worth while to ask why the minstrel's harp is hung on a witch-elm by a spring sacred to St. Fillan. Possibly he had in his mind, besides the general sacredness of the elm, that an elm gave shelter to Orpheus when he sat down to lament Eurydice, and that in Virgil's lower world a gigantic elm-tree is the seat of dreams (Aeneid, vi. 282-5). As for Saint Fillan, he was an especial favourite with Scott, who mentioned 'St. Fillan's powerful prayer' in his early poem of Glenfinlas, and again introduced him in Marmion, where one of the objects of De Wilton's pilgrimage (Canto I, st. 29) is

'Saint Fillan's blessèd well, Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel, And the crazed brain restore.'

Such a saint was an appropriate patron of the harp, with which

David exorcised the evil spirit of Saul. Saint Fillan owes his position as a saint of national importance entirely to Scott, who ennobled a local superstition first made prominent by Pennant in his Tour in Scotland (1772). Strathfillan lies between Tyndrum and Killin in the upper valley of the Tay. It contained a chapel dedicated to Saint Fillan, to which, in Pennant's time, and down to Anderson's (1835), mad people were brought to be cured. The patients were dipped in a linn-pool of the river Fillan: then carried three times sunwise round a cairn: then left bound all night within the ruins of the chapel. They were often, it is said, found dead next morning: but if their bonds were loosed (of course, by the Saint's intervention), it was considered a good omen of their ultimate recovery. Fillan was also noted for a miraculous left arm, which gave light to his right when this was occupied in copying Scripture. This miraculous arm was present at the battle of Bannockburn, where it waved miraculous encouragement to Robert Bruce out of its silver box.

- 1. 14. according pause. This is an instance of Scott's bold vigour of construction. 'According pause' is pause in the lay for the 'accord' or harmonious accompaniment of the harp. For the exact meaning of accord, see Murray's Dictionary, where there is a quotation from Bacon—'listening unto the ayres and accords of the Harpe.'
- 1. 29. Monan's rill. Scott originally wrote 'Moina's.' The spot cannot be identified. The valley of Glenartney, which drains into the Earn, is separated from the valley of the Teith, which is a tributary of the Forth, by a range of high hills. The stag is roused or 'unharboured' in the one valley, and chased over the hills into the other. The chase is romantic, not realistic; stag-hunting with horses is necessarily a Lowland sport. Somerville, in his Chase, describes a stag-hunt in Windsor Forest. Deer-stalking is the characteristic Highland sport. Scott shows his care for the semblance of probability in rousing the stag in Glenartney, where at one time there was a royal forest.
- 1. 45. beamed frontlet. Mr. Rolfe does not give the full force of this in rendering it 'antlered forehead.' The 'beam' is the main horn from which the 'points' or 'tines' branch. The stag does not, as is often asserted, grow a new tine every year till the number reaches five or six: still the 'beam' is not marked till there are several tines to set it off, and this is seldom the case till the stag is four years old. The 'frontlet' is not the forehead, but what is worn

on it, namely, the horns: 'beamed frontlet' is simply 'beamed pair of horns,' the peculiar ornament of a full-grown stag. 'Tossed to the sky' is the crowning touch in a superb picture. Scott's descriptions are worth pausing over: the condensed details are studied with masterly care. Cf. Somerville's Chase, iii. 405:—

'Unharboured now the royal stag forsakes
His wonted lair; he shakes his dappled sides
And tosses high his beamy head, the copse
Beneath his antlers bends.'

1. 53. Uam-Var. 'Ua-var, as the name is pronounced, or more properly *Uaighmor*, is a mountain to the north-east of the village of Callander in Menteith, deriving its name, which signifies the great den, or cavern, from a sort of retreat among the rocks on the south side, said, by tradition, to have been the abode of a giant. In latter times, it was the refuge of robbers and banditti, who have been only extirpated within these forty or fifty years. Strictly speaking, this stronghold is not a cave, as the name would imply, but a sort of small enclosure, or recess, surrounded with large rocks, and open above head. It may have been originally designed as a toil for deer, who might get in from the outside, but would find it difficult to return. This opinion prevails among the old sportsmen and deer-stalkers in the neighbourhood.'—Scott.

1. 54. Cf. Somerville's Chase, ii. 185:-

'The hunters shout,
The clanging horns swell their sweet-winding notes,
The pack wide-opening load the trembling air
With various melody.'

1. 84. Shrewdly. Mr. Rolfe has the following comment:—
'Severely, keenly; a sense now obsolete. Shrewd originally meant evil, mischievous. Cf. Shakespeare, A. Y. L. v. 4. 179, where it is said that those

"That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us Shall share the good of our returned fortune."

In Chaucer (*Tale of Meliboeus*) we find, "The prophete saith: Flee shrewdnesse, and do goodnesse" (referring to Ps. xxxiv. 14). Mr. R. L. Stevenson was ridiculed for making men address one another as 'shrew' in *The Black Arrow*: but the usage was right enough as an archaism. The restriction to women is modern.

1. 103. Cambusmore, 'within about two miles of Callander, on the wooded banks of the Keltie, a tributary of the Teith, is the seat of a family of the name of Buchanan, whom the poet frequently visited in his younger days.'—LOCKHART. Scott stayed there in the summer of 1809, when he wrote the Stag Chase, made notes of the scenery, and rode from Loch Vennachar to Stirling in the time he allots to Fitz-James.

l. 117. Emboss'd. 'An old hunting term. George Turberville, in his Noble Art of Venerie or Hunting (A. D. 1576), says: "When the hart is foamy at the mouth, we say, that he is emboss'd." Cf. Shakespeare, T. of S. ind. 1. 17: "Brach Merriman, the poor cur, is emboss'd;" and A. and C. iv. 13. 3:—

"The boar of Thessaly Was never so emboss'd."'—ROLFE.

1. 120. St. Hubert's breed. "The hounds which we call Saint' Hubert's hounds, are commonly all blacke, yet neuertheless, the race is so mingled at these days, that we find them of all colours. . . . This kind of dogges hath bene dispersed through the counties of Heinault, Lorayne, Flanders, and Burgoyne. They are mighty of body, neuertheless their legges are low and short, likewise they are not swift, although they be very good of sent, hunting chaces which are farre straggled, fearing neither water nor cold, and doe more couet the chaces that smell, as foxes, bore, and such like, than other, because they find themselves neither of swiftness nor courage to hunt and kill the chaces that are lighter and swifter. The bloodhounds of this colour proue good, especially those that are cole blacke." The noble Art of Venerie or Hunting, Lond. 1611. 4to, p. 15.'—Scott.

1. 137. For the death-wound. 'When the stag turned to bay, the ancient hunter had the perilous task of going in upon, and killing or disabling the desperate animal. At certain times of the year this was held particularly dangerous, a wound received from a stag's horn being then deemed poisonous, and more dangerous than one from the tusks of a boar, as the old rhyme testifies:—

"If thou be hurt with hart, it brings thee to thy bier,
But barber's hand will boar's hurt heal, therefore thou
need'st not fear."

At all times, however, the task was dangerous, and to be adventured upon wisely and warily, either by getting behind the stag while he was gazing on the hounds, or by watching an opportunity to gallop roundly in upon him, and kill him with the sword. See many directions to this purpose in the "Booke of Hunting," chap. 41.—Scott.

1. 145. Trosachs. According to Graham, author of 'Sketches of

the Scenery of Perthshire' (1806), a work from which Scott quotes, Trosachs signifies 'the rough or bristled territory.' Col. Robertson, in his 'Gaelic Topography' (p. 31), derives Achray, the name of the loch between which and Loch Katrine the Trosachs lie, from achadhreidh, the smooth field. The two names would thus correspond as contraries.

l. 151. chiding. Rolfe quotes appositely from Shakspeare's Midsummer Night's Dream, iv. 1. 120: 'Never did I hear such gallant chiding.' But he misleads in suggesting that 'any oft repeated noise' is a non-figurative old sense of the word. It was in frequent but figurative use with the Elizabethan poets as 'applied to sounds which suggest angry vehemence: as the yelping of hounds in "cry," the querulous notes of quails, "brawling" of a torrent, blast of the wind, &c. (See Murray's Dict.)

1. 163. The banks of Seine. James V made a journey to France in 1536 to fetch home Marie de Bourbon, to whom he had been betrothed by treaty. He was dissatisfied with his ambassador's choice, and Magdalen, daughter of Francis I, was substituted. His visit to the French court extended over several months.

1. 166. 'Woe worth the chase.' 'Evil be to the chase,' worth meaning become or be. M. E. worthen, A. S. weorthan. See SKEAT.

l. 180. 'And on the hunter hied his way

7

To join some comrade of the day.'

Comrade, not comrades, is the reading of the MS., and it is obviously preferable. The rhymes in this line afford an unusual instance of indecision in Scott. He originally wrote way, day; cancelled this in MS. and substituted pace, chase, a rhyme which occurs ten lines before; allowed pace, chase to stand in first edition; then reverted to the original way, day.

1. 195. Huge as the tower, &c. It is curious that Scott considered it necessary to explain that this meant the Tower of Babel, giving the reference Genesis xi. 1, 9.

1. 207. cleft. Mr. Rolfe acutely detected the misprint of 'cliff,' which occurs in every edition after the first, and restored the reading of the first edition, clift. But, curiously enough, even this seems to be a misprint: the MS. is unmistakeably cleft.

1. 208. dewdrop sheen. This is sometimes misprinted dewdrops' sheen, under the impression that *sheen* is a noun. It is an archaic adjective, used by Chaucer and Spenser. 'Dewdrop,' not dewdrops, is the reading of the MS.: the use of the singular in such cases is almost a mannerism of Scott's.

1. 212. Boon nature; beautiful, gracious, benign. The epithet is used by Milton. For illustrations of the distinction between boon, a gift, and the adjective boon, see Murray's Dict.

1. 254. 'Until the present road was made through the romantic pass which I have presumptuously attempted to describe in the preceding stanzas, there was no mode of issuing out of the defile called the Trosachs, excepting by a sort of ladder, composed of the branches and roots of trees.'—Scott.

1. 263. Looh Katrine. 'Loch Ketturin is the Celtic pronunciation. In his Notes to *The Fair Maid of Perth*, the author has signified his belief that the lake was named after the *Catterins*, or wild robbers, who haunted its shores.'—Lockhart. Robertson says:—'The name appears not (as has been stated) to be from the unpleasant word "citturin," or "hell," but from *Loch-cath-trian*, arising probably from some prehistoric conflict among the earliest of the Caledonian tribes of the surrounding districts' (*Gaelic Topography*, p. 427). The th in cath, a battle, is not sounded.

1. 270. 'Benvenue is literally the little mountain, i. e. as contrasted with Benledi and Benlomond.'—LOCKHART. According to Robertson, it is *Beinnmheadhonaidh*, the middle or centre mountain, as lying midway between Benledi and Benlomond. Graham makes Ben-an a mere diminutive of Ben: according to Robertson it is 'the mountain of the river,' *Beinn-n'an*.

l. 271. Down to, the reading of the MS. and earlier editions, is one of Mr. Rolfe's corrections for 'down on.'

1. 278, Stanza xv. Lockhart quotes the following from the Critical Review for August, 1820: 'Perhaps the art of landscape-painting in poetry has never been displayed in higher perfection than in these stanzas, to which rigid criticism might possibly object that the picture is somewhat too minute, and that the contemplation of it detains the traveller somewhat too long from the main purpose of his pilgrimage, but which it would be an act of the greatest injustice to break into fragments, and present by piecemeal. Not so the magnificent scene which bursts upon the bewildered hunter as he emerges at length from the dell, and commands at one view the beautiful expanse of Loch Katrine.'

1. 290. should lave. 'Did lave' is the reading of MS. and first edition.

1. 302. beshrew. Murray suggests that the word is not imperative but elliptical as in '(I) thank you.' 'I beshrew, i. e. invoke a curse on,' &c. See Murray for curious history of the word from

'make wicked,' 'pervert,' 'ill-treat,' 'curse.' It is one of Scott's favourite archaic revivals.

l. 313. Highland plunderers. 'The clans who inhabited the romantic regions in the neighbourhood of Loch Katrine, were, even until a late period, much addicted to predatory excursions upon their Lowland neighbours. "In former times, those parts of this district which are situated beyond the Grampian range, were rendered almost inaccessible by strong barriers of rocks, and mountains, and lakes. It was a border country, and, though on the very verge of the low country, it was almost totally sequestered from the world, and, as it were, insulated with respect to society. 'Tis well known that in the Highlands, it was, in former times, accounted not only lawful, but honourable, among hostile tribes, to commit depredations on one another; and these habits of the age were perhaps strengthened in this district, by the circumstances which have been mentioned. It bordered on a country, the inhabitants of which, while they were richer, were less warlike than they, and widely differenced by language and manners.'-Graham's Sketches of Scenery in Perthshire, Edin. 1806, p. 97. The reader will therefore be pleased to remember, that the scene of this poem is laid in a time,

> "When tooming faulds, or sweeping of a glen, Had still been held the deed of gallant men." '—Scott.

1. 360. dear. Mr. Rolfe conjectures that this is a misprint for 'clear,' and the same had occurred to myself independently. But the MS. reading is undoubtedly 'dear,' as Mr. Richardson and myself satisfied ourselves by minute inspection and comparison.

1. 363. Snood. 'The snood or riband, with which a Scottish lass braided her hair, had an emblematical signification, and applied to her maiden character. It was exchanged for the curch, toy, or coif, when she passed by marriage into the matron state.'—Scott.

ll. 373, 4. Spy and eye. The same words rhyme in II. ll. 80, 81, and again in ll. 102, 103. In all three cases the word 'spy' has an archaic shade of meaning, implying a certain quickness and attention but no secrecy of observation.

1. 408. wont. The use of 'wont' for 'are wont' was a common pseudo-archaism especially among Scotch poets in Scott's time. It is not warranted by old usage. Wont was either the past part. used as an adj. = accustomed, or the past tense of the verb won. See SKEAT. Chaucer has: 'And for to pleye, as he was wont to do,' Knight's Tale, 1. 337. In Shakspeare I Hen. VI. 1. 2, 14, 'Talbot

is taken, whom we wont to fear, 'wont' means 'were accustomed.' Scott uses the word correctly in this sense in IV. 1. 278; and in IV. 1. 298—'who woned within the hill'—in its literal old sense of 'dwell.'

1. 425. Slighting the petty need he show'd. 'Making light of the need that his words revealed.' 'Show' is another favourite rhyme-word with Scott, used by him in the peculiar sense of declare or indicate in words. It is used in this sense in II. 638:—'in the streight (which) I show;' IV. 148: 'But see, who comes his news to show?' V. 102: 'Whence the bold boast by which you show Vich Alpine's vowed and mortal foe?'

1. 460. On the vision'd future bent. Dr. Johnson, in his criticism of Collins, laid down the rule that 'to those flights of imagination which pass the bounds of nature, the mind is reconciled only by passive acquiescence in popular traditions. It seems to have been in deference to this opinion that Scott was at such pains to illustrate the belief of the Scottish Highlanders in "second-sight." 'If,' he says, 'force of evidence could authorise us to believe facts inconsistent with the general laws of nature, enough might be produced in favour of the existence of the Second-sight. It is called in Gaelic Taishitaraugh, from Taish, an unreal or shadowy appearance; and those possessed of the faculty are called Taishatrin, which may be aptly translated visionaries.' He proceeds to quote from Martin's 'Description of the Western Islands' (see Introduction, p. 16), a most circumstantial account of the faculty: the appearance of the seer at the moment when the vision appears to him; whether the faculty is hereditary or otherwise communicable; how the fulfilment of a vision is affected by the time of day when it is seen; and what certain appearances signify. Martin professed to speak not merely from hearsay but from his own experience. 'One instance was lately foretold by a seer, that was a novice, concerning the death of one of my acquaintance. This was communicated to a few only, and with great confidence: I being one of the number, did not in the least regard it, until the death of the person, about the time foretold, did confirm me of the certainty of the prediction. The novice mentioned above, is now a skilful seer, as appears from many late instances; he lives in the parish of St. Mary's, the most northern in Skie.' Scott concludes his note as follows:- 'To these particulars innumerable examples might be added, all attested by grave and credible authors. But, in despite of evidence which neither Bacon, Boyle, nor Johnson were able to resist, the Taisch, with all its visionary properties, seems to be now universally abandoned to the use of poetry. The exquisitely beautiful poem of Lochiel will at once occur to the recollection of every reader.' Scott is not quite accurate in saying that Johnson was unable to resist the evidence in favour of second-sight. He wished to obtain well-authenticated instances, and accused the clergy of the Hebrides, none of whom believed in it, of prejudice: but he was obliged to admit 'I never could advance my curiosity to conviction, but came away at last only willing to believe.' Boswell was more easily satisfied. 'I was then so impressed with the truth of many of the stories of it which I had been told, that I avowed my conviction, saying, "He is only willing to believe; I do believe. The evidence is enough for me, though not for his great mind. What will not fill a quart bottle will fill a pint bottle. I am filled with belief," "Are you? (said Colman), then cork it up."' Boswell's Life, Birkbeck Hill's ed. ii. 318.

1. 464. Lincoln green. Drayton, in his Polyolbion, makes the river Wytham sing—

'Who sees so pleasant plains or is of fairer seen Whose swains in shepherd's gray and girls in Lincolne green?'

To this Selden added the note—'Lincoln anciently dyed the best green of England.'

1. 504. Here for retreat, &c. 'The Celtic chieftains, whose lives were continually exposed to peril, had usually, in the most retired spot of their domains, some place of retreat for the hour of necessity, which, as circumstances would admit, was a tower, a cavern, or a rustic hut, in a strong and secluded situation. One of these last gave refuge to the unfortunate Charles Edward, in his perilous wanderings after the battle of Culloden.'—Scott.

1. 525. Idaean vine. What Scott meant by the Idaean vine is a puzzle. He could not have meant the true vine, for Idaean is not one of its classical epithets, and besides it could not have borne Loch Katrine's 'keen and searching air.' The botanical name of the red whortleberry or cowberry is Vaccinium vitis Idaea, but this short shrubby plant is not a creeper. Professor Traill, the botanist, suggests to me that Scott may have meant the stone bramble, which has a vine-like leaf, and might be 'taught to climb.' Scott may have been misled about the botanical name. Dorothy Wordsworth, in her description of Bothwell Castle, mentions 'a broad leaved creeping plant without flowers which scrambled up the castle wall along with the ivy,' and had 'vine-like branches.' Bothwell Castle

was Ellen's ancestral seat. Perhaps Scott saw the same plant there. The Douglas who then owned Bothwell Castle was a friend of his, and it was probably out of compliment to him that he made it the seat of his exiled Douglas.

- 1. 548. arrows store. This peculiar use of 'store' as an adj. meaning 'in great abundance,' was a favourite one with Scott. Cf. 'legends store,' III. 3.
- 1. 573. Ferragus or Ascabart. 'These two sons of Anak flourished in romantic fable. The first is well known to the admirers of Ariosto, by the name of Ferrau. He was an antagonist of Orlando, and was at length slain by him in single combat. . . . Ascapart, or Ascabart, makes a very material figure in the History of Bevis of Hampton, by whom he was conquered. His effigies may be seen guarding one side of a gate at Southampton, while the other is occupied by Sir Bevis himself. The dimensions of Ascabart were little inferior to those of Ferragus.'—Scott.
- 1. 581. A mother's name. The MS. shows that the poet originally intended to make this lady the wife of the exile and Ellen's mother. He probably changed his intention, and made her the sister-in-law of the Douglas and Rhoderick Dhu's mother to furnish an obvious and probable motive for their receiving the Chieftain's shelter and protection. See II. 350.
- 1. 585. Though all unasked, &c. 'The Highlanders, who carried hospitality to a punctilious excess, are said to have considered it as churlish to ask a stranger his name or lineage, before he had taken refreshment. Feuds were so frequent among them, that a contrary rule would in many cases have produced the discovery of some circumstance, which might have excluded the guest from the benefit of the assistance he stood in need of.'—Scott.
 - 1. 591. Snowdoun See VI, 789.
- 1. 622. A harp unseen. Scott justified the presence of the harp in his Highland picture by reference to A. Campbell, showing that harps or 'clairschoes' were in common use among the Highlanders as late as the end of the sixteenth century. See Campbell's Journey through North Britain, I. 175.
- 1. 638. Pibroch, bagpipe music. See SKEAT, who quotes from the Edinburgh Review's famous attack on Byron's juvenile poem, Lochnagar:—'Pibroch is not a bagpipe any more than duet means a fiddle.'
- l. 680. from my couch, &c. Lockhart quotes a parallel passage from Thomson's Castle of Indolence, Canto I. 47, 48:—

'Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,
From these foul demons shield the midnight gloom:
Angels of fancy and of love, be near,
And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom:
Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,
And let them virtue with a look impart:
But chief, awhile, O! lend us from the tomb
Those long-lost friends for whom in love we smart,
And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the heart.

'Or are ye sportive?—bid the morn of youth
Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days
Of innocence, simplicity, and truth;
To cares estranged, and manhood's thorny ways.
What transport, to retrace our boyish plays,
Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supplied
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze
Of the wild brooks!'

CANTO II.

1. 7. A minstrel grey. 'That Highland chieftains, to a late period, retained in their service the bard, as a family officer, admits of very easy proof. The author of the "Letters from the North of Scotland," an officer of engineers, quartered at Inverness about 1726, who certainly cannot be deemed a favourable witness, gives the following account of the office, and of a bard whom he heard exercise his talent of recitation: - "The bard is skilled in the genealogy of all the Highland families, sometimes preceptor to the young laird, celebrates in Irish verse the original of the tribe, the famous warlike actions of the successive heads, and sings his own lyricks as an opiate to the chief when indisposed for sleep. But poets are not equally esteemed and honoured in all countries. I happened to be a witness of the dishonour done to the muse at the house of one of the chiefs, where two of these bards were set at a good distance, at the lower end of a long table, with a parcel of Highlanders of no extraordinary appearance, over a cup of ale. Poor inspiration! They were not asked to drink a glass of wine at our table, though the whole company consisted only of the great man, one of his near relations, and myself. After some little time, the chief ordered one of them to sing me a Highland song. The bard readily obeyed, and with a hoarse voice and in a tune of few various notes, began, as I was told, one of his own lyricks; and when he had proceeded to the fourth or fifth stanza, I perceived, by the names of several persons, glens, and mountains, which I had known or heard of before, that it was an account of some clan battle. But in his going on, the chief (who piques himself upon his school-learning), at some particular passage, bid him cease, and cried out, 'There's nothing like that in Virgil or Homer.' I bowed, and told him I believed so. This you may believe was very edifying and delightful."-Letters, ii. 167.' SCOTT. Edward Burt, from whose Letters Scott repeatedly quotes, was probably not an officer of engineers, but some sort of political agent attached to General Wade's force when the famous Highland roads were made. See Stephen's Dictionary of National Biography. His letters, not published till 1754, are referred to by Macaulay in his description of the Highlands, in chap. xiii. of his History. Burt was the first Englishman who described the scenery and people of the Central Highlands. His pictures of both scenery and people are much less unsympathetic in tone than Macaulay implies.

I. 20. battled. Mr. Rolfe restored the original reading here, instead of 'battle,' which had crept into the text; and 'love's' for 'love,' at l. 26. Scott uses the word 'battled' in three different senses in the course of the poem. Here it means 'ranged in order of battle.' At I. 626, 'dream of battled fields,' it means either this or 'contested.' At II. 702, 'the battled fence,' and at VI. 7, 'battled tower,' it means 'embattled,' 'battlemented.'

11. 22-3. where beauty, &c. Thine be the victory in the tournament. Cf. 1. 87.

l. 103. Another step, &c. 'The MS. has "The loveliest Lowland fair to spy;" and the first edition reads, "The step of parting fair to spy."—ROLFE. Both readings are in the MS.; the first is cancelled.

1. 109. The Graeme. 'The ancient and powerful family of Graham (which for metrical reasons, is here spelt after the Scottish pronunciation) held extensive possessions in the counties of Dumbarton and Stirling. Few families can boast of more historical renown, having claim to three of the most remarkable characters in the Scottish annals. Sir John the Graeme, the faithful and undaunted partaker of the labours and patriotic warfare of Wallace, fell in the unfortunate field of Falkirk, in 1298. The celebrated Marquis of Montrose, in whom De Retz saw realized his abstract idea of the heroes of antiquity, was the second of these worthies. And, not-

withstanding the severity of his temper, and the rigour with which he executed the oppressive mandates of the princes whom he served, I do not hesitate to name as a third, John Graeme of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee, whose heroic death in the arms of victory may be allowed to cancel the memory of his cruelty to the nonconformists, during the reigns of Charles II and James II.'—Scott. The special Graham country is the valley in which lie Loch Ard and the Lake of Monteith, over the hills to the south of the Valley of Achray, Vennachar, and the Teith. There is thus historical verisimilitude in making Malcolm Graeme a neighbour of Roderick Dhu, an imaginary chief of the clan MacGregor.

- 1. 131. Saint Modan. 'I am not prepared to show that Saint Modan was a performer on the harp. It was, however, no unsaintly accomplishment; for Saint Dunstan certainly did play upon that instrument, which retaining, as was natural, a portion of the sanctity attached to its master's character, announced future events by its spontaneous sound.'—Scott.
- 1. 141. Bothwell's bannered hall. Bothwell Castle is one of the finest baronial ruins in Scotland. It 'stands nobly overlooking the Clyde,' about nine miles above Glasgow. It was the chief fortress in Clydesdale at the time of Bannockburn, when it was the temporary refuge of several English noblemen. Owing to its importance it often changed hands with changes of favour at Court. Archibald, 'the Grim Earl of Douglas,' held it in the reign of Robert III, and it belongs to a Douglas, the Earl of Home, now. There is some authority for representing it as a possession of the House of Angus at the date given in the poem. For a description of the ruins see Dorothy Wordsworth's Tour, p. 49.
- l. 142. Ere Douglasses, to ruin driven. 'The downfall of the Douglasses of the house of Angus during the reign of James V is the event alluded to in the text. The Earl of Angus, it will be remembered, had married the queen dowager, and availed himself of the right which he thus acquired, as well as of his extensive power, to retain the king in a sort of tutelage, which approached very near to captivity. Several open attempts were made to rescue James from this thraldom, with which he was well known to be deeply disgusted; but the valour of the Douglasses and their allies gave them the victory in every conflict. At length the king, while residing at Falkland, contrived to escape by night out of his own court and palace, and rode full speed to Stirling Castle, where the governor, who was of the opposite faction, joyfully received him.

Being thus at liberty, James speedily summoned around him such peers as he knew to be most inimical to the domination of Angus, and laid his complaint before them, says Pitscottie, "with great lamentations; showing to them how he was holden in subjection, thir years bygone, by the Earl of Angus and his kin and friends, who oppressed the whole country and spoiled it, under the pretence of justice and his authority; and had slain many of his lieges, kinsmen, and friends, because they would have had it mended at their hands, and put him at liberty, as he ought to have been, at the counsel of his whole lords, and not have been subjected and corrected with no particular men, by the rest of his nobles. Therefore, said he, I desire, my lords, that I may be satisfied of the said earl, his kin, and his friends; for I avow that Scotland shall not hold us both while [i. e. till] I be revenged on him and his. The lords, hearing the king's complaint and lamentation, and also the great rage, fury, and malice that he bore toward the Earl of Angus, his kin and friends, they concluded all, and thought it best that he should be summoned to underly the law; if he found no caution, nor yet compear himself, that he should be put to the horn, with all his kin and friends, so many as were contained in the letters. And farther, the lords ordained, by advice of his majesty, that his brother and friends should be summoned to find caution to underly the law within a certain day, or else be put to the horn. But the earl appeared not, nor none for him; and so he was put to the horn, with all his kin and friends so many as we're contained in the summons that compeared not were banished, and holden traitors to the king."'-SCOTT.

1. 200. The Lady of the Bleeding Heart. A red heart is the cognisance of the Douglas family, in memory of the achievement of the great Douglas, the 'good Sir James,' Barbour's hero, to whom Robert the Bruce entrusted the duty of conveying his heart to the Holy Land. In a skirmish with the Moors in Spain by the way, he was getting the worst of it when he threw the casket containing the precious relic amongst the enemy in front of him, and rushed after it. He was killed, but the Bruce's heart was recovered.

1. 206. Strathspey, a variety of Highland reel, named after the district where it became noted. There is a trifling anachronism in putting the word into Ellen's mouth; it is not used till late in the eighteenth century, when strathspeys were popularised by the genius of a famous Scottish fiddler and composer, Neil Gow. See Grove's Dictionary of Music.

1. 213. Clan Alpine's pride. There was not, strictly speaking, a clan Alpine, but there were a number of clans of whom clan Gregor was regarded as the chief, who claimed descent from Kenneth Macalpine, the first king of all Scotland, and were known as Siol Alpine, or race of Alpine. See Skene's Highland Clans, II. p. 243, ed. 1837. The Macgregors, whom Scott has invested with so much romantic interest in the persons of Roderick, Dhu and Rob Roy, had lost all feudal claim to their lands by the beginning of the fifteenth century, and henceforward led a very troubled and troubling existence, and were often in conflict with their neighbours and with royal authority.

l. 214. Loch Lomond, the 'Queen of Scottish Lakes,' a great resort for tourists from the middle of the eighteenth century. See Dorothy Wordsworth's Tour, pp. 63-78. It had a fabulous reputation even in the Middle Ages. Geoffrey of Monmouth makes Arthur besiege the Scots and Picts there for fifteen days, and relates that it received sixty rivers, and contained sixty islands, in each of which were sixty rocks, on each of which were sixty eagles' nests. (Historia Britonum, Book ix. c. 6 and 7).

l. 216. A Lennox foray. See note on l. 422.

l. 220. Roderick Dhu. 'Dhu' means 'black.'

1. 221. 'This was by no means an uncommon occurrence in the Court of Scotland, nay, the presence of the sovereign himself scarcely restrained the ferocious and inveterate feuds which were the perpetual source of bloodshed among the Scottish nobility.'-Scott. Holyrood, that is Holy Cross, (= Santa Cruz) is the name of the Royal Palace in Edinburgh.

1. 220. The Douglas, like a stricken deer. 'The exiled state of this powerful race is not exaggerated in this and subsequent passages. The hatred of James against the race of Douglas was so inveterate that numerous as their allies were, and disregarded as the regal authority had usually been in similar cases, their nearest friends, even in the most remote parts of Scotland, durst not entertain them, unless under the strictest and closest disguise. James Douglas, son of the banished Earl of Angus, afterwards well known by the title of Earl of Morton, lurked, during the exile of his family, in the north of Scotland, under the assumed name of James Innes, otherwise James the Grieve, (i. e. Reve or Bailiff). "And as he bore the name," says Godscroft, "so did he also execute the office of a grieve or overseer of the lands and rents, the corn and cattle, of him with whom he lived." From the habits of frugality and observation

which he acquired in his humble situation, the historian traces that intimate acquaintance with popular character which enabled him to rise so high in the state, and that honourable economy by which he repaired and established the shattered estates of Angus and Morton.

—History of the House of Douglas, Edinburgh, 1743, vol. ii. p. 160.'
—Scott.

- l. 236. Dispensation from Rome. Ellen and Rhoderick Dhu, being first cousins, were within the prohibited degrees, and could not marry without a dispensation.
- 1. 254. who shrouds my sire. 'Shields, protects. Cf. Spenser, F. Q., i. 1. 6: "And this fair couple eke to shroud themselves were fain" (that is, from the rain). So the noun = shelter, protection, as in Shakespeare, A. and C., iii. 13. 71: "put yourself under his shroud."—ROLFE.
- l. 260. Maronnan's cell. 'The parish of Kilmaronock, at the eastern extremity of Loch Lomond, derives its name from a cell or chapel, dedicated to Saint Maronock, or Maronck, or Maronnan, about whose sanctity very little is now remembered. There is a fountain devoted to him in the same parish; but its virtues, like the virtues of its patron, have fallen into oblivion.'—Scott.
- l. 270. Bracklinn's thundering wave. 'This is a beautiful cascade made by a mountain stream called the Keltie, at a place called the Bridge of Bracklinn, about a mile from the village of Callander in Menteith. Above a chasm, where the brook precipitates itself from a height of at least fifty feet, there is thrown, for the convenience of the neighbourhood, a rustic footbridge, of about three feet in breadth, and without ledges, which is scarcely to be crossed by a stranger without awe and apprehension.'—Scott. Bracklinn means the 'the speckled pool.'
- 1. 274. Claymore, lit. 'big sword,' claidheamh mòr, spelt 'clymore' by Pennant, and 'glaymore' by Boswell and Johuson. Not necessarily two-handed. The old sword of the Highlanders was two-edged, but the basket-hilted sword introduced in the 16th century was often only single-edged. See Murray.
- 1. 305. Thy father's battle-brand. 'Archibald, the third Earl of Douglas, was so unfortunate in all his enterprises, that he acquired the epithet of TINE-MAN, because he *tined*, or lost, his followers in every battle which he fought. He was vanquished, as every reader must remember, in the bloody battle of Homildon-hill, near Wooler, where he himself lost an eye, and was made prisoner by Hotspur. He was no less unfortunate when allied with Percy, being wounded

and taken at the battle of Shrewsbury. He was so unsuccessful in an attempt to besiege Roxburgh Castle, that it was called the *Foul Raid*, or disgraceful expedition. His ill fortune left him indeed at the battle of Beaugé, in France; but it was only to return with double emphasis at the subsequent action of Vernoil, the last and most unlucky of his encounters, in which he fell, with the flower of the Scottish chivalry, then serving as auxiliaries in France, and about two thousand common soldiers, A.D. 1424.'—Scott.

1, 300. Self-unscabbarded, &c. 'The ancient warriors, whose hope and confidence rested chiefly in their blades, were accustomed to deduce omens from them, especially from such as were supposed to have been fabricated by enchanted skill, of which we have various instances in the romances and legends of the time. To the history of this sentient and prescient weapon, I beg leave to add, from memory, the following legend, for which I cannot produce any better authority. A young nobleman, of high hopes and fortune, chanced to lose his way in the town which he inhabited, the capital, if I mistake not, of a German province. He had accidentally involved himself among the narrow and winding streets of a suburb, inhabited by the lowest order of the people, and an approaching thunder-shower determined him to ask a short refuge in the most decent habitation that was near him. He knocked at the door, which was opened by a tall man, of a grisly and ferocious aspect, and sordid dress. The stranger was readily ushered to a chamber, where swords, scourges, and machines, which seemed to be implements of torture, were suspended on the wall. One of these swords dropped from its scabbard, as the nobleman, after a moment's hesitation, crossed the threshold. His host immediately stared at him with such a marked expression, that the young man could not help demanding his name and business, and the meaning of his looking at him so fixedly. 'I am,' answered the man, 'the public executioner of this city; and the incident you have observed is a sure augury that I shall, in discharge of my duty, one day cut off your head with the weapon which has just now spontaneously unsheathed itself.' The nobleman lost no time in leaving his place of refuge; but, engaging in some of the plots of the period, was shortly after decapitated by that very man and instrument.'-Scott.

1. 314. See Scott's note on VI. 369.

l. 319. Beltane game. Beltane or beltein, old May-day, celebrated in many parts of Scotland down to the end of the last century by bonfires and dances. The ancient Gaels lighted bonfires also at

Lammas and Hallowmas; the custom survives in Scotland at Hallowe'en. For the etymology of the word see Murray, who says that 'the rubbish about *Baal*, *Bel*, *Belus*, imported into the word from the Old Testament and classical antiquity, is outside the scope of scientific etymology.'

1. 327. the canna's hoary beard: cotton-grass.

1. 335. Glengyle, at the western end of Loch Katrine, was the seat of a sept of the Clan Gregor. It was a visit to Glengyle that suggested Wordsworth's poem of Rob Roy; the outlaw's grave was shown there, but is really at Kirktown, Balquhidder, on Loch Voil. The witches in Scott's poem Glenfinlas pretend to be 'daughters of the proud Glengyle.'

l. 340. bannered pine, a bold construction—pine on banners. The pine is the badge of the clan Macgregor, probably with

punning reference to their claimed descent from Alpine.

1. 351. Chanters. The pipe of the bagpipes on which the melody is played. The pipes thrown over the shoulder, which are generally decorated with ribbons, are the 'drones.' Scott ignores the distinction, probably for the sake of the more poetic word 'chanter,' which is really the cantor or precentor among the pipes, and must be more sparingly decorated to leave the musician's fingers free.

1. 363. Those thrilling sounds, &c. 'The connoisseurs in pipemusic affect to discover in a well-composed pibroch, the imitative sounds of march, conflict, flight, pursuit, and all the "current of a heady fight." To this opinion Dr. Beattie has given his suffrage, in the following elegant passage: - "A pibroch is a species of tune, peculiar, I think, to the Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland. It is performed on a bagpipe, and differs totally from all other music. Its rhythm is so irregular, and its notes, especially in the quick movement, so mixed and huddled together, that a stranger finds it impossible to reconcile his ear to it, so as to perceive its modulation. Some of these pibrochs, being intended to represent a battle, begin with a grave motion resembling a march; then gradually quicken into the onset; run off with noisy confusion, and turbulent rapidity, to imitate the conflict and pursuit; then swell into a few flourishes of triumphant joy; and perhaps close with the wild and slow wailings of a funeral procession."-Essay on Laughter and Ludicrous Composition, chap. iii. note.'-Scott. See the contest in pipeplaying between Alan Breck and Robin Oig in Mr. R. L. Stevenson's Kidnapped, ch. xxv.

1. 408. Boderigh Vich Alpine Dhu. 'Besides his ordinary

name and surname, which were chiefly used in the intercourse with the Lowlands, every Highland chief had an epithet expressive of his patriarchal dignity as head of the clan, and which was common to all his predecessors and successors, as Pharaoh to the kings of Egypt, or Arsaces to those of Parthia. This name was usually a patronymic, expressive of his descent from the founder of the family. Thus the Duke of Argyle is called MacCallum More, or the son of Colin the Great. Sometimes, however, it is derived from armorial distinctions, or the memory of some great feat; thus Lord Seaforth, as chief of the Mackenzies, or Clan-Kennet, bears the epithet of Caber-fae, or Buck's Head, as representative of Colin Fitzgerald, founder of the family, who saved the Scottish king when endangered by a stag. But besides this title, which belonged to his office and dignity, the chieftain had usually another peculiar to himself, which distinguished him from the chieftains of the same race. This was sometimes derived from complexion, as dhu or rov; sometimes from size, as beg or more; at other times from some peculiar exploit, or from some peculiarity of habit or appearance. The line of the text therefore signifies.

Black Roderick, the descendant of Alpine.

The song itself is intended as an imitation of the *jorrams*, or boat songs of the Highlanders, which were usually composed in honour of a favourite chief. They are so adapted as to keep time with the sweep of the oars, and it is easy to distinguish between those intended to be sung to the oars of a galley, where the stroke is lengthened and doubled, as it were, and those which were timed to the rowers of an ordinary boat.'—Scott.

Il. 416-428. The bard recites the names of the neighbours among whom the turbulent Macgregors made themselves respected, and in Stanza XX. celebrates in particular the bloody affair of Glen-fruin. Of this Scott gives the following account in a note. [It occurred sixty years after the date of the poem, but Scott always claimed poetic license for such anachronisms.] 'The Lennox, as the district is called, which encircles the lower extremity of Loch Lomond, was peculiarly exposed to the incursions of the mountaineers who inhabited the inaccessible fastnesses at the upper end of the lake and the neighbouring district of Loch Katrine. These were often marked by circumstances of great ferocity, of which the noted conflict of Glen-fruin is a celebrated instance. This was a clan-battle, in which the Macgregors, headed by Allaster Macgregor, chief of the clan, encountered the sept of Colquhouns, commanded by Sir Humphry

Colquhoun of Luss. It is on all hands allowed that the action was desperately fought, and that the Colquhouns were defeated with great slaughter, leaving two hundred of their name dead upon the field. But popular tradition has added other horrors to the tale. It is said that Sir Humphry Colquhoun, who was on horseback, escaped to the castle of Benechra, or Banochar, and was next day dragged out and murdered by the victorious Macgregors in cold blood. Buchanan of Auchmar, however, speaks of his slaughter as a subsequent event, and as perpetrated by the Macfarlanes. Again, it is reported that the Macgregors murdered a number of youths, whom report of the intended battle had brought to be spectators, and whom the Colquhouns, anxious for their safety, had shut up in a barn to be out of danger. One account of the Macgregors denies this circumstance entirely; another ascribes it to the savage and bloodthirsty disposition of a single individual, the bastard brother of the Laird of Macgregor, who amused himself with this second massacre of the innocents, in express disobedience to the chief, by whom he was left their guardian during the pursuit of the Colqubouns. It is added that Macgregor bitterly lamented this atrocious action, and prophesied the ruin which it must bring upon their ancient clan. The consequences of the battle of Glen-fruin were very calamitous to the family of Macgregor, who had already been considered as an unruly clan. The widows of the slain Colquhouns, sixty, it is said, in number, appeared in doleful procession before the king at Stirling, each riding upon a white palfrey, and bearing in her hand the bloody shirt of her husband displayed upon a pike. James IV was so much moved by the complaints of this "choir of mourning dames," that he let loose his vengeance against the Macgregors, without either bounds or moderation. The very name of the clan was proscribed, and those by whom it had been borne were given up to sword and fire, and absolutely hunted down by bloodhounds like wild beasts. Argyle and the Campbells, on the one hand, Montrose, with the Grahames and Buchanans, on the other, are said to have been the chief instruments in suppressing this devoted clan. The Laird of Macgregor surrendered to the former, on condition that he would take him out of Scottish ground. But, to use Birrel's expression, he kept "a Highlandman's promise;" and, although he fulfilled his word to the letter, by carrying him as far as Berwick, he afterwards brought him back to Edinburgh, where he was executed with eighteen of his clan.—Birrel's Diary, 2nd Oct. 1603. The Clan-Gregor being thus driven to utter despair, seem to have renounced

the laws from the benefit of which they were excluded, and their depredations produced new acts of council, confirming the severity of their proscription, which had only the effect of rendering them still more united and desperate. It is a most extraordinary proof of the ardent and invincible spirit of clanship that, notwithstanding the repeated proscriptions providently ordained by the Legislature, "for the timeous preventing the disorders and oppression that may fall out by the said name and clan of Macgregors and their followers," they were in 1715 and 1745 a potent clan, and continue to subsist as a distinct and numerous race."—SCOTT.

1. 431. The bard was in the secret of his Chief's passion for Ellen, and knew that he came to the island as a wooer. Lockhart quotes from the *Critical Review* a remark that 'the hero of a poem has seldom, if ever, been introduced with finer effect, or in a manner better calculated to excite the expectations of the reader.'

Il. 495-506. The exile, receiving his daughter's welcome, bethinks him of the most triumphant moment in his life, when he defeated the attempt of the Laird of Buccleuch to take the young king from his guardianship. For an account of the incident, see a long quotation from Pitscottie in a note to the Lay of the Last Minstrel, I. 58 (Clarendon Press Ed. pp. 128-30). This incident would identify the exile with the Earl of Angus, who married the widow of James IV; but we learn from Canto V. l. 525, that he was the uncle of this banished Earl, and the poet adds in a note that he was 'an entirely imaginary personage.'

1. 495. Bothwell. Bothwell Castle. See note on 1. 141. The priory of Blantyre (1. 506) stands on the opposite bank of the Clyde. 'On the opposite bank, which is finely wooded with elms and other trees, are the remains of an ancient priory, built upon a rock. . . . It can scarcely be conceived what a grace the Castle and priory impart to each other, and the river Clyde flows on smooth and unruffled below, seeming to my thoughts more in harmony with the sober and stately images of former times than if it had soared over a rocky channel, forcing its sounds upon the ear.'—DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S Tour, p. 50.

1. 497. Percy's Norman pennon. The Douglas of Otterbourne, the hero of *Chevy Chase*, was not in the ancestry of the House of Angus. That house was founded by a younger brother. Still, it might have succeeded to the trophy, as it did to other possessions when the line of the Earls of Douglas became extinct in the reign of James III.

1. 504. the waned Crescent. The crescent was part of the cognisance of the Buccleuch Scotts. See Lay, I. 207, Note.

1. 525. though unhooded. Falcons were carried to the field with a hood over their eyes, to prevent them from being excited till it was time to cast off after a prey. Cf. VI. 665, 'My hawk is tired of perch and hood.'

1. 526. Goddess of the Wood. The reading 'huntress' is cancelled in the MS., perhaps because it did not seem to sufficiently express Diana.

1. 534. stature tall. Mr. Rolfe restores 'fair,' the reading of the MS. and early editions, but 'tall' was possibly substituted by Scott himself. It could hardly have been a misprint.

1. 541. the ptarmigan in snow. The ptarmigan assumes a white colour in winter.

L 574. Glenfinlas, between Ben-An and Benledi, is the scene of one of Scott's imitations of the ancient ballad.

1.577. Still a royal ward. Malcolm Graeme is represented as heir to the headship of the Graemes, and still a minor. He is an entirely fictitious character, and in his sway over both Lennox and Menteith combines two historical Graham earldoms, Montrose and Menteith. The Earl of Montrose was a relative of the Honse of Angus.

1. 583. Strath-Endrick. Endrick Water is one of the tributaries of Loch Lomond, falling in at the south-east corner. It is a noted Graham district for men of letters as containing the residence of Burns's friend and patron, Graham of Fintry. See Burns, Kilmarnock edition, i. 342. Buchanan Castle, the residence of the Duke of Montrose, is near the mouth of the Endrick. Scott read the Stag Chase there to the ladies of the family in the summer of 1809. It was a common practice of his to bring in names connected with personal acquaintances. See Cambusmore, note on I. 103.

1. 615. The king's vindictive pride. 'In 1529, James V made a convention at Edinburgh for the purpose of considering the best mode of quelling the Border robbers, who, during the license of his minority, and the troubles which followed, had committed many exorbitances. Accordingly, he assembled a flying army of ten thousand men, consisting of his principal nobility and their followers, who were directed to bring their hawks and dogs with them, that the monarch might refresh himself with sport during the intervals of military execution. With this array he swept through Ettrick Forest, where he hanged, over the gate of his own castle,

Piers Cockburn of Henderland, who had prepared, according to tradition, a feast for his reception. He caused Adam Scott of Tushielaw also to be executed, who was distinguished by the title of King of the Border. But the most noted victim of justice, during that expedition, was John Armstrong of Gilnockie, famous in Scottish song, who, confiding in his own supposed innocence, met the king, with a retinue of thirty-six persons, all of whom were hanged at Carlenrig, near the source of the Teviot. The effect of this severity was such, that, as the vulgar expressed it, "the rushbush kept the cow," and "thereafter was great peace and rest a long time, wherethrough the King had great profit; for he had ten thousand sheep going in the Ettrick Forest in keeping by Andrew Bell, who made the King as good count of them as they had gone in the bounds of Fife."—Pitscottie's History, p. 153.'—Scott.

1. 634. By fate of Border chivalry. 'James was in fact equally attentive to restrain rapine and feudal oppression in every part of his dominions. "The king past to the Isles, and there held justice courts, and punished both thief and traitor according to their demerit. And also he caused great men to show their holdings, wherethrough he found many of the said lands in non-entry; the which he confiscate and brought home to his own use, and afterwards annexed them to the crown, as ye shall hear. Syne brought many of the great men of the Isles captive with him, such as Mudyart, M'Connel, M'Loyd of the Lewes, M'Neil, M'Lane, M'Intosh, John Mudyart, M'Kay, M'Kenzie, with many other that I cannot rehearse at this time. Some of them he put in ward and some in court, and some he took pledges for good rule in time coming. So he brought the Isles, both north and south, in good rule and peace; wherefore he had great profit, service, and obedience of the people a long time thereafter; and as long as he had the heads of the country in subjection, they lived in great peace and rest, and there was great riches and policy by the king's justice."-Pitscottie, p. 152.'-Scott.

1. 638. Your counsel in the streight I show. I was so convinced that 'I show' was a misprint for 'bestow,' that I ventured to make the alteration in an edition of Selections from Scott. But the MS. is indubitably 'I show,' as printed. The meaning is '(Give me) your counsel in the streight (which) I show.'

1. 678. The Links of Forth. The name given to the windings of the Forth at Stirling.

- 1.685. heat, often misprinted 'heart.' Mr. Rolfe restored the true reading.
- 1. 699, startler is somewhat doubtful grammar, and astound, 1. 708, more so, though Mr. Rolfe quotes similar contractions from Shakespeare.
- 1. 763. To aid her parting steps. Lockhart quotes here a criticism of Jeffrey's:—'There is something foppish and out of character in Malcolm's rising to lead out Ellen from her own parlour; and the sort of wrestling match that takes place between the rival chieftains on the occasion is humiliating and indecorous.' Roderick Dhu apparently agreed with the first proposition, and Douglas with the second.
- 1. 786. I hold, &c. 'The author,' Scott wrote after the first edition was printed, 'has to apologise for the inadvertent appropriation of a whole line from the tragedy of *Douglas*: 'I hold the first who strikes my foe.'
- 1. 808. Rest safe till morning, &c. 'Hardihood was in every respect so essential to the character of a Highlander, that the reproach of effeminacy was the most bitter which could be thrown upon him. Yet it was sometimes hazarded on what we might presume to think slight grounds. It is reported of Old Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, when upwards of seventy, that he was surprised by night on a hunting or military expedition. He wrapped him in his plaid, and lay contentedly down upon the snow, with which the ground happened to be covered. Among his attendants, who were preparing to take their rest in the same manner, he observed that one of his grandsons, for his better accommodation, had rolled a large snow-ball, and placed it below his head. The wrath of the ancient chief was awakened by a symptom of what he conceived to be degenerate luxury.—" Out upon thee," said he, kicking the frozen bolster from the head which it supported; "art thou so effeminate as to need a pillow?" The officer of engineers, whose curious letters from the Highlands have been more than once quoted, tells a similar story of Macdonald of Keppoch, and subjoins the following remarks :- "This and many other stories are romantick; but there is one thing, that at first thought might seem very romantick, of which I have been credibly assured, that when the Highlanders are constrained to lie among the hills, in cold dry windy weather, they sometimes soak the plaid in some river or burn (i.e. brook), and then, holding up a corner of it a little above their heads, they turn themselves round and round, till they are enveloped by the whole

mantle. They then lay themselves down on the heath, upon the leeward side of some hill, where the wet and the warmth of their bodies make a steam like that of a boiling kettle. The wet, they say, keeps them warm by thickening the stuff, and keeping the wind from penetrating. I must confess I should have been apt to question this fact, had I not frequently seen them wet from morning to night, and, even at the beginning of the rain, not so much as stir a few yards to shelter, but continue in it without necessity, till they were, as we say, wet through and through. And that is soon effected by the looseness and spunginess of the plaiding; but the bonnet is frequently taken off and wrung like a dish-clout, and then put on again. They have been accustomed from their infancy to be often wet, and to take the water like spaniels, and this is become a second nature, and can scarcely be called a hardship to them, insomuch that I used to say, they seemed to be of the duck kind, and to love water as well. Though I never saw this preparation for sleep in windy weather, yet, setting out early in the morning from one of the huts, I have seen the marks of their lodging, where the ground has been free from rime or snow, which remained all round the spot where they had lain."-Letters from Scotland, Lond. 1754, 8vo, ii. р. 108.'-- Scott.

1. 800. his henchman. "'This officer is a sort of secretary, and is to be ready, upon all occasions, to venture his life in defence of his master; and at drinking-bouts he stands behind his seat, at his haunch, from whence his title is derived, and watches the conversation, to see if any one offends his patron. An English officer being in company with a certain chieftain, and several other Highland gentlemen, near Killichumen, had an argument with the great man; and both being well warmed with usky, at last the dispute grew very hot. A youth who was henchman, not understanding one word of English, imagined his chief was insulted, and thereupon drew his pistol from his side, and snapped it at the officer's head: but the pistol missed fire, otherwise it is more than probable he might have suffered death from the hand of that little vermin. But it is very disagreeable to an Englishman over a bottle, with the Highlanders, to see every one of them have his gilly, that is, his servant, standing behind him all the while, let what will be the subject of conversation."-Letters from Scotland, ii. 159.'-Scott.

CANTO III.

1. 1. the race of yore, &c. In the fragment of autobiography prefixed to his Life, Scott gives particulars of the old people who 'told his marvelling boyhood legends store,' which, he believed, 'had some share in forming his future tastes and pursuits.' His reminiscence of them here is appropriate when he is about to begin the most characteristic part of his pictures of Highland customs and superstitions.

1. 18. The Fiery Cross. 'When a chieftain designed to summon his clan, upon any sudden or important emergency, he slew a goat, and making a cross of any light wood, seared its extremities in the fire, and extinguished them in the blood of the animal. This was called the Fiery Cross, also Crean Tarigh, or the Cross of Shame, because disobedience to what the symbol implied, inferred infamy. It was delivered to a swift and trusty messenger, who ran full speed with it to the next hamlet, where he presented it to the principal person, with a single word, implying the place of rendezvous. He who received the symbol was bound to send it forward, with equal dispatch, to the next village; and thus it passed with incredible celerity through all the district which owed allegiance to the chief, and also among his allies and neighbours, if the danger was common to them. At sight of the Fiery Cross, every man, from sixteen years old to sixty, capable of bearing arms, was obliged instantly to repair, in his best arms and accourrements, to the place of rendezvous. He who failed to appear, suffered the extremities of fire and sword, which were emblematically denounced to the disobedient by the bloody and burnt marks upon this warlike signal. During the civil war of 1745-6, the Fiery Cross often made its circuit; and upon one occasion it passed through the whole district of Breadalbane, a tract of thirty-two miles, in three hours. The late Alexander Stewart, Esq. of Invernalyle, described to me his having sent round the Fiery Cross through the district of Appine, during the same The coast was threatened by a descent from two commotion. English frigates, and the flower of the young men were with the army of Prince Charles Edward, then in England; yet the summons was so effectual, that even old age and childhood obeyed it; and a force was collected in a few hours, so numerous and so enthusiastic, that all attempt at the intended diversion upon the country of the absent warriors was in prudence abandoned, as desperate.

'This practice, like some others, is common to the Highlanders with the ancient Scandinavians,'—SCOTT.

1. 19. The Summer dawn's reflected hue. Mr. Rolfe quotes as follows from Mr. Ruskin's *Modern Painters*, iii. 278: "And thus Nature becomes dear to Scott in a threefold way: dear to him, first, as containing those remains or memories of the past, which he cannot find in cities, and giving hope of Prætorian mound or knight's grave in every green slope and shade of its desolate places; dear, secondly, in its moorland liberty, which has for him just as high a charm as the fenced garden had for the mediæval; ... and dear to him, finally, in that perfect beauty, denied alike in cities and in men, for which every modern heart had begun at last to thirst, and Scott's, in its freshness and power, of all men's most earnestly,

"And in this love of beauty, observe that the love of color is a leading element, his healthy mind being incapable of losing, under any modern false teaching, its joy in brilliancy of hue.... In general, if he does not mean to say much about things, the one character which he will give is color, using it with the utmost perfect mastery

and faithfulness."

'After giving many illustrations of Scott's use of color in his poetry, Ruskin quotes the present passage, which he says is "still more interesting, because it has no form in it at all except in one word (chalice), but wholly composes its imagery either of color, or of that delicate half-believed life which we have seen to be so important an element in modern landscape."

"Two more considerations," he adds, "are, however, suggested by the above passage. The first, that the love of natural history, excited by the continual attention now given to all wild landscape, heightens reciprocally the interest of that landscape, and becomes an important element in Scott's description, leading him to finish, down to the minutest speckling of breast, and slightest shade of attributed emotion, the portraiture of birds and animals; in strange opposition to Homer's slightly named 'sea-crows, who have care of the works of the sea,' and Dante's singing-birds, of undefined species. Compare carefully the 2nd and 3rd stanzas of Rokeby.

"The second point I have to note is Scott's habit of drawing a slight *moral* from every scene, ... and that this slight moral is almost always melancholy. Here he has stopped short without en-

tirely expressing it:-

'The mountain-shadows . . .
. lie
Like future joys to Fancy's eye.'

His completed thought would be, that these future joys, like the mountain-shadows, were never to be attained. It occurs fully uttered in many other places. He seems to have been constantly rebuking his own worldly pride and vanity, but never purposefully:—

'The foam-globes on her eddies ride, Thick as the schemes of human pride That down life's current drive amain, As frail, as frothy, and as vain.'"

Ruskin adds, among other illustrations, the reference to "foxglove and nightshade" in i. 218, 219 above.'

1. 71. That monk of savage form and face. Scott justifies his picture of Brian the Hermit at great length. He probably felt that this wild and fantastic character might give offence to sober prosaic unromantic critics, and was correspondingly anxious to vindicate its probability as a feature in Highland life. He first establishes the general proposition that in the Middle Ages companies of outlawed men, and predatory tribes living beyond the pale of law, were generally furnished with irregular priests, confessors, or chaplains. He quotes the celebrated case of Friar Tuck, and gives at length a somewhat doubtful document communicated by Mr. Surtees, showing that the Tynedale robbers had chaplains of an equally rough description, who took upon themselves the offices of priesthood. Passing next to the native Irish, who were allied by race to his Highlanders, he quotes from Lithgow and Derrick, to prove that the Irish Kernes were often incited to predatory raids on the English Pale by the exhortations of their 'friars.' Finally, in justification of the ascetic and mystic character of Brian, he quotes from Martin a description of a Brahir-bocht, or poor brother, whom Martin had himself seen in the island of Benbecula, the original of the 'gifted wizard seer' of Collins's Ode.

l. 91. Of Brian's birth. Here again Scott expressly justifies himself before the critics. 'The legend which follows,' he says, 'is not of the author's invention. It is possible he may differ from modern critics, in supposing that the records of human superstition, if peculiar to, and characteristic of, the country in which the scene is laid, are a legitimate subject of poetry. He gives, however, a ready assent to the narrower proposition which condemns all attempts of an irregular and disordered fancy to excite terror, by accumulating a train of fantastic and incoherent horrors, whether borrowed from all countries, and patched upon a narrative belonging to one which knew them not, or derived from the author's own

imagination. In the present case, therefore, I appeal to the record which I have transcribed, with the variation of a very few words, from the geographical collections made by the Laird of Macfarlane.'—Scott. The story of alleged miraculous conception, which Scott quotes, is an exact parallel to that of Brian in the text.

l. 114. snood. See note on I. l. 363.

1. 138. the sable-lettered page, a curious example of 'poetic diction' for Black Letter, the technical name for the thick characters' of early printing.

1. 142. Cabala. See Murray under 'Cabbala.' Originally the tradition handed down by word of mouth from Moses to the Rabbis of the Mishnah and the Talmud, hence applied as here to any secret doctrine or art.

1. 149. The desert gave him visions wild. 'In adopting the legend concerning the birth of the Founder of the Church of Kilmalie, the author has endeavoured to trace the effects which such a belief was likely to produce, in a barbarous age, on the person to whom it related. It seems likely that he must have become a fanatic or an impostor, or that mixture of both which forms a more frequent character than either of them, as existing separately. In truth, mad persons are frequently more anxious to impress upon others a faith in their visions, than they are themselves confirmed in their reality: as, on the other hand, it is difficult for the most cool-headed impostor long to personate an enthusiast, without in some degree believing what he is so eager to have believed. It was a natural attribute of such a character as the supposed hermit, that he should credit the numerous superstitions with which the minds of ordinary Highlanders are almost always imbued. A few of these are slightly alluded to in this stanza. The River-demon, or the River-horse, for it is that form which he commonly assumes, is the Kelpy of the Lowlands, an evil and malicious spirit, delighting to forbode and to witness calamity. He frequents most Highland lakes and rivers; and one of his most memorable exploits was performed upon the banks of Loch Vennachar, in the very district which forms the scene of our action: it consisted in the destruction of a funeral procession with all its attendants. The "noontide hag," called in Gaelic Glaslich, a tall, emaciated, gigantic female figure, is supposed in particular to haunt the district of Knoidart. A goblin, dressed in antique armour, and having one hand covered with blood, called from that circumstance, Lhamdearg, or Red-hand, is a tenant of the forests of Glenmore and Rothiemurcus. Other spirits of the desert, all frightful in shape and malignant in disposition, are believed to frequent different mountains and glens of the Highlands, where any unusual appearance, produced by mist, or the strange lights that are sometimes thrown upon particular objects, never fails to present an apparition to the imagination of the solitary and melancholy mountaineer.'—SCOTT.

- l. 166. Ancient Alpine's lineage. See note on II. 213.
- 1. 168. The fatal Ben-Shie's boding scream. 'Most great families in the Highlands were supposed to have a tutelar, or rather a domestic spirit, attached to them, who took an interest in their prosperity, and intimated, by its wailings, any approaching disaster. That of Grant of Grant was called May Moullach, and appeared in the form of a girl, who had her arm covered with hair. Grant of Rothiemurcus had an attendant called Bodach-an-dun, or the Ghost of the Hill; and many other examples might be mentioned. The Ban-Schie implies a female Fairy, whose lamentations were often supposed to precede the death of a chieftain of particular families. When she is visible, it is in the form of an old woman, with a blue mantle and streaming hair. A superstition of the same kind is, I believe, universally received by the inferior ranks of the native Irish.

The death of the head of a Highland family is also sometimes supposed to be announced by a chain of lights of different colours, called *Dr'eug*, or death of the Druid. The direction which it takes, marks the place of the funeral.'—Scott. See the Essay on Fairy Superstitions in the *Border Minstrelsy*.

l. 169. Sounds, too, had come. 'A presage of the kind alluded to in the text is still believed to announce death to the ancient Highland family of M'Lean of Lochbuy. The spirit of an ancestor slain in battle is heard to gallop along a stony bank, and then to ride thrice around the family residence, ringing his fairy bridle, and thus intimating the approaching calamity. How easily the eye, as well as the ear, may be deceived upon such occasions, is evident from the stories of armies in the air, and other spectral phenomena with which history abounds. Such an apparition is said to have been witnessed upon the side of Southfell mountain, between Penrith and Keswick, upon the 23rd June, 1744, by two persons, William Lancaster, of Blakehills, and Daniel Stricket, his servant, whose attestation to the fact, with a full account of the apparition, dated the 21st July, 1745, is printed in Clarke's "Survey of the Lakes." The apparition consisted of several troops of horse moving in regular order, with a steady rapid motion, making a curved sweep around

the fell, and seeming to the spectators to disappear over the ridge of the mountain. Many persons witnessed this phenomenon, and observed the last, or last but one, of the supposed troop, occasionally leave his rank, and pass at a gallop to the front, when he resumed the same steady pace. This curious appearance, making the necessary allowance for imagination, may be perhaps sufficiently accounted for by optical deception.—Survey of the Lakes, p. 25.

'Supernatural intimations of approaching fate are not, I believe, confined to Highland families. Howell mentions having seen, at a lapidary's, in 1632, a monumental stone, prepared for four persons of the name of Oxenham, before the death of each of whom the inscription stated a white bird to have appeared and fluttered around the bed while the patient was in the last agony.—Familiar Letters, edit. 1726, 247. Glanville mentions one family, the members of which received this solemn sign by music, the sound of which floated from the family residence, and seemed to die in a neighbouring wood; another, that of Captain Wood, of Bampton, to whom the signal was given by knocking. But the most remarkable instance of the kind occurs in the MS. Memoirs of Lady Fanshaw, so exemplary for her eonjugal affection.'-Scott. This note is a fine example of Scott's attitude towards romantic superstitions, admitting them as a matter of common sense to be superstitions, but using them for poetic purposes because they had been matters of general belief.

1. 191. 'Inch-Cailliach, the Isle of Nuns, or of Old Women, is a most beautiful island at the lower extremity of Loch Lomond. The church belonging to the former nunnery was long used as the place of worship for the parish of Buchanan, but scarce any vestiges of it now remain. The burial-ground continues to be used, and contains the family places of sepulture of several neighbouring clans. The monuments of the lairds of Macgregor, and of other families claiming a descent from the old Scottish King Alpine, are most remarkable. The Highlanders are as zealous of their rights of sepulture as may be expected from a people whose whole laws and government, if clanship can be called so, turned upon the single principle of family descent. "May his ashes be scattered on the water," was one of the deepest and most solemn imprecations which they used against an enemy.'-Scott. See a detailed description of the funeral ceremonies of a Highland chieftain in the Fair Maid of Perth, chaps. x. and xi.

1. 198. his anathema. The ritual is very elaborately studied;

it is worth the reader's while to realise the full force of the symbolism. The choice of the crosslet from the yew of the clan's sacred burial ground, the kindling of its points in the fire, the quenching of the fire in blood—each of these acts has its significance plainly declared by the officiating priest.

1. 212. strook. This form for 'struck' has poetic precedent in Shakespeare and Milton. Mr. Rolfe quotes from the *Hymn on the Nativity*, 1. 95:—

'When such music sweet,

Their hearts and ears did greet As never was by mortal fingers strook.'

1. 253. Coir-Uriskin. See Scott's note on 1. 622.

1. 255. Beala-nam-bo, the pass of the cattle, a defile between the west side of Ben Venue and the Loch. See Scott's note on 1. 664.

1. 279. Bought by this sign. 'If all the editions did not read bought, we might suspect that Scott wrote brought,' says Mr. Rolfe, not showing in this his usual acumen. Scott wrote 'bought,' and the meaning is obvious. The sign is the cross.

 286. Lanrick mead. Lanrick is on the north side of Loch Vennachar, near the western end. Scott originally wrote 'Murlagan.'

1. 300. The dun deer's hide. 'The present brogue of the Highlanders is made of half-dried leather, with holes to admit and let out the water; for walking the moors dry-shod is a matter altogether out of the question. The ancient buskin was still ruder, being made of undressed deer's hide, with the hair outwards, a circumstance which procured the Highlanders the well known epithet of Red-. shanks. The process is very accurately described by one Elder (himself a Highlander) in the project for a union between England and Scotland, addressed to Henry VIII. "We go a-hunting, and after that we have slain red-deer, we flay off the skin by-and-by, and setting of our bare-foot on the inside thereof, for want of cunning shoemakers, by your grace's pardon, we play the cobblers, compassing and measuring so much thereof as shall reach up to our ankles, pricking the upper part thereof with holes, that the water may repass where it enters, and stretching it up with a strong throng of the same above our said ankles. So, and please your noble grace, we make our shoes. Therefore, we using such manner of shoes, the rough hairy side outwards, in your grace's dominions of England, we be called Roughfooted Scots." Pinkerton's History, vol. ii. p. 397.'-Scott. Dr. John Macculloch, who published

travels in the Highlands in 1824, says that he saw the true corrane or brogue of raw hide only in St. Kilda, and that the ordinary brogue is 'tanned by the natives themselves commonly with the aid of tormentil roots' (I. 190).

- 1. 309. Questing, 'searching about.' Cf. the Questing Beast of the 'Morte d' Arthur.' ix. 12.
- 1. 310. scaur, or scar, a rock, is given by Skeat as a Lowland Scotch word of Scandinavian origin, connected with Skerry, so called because 'shorn' off from the mainland. Scuir, sgor, a sharp-pointed rock, is a very common Gaelic prefix in names of hills of pointed shape.
- 1. 342. Alas! thou lovely lake. Mr. Rolfe quotes from Mr. Ruskin:—'Observe Scott's habit of looking at nature, neither as dead, nor merely material, nor as altered by his own feelings; but as having an animation and pathos of its own, wholly irrespective of human passion—an animation which Scott loves and sympathizes with, as he would with a fellow-creature, forgetting himself altogether, and subduing his own humanity before what seems to him the power of the landscape. . . . Instead of making Nature anywise subordinate to himself, he makes himself subordinate to her—follows her lead simply—does not venture to bring his own cares and thoughts into her pure and quiet presence—paints her in her simple and universal truth, adding no result of momentary passion or fancy, and appears therefore, at first shallower than other poets, being in reality wider and healthier.'
- 1. 349. Dunoraggan's huts are beyond the Brig of Turk on Malise's run from the Trosachs, but the bearer of the Fiery Cross takes no note of bridges.
- 1. 357. The funeral yell. The strength of the expression is explained by Scott's note on the Coronach, l. 369. He wrote originally: 'Tis woman's scream, 'tis childhood's wail,' but cancelled this for the reading of the text.
- 1. 362. torches' ray. Mr. Rolfe reads torch's: the MS. is simply 'torches.'
- l. 369. Coronach. 'The Coronach of the Highlanders, like the Ululatus of the Romans, and the Ululoo of the Irish, was a wild expression of lamentation, poured forth by the mourners over the body of a departed friend. When the words of it were articulate, they expressed the praises of the deceased, and the loss the clan would sustain by his death. The Coronach has for some years past been superseded at funerals by the use of the bagpipe; and that also

is, like many other Highland peculiarities, falling into disuse, unless in remote districts.'—Scott.

1. 386. correi, or corri. 'The hollow side of the hill, where game usually lies.'—Scott.

1. 387. Cumber, 'trouble, perplexity.'-ROLFE.

1. 304. Stumah, 'faithful, the name of a dog.'—Scott.

1. 452. Benledi saw the Cross of Fire, &c. 'Inspection of the provincial map of Perthshire, or any large map of Scotland, will trace the progress of the signal through the small district of lakes and mountains, which, in exercise of my poetical privilege, I have subjected to the authority of my imaginary chieftain, and which, at the period of my romance, was really occupied by a clan who claimed a descent from Alpine; a clan the most unfortunate, and most persecuted, but neither the least distinguished, least powerful, nor least brave, of the tribes of the Gael.

'The first stage of the Fiery Cross is to Duncraggan, a place near the Brigg of Turk, where a short stream divides Loch Achray from Loch Vennachar. From thence, it passes towards Callander, and then, turning to the left up the pass of Leny, is consigned to Norman at the chapel of Saint Bride, which stood on a small and romantic knoll in the middle of the valley, called Strath-Ire. Tombea and Arnandave, or Armandave, are names of places in the vicinity. The alarm is then supposed to pass along the lake of Lubnaig, and through the various glens in the district of Balquidder, including the neighbouring tracts of Glenfinlas and Strath-Gartney.'—Scott. The poet makes the slight error of putting Strathyre at the wrong end of Loch Lubnaig. See Map.

1. 483. The bridal now resumed their march. Rather a bold use of the word bridal, which properly signifies the wedding, as in 'Let us a' to the bridal;' lit. 'wedding ale,' or 'wedding banquet.'

1. 485. Coif-clad dame. See Scott's note on I. 363.

1. 570. speeds the midnight blaze. 'It may be necessary to inform the southern reader, that the heath on the Scottish moorlands is often set fire to, that the sheep may have the advantage of the young herbage produced, in room of the tough old heather plants. This custom (execrated by sportsmen) produces occasionally the most beautiful nocturnal appearances, similar almost to the discharge of a volcano. This simile is not new to poetry. The charge of a warrior, in the fine ballad of Hardyknute, is said to be "like fire to heather set."—Scott.

1. 577. martial coil, 'noise and bustle.' See SKEAT.

1. 600. No law but Roderick Dhu's command. 'The deep and implicit respect paid by the Highland clansmen to their chief, rendered this both a common and a solemn oath. In other respects they were like most savage nations, capricious in their ideas concerning the obligatory power of oaths. One solemn mode of swearing was by kissing the dirk, imprecating upon themselves death by that, or a similar weapon, if they broke their vow. But for oaths in the usual form, they are said to have had little respect. As for the reverence due to the chief, it may be guessed from the following odd example of a Highland point of honour:—

""The clan whereto the above-mentioned tribe belongs, is the only one I have heard of, which is without a chief; that is, being divided into families, under several chieftains, without any particular patriarch of the whole name. And this is a great reproach, as may appear from an affair that fell out at my table, in the Highlands, between one of that name and a Cameron. The provocation given by the latter was—'Name your chief.'—The return of it at once was,—'You are a fool.' They went out next morning, but having early notice of it, I sent a small party of soldiers after them, which, in all probability, prevented some barbarous mischief that might have ensued: for the chiefless Highlander, who is himself a petty chieftain, was going to the place appointed with a small sword and pistol, whereas the Cameron (an old man) took with him only his broadsword, according to the agreement.

"When all was over, and I had, at least seemingly, reconciled them, I was told the words, of which I seemed to think but slightly, were, to one of the clan, the greatest of all provocations."—Letters from Scotland, vol. ii. p. 221. —SCOTT.

Il. 607, 8, 9, 10. Bednoch, Cardross, Duchray, Loch Con. These are points in the territory of Roderick's southern neighbours, who might have seized the opportunity to take him in the rear when he threw his men down the valley of the Teith against the King. Cardross is not Cardross on the Clyde below Dumbarton, but Cardross on the Forth, the seat of the Erskine family, who were allied with the Grahams. All the places mentioned are in the Forth valley. Rednoch belonged to Sir John Monteith, the betrayer of Wallace. Cardross was the birth-place of George Buchanan. A Graham of Duchray was one of the first historians of the family.

l. 622. Coir-nan-Uriskin. 'This is a very steep and most romantic hollow in the mountain of Benvenue, overhanging the

south-eastern extremity of Loch Katrine. It is surrounded with stupendous rocks, and overshadowed with birch-trees, mingled with oaks, the spontaneous production of the mountain, even where its cliffs appear denuded of soil. A dale in so wild a situation, and amid a people whose genius bordered on the romantic, did not remain without appropriate deities. The name literally implies the Corri, or Den, of the Wild or Shaggy men. Perhaps this, as conjectured by Mr. Alexander Campbell 1, may have originally only implied its being the haunt of a ferocious banditti. But tradition has ascribed to the Urisk, who gives name to the cavern, a figure between a goat and a man; in short, however much the classical reader may be startled, precisely that of the Grecian Satyr. The Urisk seems not to have inherited, with the form, the petulance of the sylvan deity of the classics; his occupation, on the contrary, resembled those of Milton's Lubber Fiend, or of the Scottish Brownie, though he differed from both in name and appearance. "The Urisks," says Dr. Graham, "were a set of lubberly supernaturals, who, like the Brownies, could be gained over by kind attention, to perform the drudgery of the farm, and it was believed that many of the families in the Highlands had one of the order attached to it. They were supposed to be dispersed over the Highlands, each in his own wild recess, but the solemn stated meetings of the order were regularly held in this Cave of Benvenue. This current superstition, no doubt, alludes to some circumstance in the ancient history of this country."'-Scenery on the Southern Confines of Perthshire, p. 19, 1806.—It must be owned that the Coir, or Den, does not, in its present state, meet our ideas of a subterraneous grotto, or cave, being only a small and narrow cavity, among huge fragments of rocks rudely piled together. But such a scene is liable to convulsions of nature, which a Lowlander cannot estimate, and which may have choked up what was originally a cavern. At least the name and tradition warrant the author of a fictitious tale to assert its having been such at the remote period in which this scene is laid.'—Scott. Tourists are often disappointed with the real Goblin Cave. Dr. Macculloch (Highlands and Western Isles, 1824, vol. i. 165) gives an instance. 'I had accompanied on one occasion a cockney friend whom I met here, and who, after scrambling among the rocks and bogs for an hour, expressed vast indignation when he had reached the Coir nan Uriskin. "Lord

¹ Journey from Edinburgh, 1802, p. 109.

sir," said the guide, "there is no cave here but what Mr. Scott made himself." "What the d——l, no cave?" "Na, sir, but we go where the gentry chooses, and they always ask for the Goblin Cave first."

1. 644. Beal-nam-bo. 'Bealach-nam-bo, or the pass of cattle, is a most magnificent glade, overhung with aged birch-trees, a little higher up the mountain than the Coir-nan-Uriskin, treated of in a former note. The whole composes the most sublime piece of scenery that imagination can conceive.'—Scott.

1. 656. Satyrs. 'The Urisk, or Highland satyr. See a previous note.'—Scott.

1.674. Alone attended on his lord. 'A Highland chief, being as absolute in his patriarchal authority as any prince, had a corresponding number of officers attached to his person. He had his bodyguards, called Luichttach, picked from his clan for strength, activity, and entire devotion to his person. These, according to their deserts, were sure to share abundantly in the rude profusion of his hospitality. It is recorded, for example, by tradition, that Allan MacLean, chief of that clan, happened upon a time to hear one of these favourite retainers observe to his comrade, that their chief grew old-" Whence do you infer that?" replied the other .-- "When was it," rejoined the first, "that a soldier of Allan's was obliged, as I am now, not only to eat the flesh from the bone, but even to tear off the inner skin, or filament?" The hint was quite sufficient, and MacLean next morning, to relieve his followers from such dire necessity, undertook an inroad on the mainland, the ravages of which altogether effaced the memory of his former expeditions for the like purpose.

'Our officer of Engineers, so often quoted, has given us a distinct list of the domestic officers who, independent of Luichttach, or gardes de corps, belonged to the establishment of a Highland Chief. These are, I. The Henchman. See these Notes, p. 199. 2. The Bard. See p. 185. 3. Bladier, or spokesman. 4. Gillie-more, or sword-bearer, alluded to in the text. 5. Gillie-casflue, who carried the chief, if on foot, over the fords. 6. Gillie-comstraine, who leads the chief's horse. 7. Gillie-Trushanarinsh, the baggage man. 8. The Piper. 9. The piper's gillie or attendant, who carries the bagpipe¹. Although this appeared, naturally enough, very ridiculous to an English officer, who considered the master of such a retinue as no more than an English gentleman of £500 a-year, yet in the cir-

¹ Letters from Scotland, vol. ii. p. 158.

cumstances of the chief, whose strength and importance consisted in the number and attachment of his followers, it was of the last consequence, in point of policy, to have in his gift subordinate offices, which called immediately round his person those who were most devoted to him, and, being of value in their estimation, were also the means of rewarding them.'—Scott.

CANTO IV.

Stanza I. The Spenserian stanzas in all the other Cantos are reserved for the poet's reflections. Though the reflection here is put into the mouth of young Norman, torn from his bride by war at the church door, it applies also to the Knight of Snowdoun's gallant adventure after Ellen, which is the main theme of the Canto.

l. 5. wilding rose. Mr. Earle (Philology of the English Tongue) quotes this passage along with Tennyson's 'And like a crag was gay with wilding flowers,' as an example of an adj. in -ing. It is doubtful, however, whether the two cases are parallel. A 'wilding' is properly a wild plant: wilding flowers are the flowers of wild plants. 'Wilding' as a simple equivalent of wild is a pretty but too cheap metrical makeshift.

1. 19. returned from Braes of Doune. The Braes of Doune lie farther down the Teith valley than the district circled by the Fiery Cross. Malise, after performing his stage of the gathering symbol, had been sent scouting down the valley into the very centre of the enemy when Roderick believed that an invading force was being assembled. See l. 22, and l. 35.

l. 36. ready boune. As 'boune' means ready, 'ready boune' is pleonastic, but the pleonasm is customary. See MURRAY.

Il. 42, 3. bide such bitter bout, &c. The henchman's language is appropriately archaic, forcible and picturesque.

1. 47. To the lone isle, &c. See Scott's note on vi. 369.

1.63. The Taghairm. 'The Highlanders, like all rude people, had various superstitious modes of inquiring into futurity. One of the most noted was the *Taghairm*, mentioned in the text. A person was wrapped up in the skin of a newly-slain bullock, and deposited beside a waterfall, or at the bottom of a precipice, or in some other strange, wild, and unusual situation, where the scenery around him suggested nothing but objects of horror. In this situation, he revolved in his mind the question proposed; and whatever was im-

pressed upon him by his exalted imagination, passed for the inspiration of the disembodied spirits, who haunt the desolate recesses. In some of these Hebrides, they attributed the same oracular power to a large black stone by the sea-shore, which they approached with certain solemnities, and considered the first fancy which came into their own minds, after they did so, to be the undoubted dictate of the tutelar deity of the stone, and, as such, to be, if possible, punctually complied with.'—SCOTT. Scott quotes from Martin's Description elaborate accounts of three different modes of Highland augury, one of which is similar to that described in the text.

- 1. 67. The choicest of the prey, &c. 'I know not if it be worth observing, that this passage is taken almost literally from the mouth of an old Highland Kern or Ketteran, as they are called. He used to narrate the merry doings of the good old time when he was follower of Rob Roy MacGregor. This leader, on one occasion, thought proper to make a descent upon the lower part of the Loch Lomond district, and summoned all the heritors and farmers to meet at the Kirk of Drymen, to pay him black-mail, i.e. tribute for forbearance and protection. As this invitation was supported by a band of thirty or forty stout fellows, only one gentleman, an ancestor, if I mistake not, of the present Mr. Graham of Gartmore, ventured to decline compliance. Rob Roy instantly swept his land of all he could drive away, and among the spoil was a bull of the old Scottish wild breed, whose ferocity occasioned great plague to the Ketterans. "But ere we had reached the Row of Dennan," said the old man, "a child might have scratched his ears." '-Scott.
- 1. 73. kernes. Skeat explains 'kerne' as 'an Irish soldier,' quoting from Spenser's View of Ireland, and deriving from Irish cearn, a man. Scott treats the word as identical with cateran, the Lowland Scotch name for a Highland robber, from which he derives Loch Katrine. The mention of Bealmaha and Dennan's Row (Rowardennan), familiar to tourists as piers on the steamer track on the east side of Loch Lomond, shows that the bull was taken in a Lennox foray. Gallangad is near Kilmaronock, on the Catter Burn, a tributary of the Endrick, to the south of Buchanan Castle. In giving the history of the sacrificial bull the poet follows Homeric precedent, and it was a habit of his own, common to him probably with ancient bards, to celebrate localities familiar to his friends.

1. 84. The Hero's Targe. 'There is a rock so named in the Forest of Glenfinlas, by which a tumultuary cataract takes its course. This wild place is said in former times to have afforded refuge to an

outlaw, who was supplied with provisions by a woman, who lowered them down from the brink of the precipice above. His water he procured for himself by letting down a flagon tied to a string into the black pool beneath the fall.'—SCOTT.

1. 98. Broke—'Quartered.—Everything belonging to the chase was matter of solemnity among our ancestors; but nothing was more so than the mode of cutting up, or, as it was technically called, breaking, the slaughtered stag. The forester had his allotted portion; the hounds had a certain allowance; and, to make the division as general as possible, the very birds had their share also. "There is a little gristle," says Turberville, "which is upon the spoone of the brisket, which we call the raven's bone; and I have seen in some places a raven so wont and accustomed to it, that she would never fail to croak and cry for it all the time you were in breaking up of the deer, and would not depart till she had it." In the very ancient metrical romance of Sir Tristrem, that peerless knight, who is said to have been the very deviser of all rules of chase, did not omit the ceremony:—

"The rauen he yaue his yiftes Sat on the fourched tre."

Sir Tristrem.

'The raven might also challenge his rights by the Book of St. Alban's, for thus says Dame Juliana Berners:—

" ------ Slitteth anon

The belly to the side, from the corbyn bone; That is corbyn's fee, at the death he will be."

'Johnson, in "The Sad Shepherd," gives a more poetical account of the same ceremony:—

"Marian.—He that undoes him,

Doth cleave the brisket bone, upon the spoon

Of which a little gristle grows—you call it—

Robin Hood.—The raven's bone.

Marian.—Now o'er head sat a raven
On a sere bough, a grown, great bird, and hoarse,
Who, all the while the deer was breaking up,
So croak'd and cried for't, as all the huntsmen,
Especially old Scathlock, thought it ominous." '—Scott.

- 1. 128. fateful. The reading of Lockhart's edition, though 'fatal' has crept into a later text.
 - 1. 131. Which spills the foremost foeman's life. The first

form of this line, which stands uncancelled in the MS., was 'which foremost spills a foeman's life.' The second form has the advantage of ambiguity. It may be noted that it is the original form that Fitz-James interprets at V. 334, and that Roderick Dhu takes no advantage of the ambiguity of the later form, but simply defies fate. 'Though this be in the text described as a response of the Taghairm, or Oracle of the Hide, it was of itself an augury frequently attended to. The fate of the battle was often anticipated in the imagination of the combatants, by observing which party first shed blood. It is said that the Highlanders under Montrose were so deeply imbued with this notion that, on the morning of the battle of Tippermoor, they murdered a defenceless herdsman, whom they found in the fields, merely to secure an advantage of so much consequence to their party.'—Scott.

l. 155. worthy foes. The Earl of Moray was a natural son of James IV. The bearer of the 'sable pale' (a straight band or stripe from the top to the bottom of a shield) was Lord Erskine, one of the King's guardians. It is an anachronism to call him 'Mar'; this title was given to his son in the following reign.

l. 212. fixed and high. 'On high' is one of the misprints detected by Mr. Rolfe.

l. 231. Cambus Kenneth's fane. An abbey on the other side of the Forth from Stirling. The exile had instructed Ellen to make her way there for protection if he was not back by evening.

l. 243. his gallant name. Various clans have characteristic epithets in popular repute, sometimes alliterative, sometimes not, as 'the gallant Grahams,' 'the haughty Hamiltons,' 'the trusty Boyds,' 'the lucky Duffs.'

1. 260. ALICE BRAND. Scott notes that 'this little fairy tale is founded upon a very curious Danish ballad, which occurs in the Kaumpe Viser, a collection of heroic songs, first published in 1591 and reprinted in 1695, inscribed by Anders Sofrensen, the collector and editor, to Sophia, Queen of Denmark.' He gives a metrical translation of the original by Mr. Robert Jamieson.

l. 263. mavis and merle, Northern English and Lowland Scotch names for thrush and blackbird. Mavis, Fr. mauvis, is also used by Chaucer.

1. 264. wood and wold. An alliterative couplet for wood and open country. Yet wold is the same word with *weald*, a forest. See Skeat under *wold*.

1. 265. wont. See note on I. 408. If 'wont' here means 'are

accustomed,' it is inaccurate; later on, at l. 278, it is correctly used for 'was accustomed.'

1. 274. glaive, a sword. Derived ultimately, like *claymore*, from Lat. gladius. See SKEAT.

l. 277. vest of pall. 'Pall' is from pallium, a cloak or mantle, but in Anglo-Saxon the word passed to the meaning of the material, purple cloth. It is used here in the sense of rich stuff generally.

1. 285. vair. 'A fur ranking with ermine and sable, amongst the most highly-prized of the many used for the lining or trimming of mantles, gowns, and other articles of apparel in the middle ages.' PLANCHÉ. Whether it was the skin of a species of squirrel, or a weasel, or a mixture of ermine and weasel, is uncertain; the word is varius, variegated.

1. 287. russet grey is a doubtful combination. Scott must have taken 'russet' in the secondary sense of rustic or homely.

1. 297. the moody Elfin King. 'In a long dissertation upon the Fairy Superstitions, published in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, the most valuable part of which was supplied by my learned and indefatigable friend, Dr. John Leyden, most of the circumstances are collected which can throw light upon the popular belief which even yet prevails respecting them in Scotland. Dr. Graham, author of an entertaining work upon the Scenery of the Perthshire Highlands, already frequently quoted, has recorded, with great accuracy, the peculiar tenets held by the Highlanders on this topic, in the vicinity of Loch Katrine. The learned author is inclined to deduce the whole mythology from the Druidical system,—an opinion to which there are many objections.

"The Daoine Shi, or Men of Peace of the Highlanders, though not absolutely malevolent, are believed to be a peevish, repining race of beings, who, possessing themselves but a scanty portion of happiness, are supposed to envy mankind their more complete and substantial enjoyments. They are supposed to enjoy in their subterraneous recesses a sort of shadowy happiness,—a tinsel grandeur; which, however, they would willingly exchange for the more solid joys of mortality.

"They are believed to inhabit certain round grassy eminences, where they celebrate their nocturnal festivities by the light of the moon. About a mile beyond the source of the Forth above Lochcon, there is a place called *Coirshi'an*, or the cove of the Men of Peace, which is still supposed to be a favourite place of their residence. In the neighbourhood are to be seen many round conical eminences; particularly one, near the head of the lake, by the skirts of which many are still afraid to pass after sunset. It is believed that if, on Hallow-eve, any person alone goes round one of these hills nine times, towards the left hand (sinistrorsum) a door shall open, by which he will be admitted into their subterraneous abodes. Many, it is said, of mortal race, have been entertained in their secret recesses. There they have been received into the most splendid apartments, and regaled with the most sumptuous banquets and delicious wines. Their females surpass the daughters of men in beauty. The seemingly happy inhabitants pass their time in festivity, and in dancing to notes of the softest music. But unhappy is the mortal who joins in their joys, or ventures to partake of their dainties. By this indulgence he forfeits for ever the society of men, and is bound down irrevocably to the condition of Shi'ich, or Man of Peace.

"A woman, as is reported in the Highland tradition, was conveyed, in days of yore, into the secret recesses of the Men of Peace. There she was recognised by one who had formerly been an ordinary mortal, but who had, by some fatality, become associated with the Shi'ichs. This acquaintance, still retaining some portion of human benevolence, warned her of her danger, and counselled her, as she valued her liberty, to abstain from eating and drinking with them for a certain space of time. She complied with the counsel of her friend, and when the period assigned was elapsed, she found herself again upon earth, restored to the society of mortals. It is added, that when she examined the viands which had been presented to her, and which had appeared so tempting to the eye, they were found, now that the enchantment was removed, to consist only of the refuse of the earth." p. 107-111.'—Scott.

1. 298. woned, 'dwelt.' See note on I. 408.

1. 301. Why sounds yon stroke, &c. 'It has been already observed that fairies, if not positively malevolent, are capricious, and easily offended. They are, like other proprietors of forests, peculiarly jealous of their rights of vert and venison, as appears from the cause of offence taken, in the original Danish ballad. This jealousy was also an attribute of the northern Duergar, or dwarfs, to many of whose distinctions the fairies seem to have succeeded, if, indeed, they are not the same class of beings. In the huge metrical record of German Chivalry, entitled the Helden-Buch, Sir Hildebrand, and the other heroes of whom it treats, are engaged in one of their most desperate adventures, from a rash violation of the rose-garden of an Elfin, or Dwarf King,'—Scott.

1. 306. The Fairies' fatal green. 'As the Daoine Shi', or Men of Peace, wore green habits, they were supposed to take offence when any mortals ventured to assume their favourite colour. Indeed, from some reason which has been, perhaps, originally a general superstition, green is held in Scotland to be unlucky to particular tribes and counties. The Caithness men, who hold this belief, allege as a reason that their bands wore that colour when they were cut off at the battle of Flodden; and for the same reason they avoid crossing the Ord on a Monday, being the day of the week on which their ill-omened array set forth. Green is also disliked by those of the name of Ogilvy; but more especially is it held fatal to the whole clan of Grahame. It is remembered of an aged gentleman of that name that when his horse fell in a fox-chase, he accounted for it at once by observing that the whipcord attached to his lash was of this unlucky colour.'—Scott.

l. 307. For thou wert christen'd man. 'The elves were supposed greatly to envy the privileges acquired by Christian initiation, and they gave to those mortals who had fallen into their power a certain precedence, founded upon this advantageous distinction. Tamlane, in the old ballad, describes his own rank in the fairy procession:—

"For I ride on a milk-white steed,
And aye nearest the town;
Because I was a christen'd knight,
They gave me that renoun." —SCOTT.

l. 345. All is glistening show. In a note on this line Scott dwells at some length on the comparative study of fairy lore, a subject at which many inquirers have worked since his time. 'A work,' he says, ' of great interest might be compiled upon the origin of popular fiction, and the transmission of similar tales from age to age, and from country to country. The mythology of one period would then appear to pass into the romance of the next century, and that into the nursery tale of the subsequent ages. Such an investigation, while it went greatly to diminish our ideas of the richness of human invention, would also show that these fictions, however wild and childish, possess such charms for the populace, as enable them to penetrate into countries unconnected by manners and language, and having no apparent intercourse to afford the means of transmission. It would carry me far beyond my bounds to produce instances of this community of fable among nations who never borrowed from each other anything intrinsically worth learning.

Indeed, the wide diffusion of popular fictions may be compared to the facility with which straws and feathers are dispersed abroad by the wind, while valuable metals cannot be transported without trouble and labour.' See Mr. W. A. Clouston's 'Popular Tales and Fictions, their Migrations and Transformations.'

- l. 355. snatched away, &c. 'The subjects of Fairy-land were recruited from the regions of humanity by a sort of *crimping* system, which extended to adults as well as to infants. Many of those who were in this world supposed to have discharged the debt of nature, had only become denizens of the "Londe of Faery." '—SCOTT.
- 1. 387. bourne, is not here bourn, 'a boundary,' Fr. borne, but bourn or burn, 'a stream,' A.-S. burna.
- 1. 437. train. For this use of the word in the sense of allurement or crafty device, Scott has good Elizabethan authority.
- 1. 506. In tattered weeds. 'Weed' is probably here used simply in its archaic sense of garment, as in V. 465, but possibly a suggestion may be intended of 'widow's weeds,' the only connexion in which the word is now used. The poet's first thought, cancelled in the MS., was 'Wrapped in a tattered mantle grey.'
- 1. 527. They bid me sleep. The motive of the song is similar to Haydn's familiar, 'My mother bids me bind my hair.'
- 1. 531. Allan Water and Devan or Devon are two streams which rise in Perthshire, and fall into the Forth. Both are celebrated in song, and the Devon with its Crook and Rumbling Brig and Caldron Linn was one of the most famous resorts of tourists before Scott sent the tide of fashion to the Trosachs.
- l. 559. pitched a bar. Distance is not the object in the modern game of pitching the bar or 'tossing the caber.' The test is to take a long and heavy beam by one end and turn it with a toss fair over the other end. In his account of the burgher sports in Canto V. St. 23, Scott seems again to mix up two trials of strength, speaking of hurling the massive bar in air, and making the Douglas surpass this feat by throwing a huge stone. However big the stone, it would not have been a fair competition.
- 1. 562. See the grey pennons. A variant on 'grey' in the MS. is 'fleet,' and fleet seems preferable, if we remember that the feathers that Blanche waved were dusky eagles' feathers. The use of 'pennons' for wings is peculiar. 'Pinions' is more common in that meaning, but both words are from the same root. See SKEAT.
- 1. 590. The toils are pitched, &c. In representing this mode of hunting by set toils or nets, into which the deer were driven, as

being known to Blanche of Devan, Scott is more historically realistic than in the stag hunt on horseback in Canto I.

- 1. 594. a stag of ten, that is, 'having ten branches on his antlers' (Scott). A not uncommon mistake is to suppose that the stag of ten has ten points or tines on each horn. There are ten altogether on both horns, five on each.
- 1, 600. Blanche's song conviction brought. Lockhart quotes from Jeffrey a hasty and ill-considered condemnation of this incident. 'No machinery,' Jeffrey said, 'can be conceived more clumsy for effecting the deliverance of a distressed hero, than the introduction of a mad woman, who, without knowing or caring about the wanderer, warns him by a song, to take care of the ambush that was set for him. The maniacs of poetry have indeed had a prescriptive right to be musical, since the days of Ophelia downwards; but it is rather a rash extension of this privilege to make them sing good sense, and to make sensible people be guided by them.' This is not a good specimen of Jeffrey's criticism, which was often penetrating. There is no improbability in the crazed captive's retaining sense enough to see through Red Murdoch's treachery. That Fitz-James was a Lowlander was motive enough for her to warn him. It was, indeed, a singularly happy idea to make this victim of one of Roderick's raids the instrument of foiling his plot and bringing him to retribution. That Jeffrey should have missed this is like his missing the significance of the action of the Goblin Page in the Lay; in both cases probably he read too carelessly to understand Scott's composition in its breadth of purpose.
- 1. 617. thrilled, 'pierced.' Often used by Spenser of an arrow or a spear. Cf. Sackville's Induction:—
 - 'Wherewith a dart we saw how it did light Right on her breast, and therewithal pale Death Enthrilling it to reave her of her breath.'
- 1. 642. Daggled wet and matted or clotted, as hair or feathers are by thick moisture. Deloraine's plumes were 'daggled by the dashing spray' when he forded the torrent of the Aill in the Lay.
- 1. 747. Who ever recked, &c. 'St. John actually used this illustration when engaged in confuting the plea of law proposed for the unfortunate Earl of Strafford: "It was true, we gave law to hares and deer, because they are beasts of chase; but it was never accounted either cruelty or foul play to knock foxes or wolves on the head as they can be found, because they are beasts of prey. In a word, the law and humanity were alike; the one being more

fallacious, and the other more barbarous, than in any age had been vented in such an auditory."—Clarendon's History of the Rebellion. Oxford, 1702, fol. vol. 1. p. 183,'—SCOTT.

1. 762. The hardened flesh of mountain deer. 'The Scottish Highlanders, in former times, had a concise mode of cooking their venison, or rather of dispensing with cooking it, which appears greatly to have surprized the French whom chance made acquainted with it. The Vidame of Chartres, when a hostage in England, during the reign of Edward VI, was permitted to travel into Scotland, and penetrated as far as to the remote Highlands (au fin fond des Sauvages). After a great hunting party, at which a most wonderful quantity of game was destroyed, he saw these Scottish Savages devour a part of their venison raw, without any farther preparation than compressing it between two batons of wood, so as to force out the blood, and render it extremely hard. This they reckoned a great delicacy: and when the Vidame partook of it, his compliance with their taste rendered him extremely popular. This curious trait of manners was communicated by Mons. de Montmorency, a great friend of the Vidame, to Brantôme, by whom it is recorded in Vies des Hommes Illustres, Discours lxxxix. art. 14. . . . After all it may be doubted whether la chaire nostree, for so the French called the venison thus summarily prepared, was anything more than a mere rude kind of deer-ham.'-Scott.

1. 787. Coilantogle's ford. Just below where the Teith issues from Loch Vennachar.

CANTO V.

It should be remembered that the action of the Poem extends over six days, and that the transactions of each day occupy a Canto. Thus each Canto opens with a sunrise, and comparing them gives one a keen sense of Scott's freedom and power as a descriptive poet. It is a very pretty harmony at the opening of this Canto to unite the sunrise with the brighter and nobler elements of his story, the martial faith and courtesy, the higher humanity, of the two combatants, and thus fix the reader's eyes on this as the centre of his picture. It is a revelation of the poet's innermost heart, and of the depth and geniality of feeling that is one of the secrets of his power over the hearts of others. As a pure matter of art, too, it is worth while to compare this prologue with the short quatrains which Spenser prefixed to the cantos of his Faery Queen. These quaint

half-doggrel quatrains, probably made rude on purpose to set off the elaborate music of his main stanzas, Spenser intended as signposts to keep the reader from losing his way. But they were an afterthought, and are too bald and detached. Scott's prologue here answers a similar purpose perfectly: it points a moral impressively yet with true poetic art, and adds to rather than disturbs the unity of the narrative.

l. 14. dappled sky. This happy epithet for a morning sky is adopted from Shakspeare and Milton.

1. 18. Gael. 'The Scottish Highlander calls himself Gael or Gaul and terms the Lowlanders Sassenach or Saxons.'—Scott.

1. 23. Commanding the rich scenes beneath. If the poem were to be judged by strict probability, this prospect would have to be held not true to Nature. The windings of the Forth cannot be seen from the heights to the North of Loch Achray. But from the time that Fitz-James plunges into the Trosachs, crossing the stream 'that joins Loch Katrine to Achray' (IV. 487) till he emerges on Loch Vennachar, he is in pure Romance land. The mixture of strict local truth with romance is puzzling unless the poet's right to keep to nature only when it suits him is fully recognised.

1. 44. The rugged mountain's scanty cloak. 'Note,' it has been remarked by a critic, 'how the details of this description are used in Stanza IX.—shingles, bracken, broom.' But it is a curious fact that broom is not mentioned in the present stanza, and that broom is a comparatively rare plant in the neighbourhood. It looks as if Scott had written this first description with the actual scene before his eyes, and introduced the tufts of broom when he wrote

the narrative subsequently.

l. 124. Albany with feeble hand. There is scarcely a more disorderly period in Scottish history than that which succeeded the battle of Flodden, and occupied the minority of James V. Feuds of ancient standing broke out like old wounds, and every quarrel among the independent nobility, which occurred daily, and almost hourly, gave rise to fresh bloodshed. 'There arose,' says Pitscottie, 'great trouble and deadly feuds in many parts of Scotland, both in the north and west parts. The Master of Forbes, in the north slew the Laird of Meldrum, under tryst:' (i. e. at an agreed and secure meeting.) Likewise, the Laird of Drummelzier slew the Lord Fleming at the hawking; and likewise there was slaughter among many other great lords.—P. 121. Nor was the matter much mended under the government of the Earl of Angus: for though he caused

the King to ride through all Scotland, 'under the pretence and colour of justice, to punish thief and traitor, none were found greater than were in their own company. And none at that time durst strive with a Douglas, nor yet a Douglas's man; for if they would, they got the worst. Therefore, none durst plainzie of no extortion, theft, reiff, nor slaughter done to them by the Douglasses, or their men; in that cause they were not heard, so long as the Douglas had the court in guiding"-Ibid. p. 133.'-Scott. This disorder was largely due to the weakness of Albany, a nephew of James III, who had been brought up in France, and was called in after Flodden to act as Regent, being next heir to the throne if James IV had died childless. Scott elsewhere gives the following character of him:-'The regent Albany, bred in the court of Francis I, and a personal favourite of that monarch, was more of a courtier than of a soldier or a statesman; and the winning qualities of vivacity and grace of manners which had gained him favour and applause while in France, were lost upon the rude nobility of Scotland.' He was nominally Regent from 1515 to 1523.

l. 153. The target and claymore. See Scott's note on l. 316. Tacitus (Agricola, c. 36) speaks of the Britanni as armed 'ingentibus gladiis et brevibus cetris:' perhaps there is a reference to this in 'To you as to *your sires of yore*,' but the race of Alpine were not Britanni.

1. 165. Shall with strong hand, &c. 'The ancient Highlanders verified in their practice the lines of Gray:—

'An iron race the mountain cliffs maintain
Foes to the gentler genius of the plain;
For where unwearied sinews must be found,
With side-long plough to quell the flinty ground;
To turn the torrent's swift descending flood;
To tame the savage rushing from the wood;
What wonder if, to patient valour train'd,
They guard with spirit what by strength they gain'd;
And while their rocky ramparts round they see
The rough abode of want and liberty,
(As lawless force from confidence will grow),
Insult the plenty of the vales below?'

Fragment on the Alliance of Education and Government.

'So far, indeed, was a Creagh, or foray, from being held disgraceful, that a young chief was always expected to show his talents for command so soon as he assumed it, by leading his clan on a

successful enterprise of this nature, either against a neighbouring sept, for which constant feuds usually furnished an apology, or against the Sassenach, Saxons, or Lowlanders, for which no apology was necessary. The Gael, great traditional historians, never forgot that the Lowlands, had, at some remote period, been the property of their Celtic forefathers, which furnished an ample vindication of all the ravages that they could make on the unfortunate districts which lay within their reach. Sir James Grant of Grant is in possession of a letter of apology from Cameron of Lochiel, whose men had committed some depredation upon a farm called Moines, occupied by one of the Grants. Lochiel assures Grant, that, however the mistake had happened, his instructions were precise, that the party should foray the province of Moray (a Lowland district), where as he coolly observes, "all men take their prey." —Scott.

l. 235. this rock shall fly, &c. 'David de Strathbogie Earl of Athole, when about to engage Sir Andrew Moray at the battle of Kilblene, in 1335, in which he was slain, made an apostrophe of the same kind:—

"— At a little path was there
All samen they assembled were
Even in the path was Earl Davy
And to a great stone that lay by
He said, By God his face, we twa
The flight on us shall samen' ta." —Scott.

1. 253. jack. Jacks were of various descriptions (see note on Lay, III. 61), but since they here reflected the sun, they must have been plated jacks, 'jackets or short coats plated or institched with small pieces of iron.'

1. 270. I only meant, &c. 'This incident, like some other passages in the poem, illustrative of the character of the ancient Gael, is not imaginary, but borrowed from fact. The Highlanders, with the inconsistency of most nations in the same state, were alternately capable of great exertions of generosity, and of cruel revenge and perfidy. The following story I can only quote from tradition, but with such an assurance from those by whom it was communicated, as permits me little doubt of its authenticity. Early in the last century, John Gunn, a noted Cateran, or Highland robber, infested Inverness-shire, and levied black mail, up to the walls of the provincial capital. A garrison was then maintained in the

¹ i. e. we two shall take flight at the same time.

castle of that town, and their pay (country banks being unknown) was usually transmitted in specie, under the guard of a small escort. It chanced that the officer who commanded this little party was unexpectedly obliged to halt, about thirty miles from Inverness, at a miserable inn. About night-fall, a stranger, in the Highland dress, and of very prepossessing appearance, entered the same house. Separate accommodation being impossible, the Englishman offered the newly-arrived guest a part of his supper, which was accepted with reluctance. By the conversation he found his new acquaintance knew well all the passes of the country, which induced him eagerly to request his company on the ensuing morning. He neither disguised his business and charge, nor his apprehensions of that celebrated freebooter, John Gunn.—The Highlander hesitated a moment, and then frankly consented to be his guide. Forth they set in the morning; and, in travelling through a solitary and dreary glen, the discourse again turned on John Gunn. "Would you like to see him?" said the guide; and, without waiting an answer to this alarming question, he whistled, and the English officer, with his small party, were surrounded by a body of Highlanders, whose numbers put resistance out of question, and who were all well armed. "Stranger," resumed the guide, "I am that very John Gunn by whom you feared to be intercepted, and not without cause: for I came to the inn last night with the express purpose of learning your route, that I and my followers might ease you of your charge by the road. But I am incapable of betraying the trust you reposed in me, and having convinced you that you were in my power, I can only dismiss you unplundered and uninjured." He then gave the officer directions for his journey, and disappeared with his party as suddenly as they had presented themselves.'—Scott.

1. 302. Rome . . . her eagle wings unfurled. 'The torrent which discharges itself from Loch Vennachar, the lowest and eastmost of the three lakes which form the scenery adjoining to the Trosachs, sweeps through a flat and extensive moor, called Bochastle. Upon a small eminence, called the *Dun* of Bochastle, and indeed on the plain itself, are some intrenchments, which have been thought Roman. There is adjacent to Callander, a sweet villa, the residence of Captain Fairfoul, entitled the Roman Camp. —Scott.

1.315. all vantageless, &c. 'The duellists of former times did not always stand upon those punctilios respecting equality of arms, which are now judged essential to fair combat. It is true, that in former combats in the lists, the parties were, by the judges of the

field, put as nearly as possible in the same circumstances. But in private duel it was often otherwise. In that desperate combat which was fought between Ouelus, a minion of Henry III. of France, and Antraguet, with two seconds on each side, from which only two persons escaped alive. Ouelus complained that his antagonist had over him the advantage of a poniard which he used in parrying, while his left hand, which he was forced to employ for the same purpose was cruelly mangled. When he charged Antraguet with this odds, "Thou hast done wrong," answered he, "to forget thy dagger at home. We are here to fight, and not to settle punctilios of arms." In a similar duel, however, a younger brother of the house of Aubanye, in Angoulesme, behaved more generously on the like occasion, and at once threw away his dagger when his enemy challenged it as an undue advantage. But at this time hardly any thing can be conceived more horribly brutal and savage than the mode in which private quarrels were conducted in France. Those who were most jealous of the point of honour, and acquired the title of Ruffines, did not scruple to take every advantage of strength, numbers, surprise, and arms, to accomplish their revenge.'-Scott.

1. 379. Ill fared it then, &c. A round target of light wood, covered with strong leather, and studded with brass or iron, was a necessary part of a Highlander's equipment. In charging regular troops, they received the thrust of the bayonet in this buckler, twisted it aside, and used the broad-sword against the encumbered soldier. In the civil war of 1745, most of the front rank of the clans were thus armed; and Captain Grose informs us, that, in 1747, the privates of the 42d regiment, then in Flanders, were, for the most part, permitted to carry targets.—Military Antiquities, vol. i. p. 164. A person thus armed had a considerable advantage in private fray. Among verses between Swift and Sheridan, lately published by Dr. Barret, there is an account of such an encounter, in which the circumstances, and consequently the relative superiority of the combatants, are precisely the reverse of those in the text:—

"A Highlander once fought a Frenchman at Margate,
The weapons, a rapier, a backsword, and target;
Brisk Monsieur advanced as fast as he could,
But all his fine pushes were caught in the wood,
And Sawney, with backsword, did slash him and nick him,
While t'other, enraged that he could not once prick him,
Cried, "Sirrah, you rascal, * * * *
Me will fight you, be gar! if you'll come from your door."

'The use of defensive armour, and particularly of the buckler, or target, was general in Queen Elizabeth's time, although that of the single rapier seems to have been occasionally practised much earlier1. Rowland Yorke, however, who betrayed the fort of Zutphen to the Spaniards, for which good service he was afterwards poisoned by them, is said to have been the first who brought the rapier fight into general use. Fuller, speaking of the swash-bucklers, or bullies, of Queen Elizabeth's time, says:--"West Smithfield was formerly called Ruffians' Hall, where such men usually met, casually or otherwise, to try masteries with sword and buckler. More were frightened than hurt, more hurt than killed therewith, it being accounted unmanly to strike beneath the knee. But since that desperate traitor Rowland Yorke first introduced thrusting with rapiers, sword and buckler are disused." In "The Two Angry Women of Abingdon," a comedy, printed in 1500, we have a pathetic complaint:- "Sword and buckler fight begins to grow out of use. I am sorry for it: I shall never see good manhood again. If it be once gone, this poking fight of rapier and dagger will come up; then a tall man and a good sword-and-buckler man, will be spitted like a cat or rabbit." But the rapier had on the continent long superseded, in private duel, the use of sword and shield. The masters of the noble science of defence were chiefly Italians. They made great mystery of their art and mode of instruction, never suffered any person to be present but the scholar who was to be taught, and even examined closets, beds, and other places of possible concealment. Their lessons often gave the most treacherous advantages; for the challenger, having the right to choose his weapons, frequently selected some strange, unusual, and inconvenient kind of arms, the use of which he practised under these instructors, and thus killed at his ease his antagonist, to whom it was presented for the first time on the field of battle. See Brantôme's Discourse on Duels, and the work on the same subject, "si gentement écrit," by the venerable Dr. Paris de Puteo. The Highlanders continued to use broadsword and target until disarmed after the affair of 1745-6.'-SCOTT.

l. 406. Let recreant yield, &c. 'I have not ventured to render this duel so savagely desperate as that of the celebrated Sir Ewan of Lochiel, chief of the clan Cameron, called, from his sable complexion, Ewan Dhu. He was the last man in Scotland who maintained the royal cause during the great Civil War, and his constant

¹ See Douce's Illustrations of Shakspeare, vol. ii. p. 61.

incursions rendered him a very unpleasant neighbour to the republican garrison at Inverlochy, now Fort-William. The governor of the fort detached a party of three hundred men to lay waste Lochiel's possessions, and cut down his trees; but, in a sudden and desperate attack made upon them by the chieftain with very inferior numbers, they were almost all cut to pieces. The skirmish is detailed in a curious memoir of Sir Ewan's life, printed in the Appendix of Pennant's Scottish Tour.

"In this engagement, Lochiel himself had several wonderful escapes. In the retreat of the English, one of the strongest and bravest of the officers retired behind a bush, when he observed Lochiel pursuing, and seeing him unaccompanied with any, he leapt out, and thought him his prey. They met one another with equal fury. The combat was long and doubtful: the English gentleman had by far the advantage in strength and size; but Lochiel, exceeding him in nimbleness and agility, in the end tript the sword out of his hand: they closed and wrestled, till both fell to the ground in each other's arms. The English officer got above Lochiel, and pressed him hard, but stretching forth his neck, by attempting to disengage himself. Lochiel, who by this time had his hands at liberty, with his left hand seized him by the collar, and jumping at his extended throat, he bit it with his teeth quite through, and kept such a hold of his grasp, that he brought away his mouthful: this, he said, was the sweetest bit he ever had in his lifetime."-Vol. i. p. 375.'-SCOTT.

1. 465. Weed. See note on IV. 506.

1. 465. I must be boune. The archaic use of boune = 'ready' is correct enough: 'I must be ready to see the game'; but the phrase is awkwardly suggestive of the more modern one: 'I am bound,' that is, obliged, engaged, which is of different etymology. See MURRAY.

l. 485. Up Carhonie's hill they flew, &c. 'It may be worth noting,' Lockhart says, 'that the Poet marks the progress of the King by naming in succession places familiar and dear to his own early recollections—Blair-Drummond, the seat of the Homes of Kaimes; Kier, that of the principal family of the name of Stirling; Ochtertyre, that of John Ramsay, the well-known antiquary, and correspondent of Burns; and Craigforth, that of the Callenders of Craigforth, almost under the walls of Stirling Castle:—all hospitable roofs, under which he had spent many of his younger days.'

11. 525-6. Lockhart quotes Jeffrey's criticism of these two lines as

'that unhappy couplet where the King himself is in such distress for a rhyme as to be obliged to apply to one of the obscurest saints in the calendar.' The original rhyme was to 'banished Lord,'—''Tis James of Douglas, by my word,' but this was superseded probably as being too colloquial. See note on II. 495.

1. 534. Cambus-Kenneth. See IV. 231-4, and note.

1. 549. A sad and Fatal mound. An eminence on the northeast of the castle, where state criminals were executed. Stirling was often polluted with noble blood. It is thus apostrophized by Johnston:—

"--- Discordia tristis

Heu quoties procerum sanguine tinxit humum! Hoc uno infelix, et felix ceters; nusquam Lætior aut cœli frons geniusve soli."

The fate of William, eighth earl of Douglas, whom James II. stabbed in Stirling Castle with his own hand, and while under his royal safe-conduct, is familiar to all who read Scottish history. Murdack Duke of Albany, Duncan Earl of Lennox, his father-in-law, and his two sons, Walter and Alexander Stuart, were executed at Stirling in 1425. They were beheaded upon an eminence without the castle walls, but making part of the same hill, from whence they could behold their strong castle of Doune, and their extensive possessions. This "heading hill," as it was sometimes termed, bears commonly the less terrible name of Hurley-Hacket, from its having been the scene of a courtly amusement alluded to by Sir David Lindsay, who says of the pastimes in which the young king was engaged,

"Some harled him to the Hurly-hacket;" which consisted in sliding, in some sort of chair it may be supposed, from top to bottom of a smooth bank. The boys of Edinburgh, about twenty years ago, used to play at the hurly-hacket, on the Calton-Hill, using for their seat a horse's skull."—Scott.

1. 562. morrice-dancers. See note on Lay, i. 156. The most striking feature in the dance, which was of Moorish origin, whence the name, was that the dancers had anklets, armlets, or girdles hung with bells. See 1. 611, 'morricers, with bell at heel.'

1. 564. The burghers hold their sports. 'Every burgh of Scotland, of the least note, but more especially the considerable towns, had their solemn play, or festival, when feats of archery were exhibited, and prizes distributed to those who excelled in wrestling, hurling the bar, and the other gymnastic exercises of the period. Stirling, a usual place of royal residence, was not likely to be

deficient in pomp upon such occasions, especially since James V. was very partial to them. His ready participation in these popular amusements was one cause of his acquiring the title of King of the Commons, or *Rex Plebeiorum*, as Leslie has latinized it. The usual prize to the best shooter was a silver arrow. Such a one is preserved at Selkirk and at Peebles. At Dumfries, a silver gun was substituted, and the contention transferred to fire-arms. The ceremony, as there performed, is the subject of an excellent Scottish poem, by Mr. John Mayne, entitled the Siller Gun, 1808, which surpasses the efforts of Ferguson, and comes near to those of Burns.'—Scott.

1. 614. Robin Hood. 'The exhibition of this renowned outlaw and his band was a favourite frolic at such festivals as we are describing. This sporting, in which kings did not disdain to be actors, was prohibited in Scotland upon the Reformation, by a statute of the 6th Parliament of Queen Mary, c. 61, A.D. 1555, which ordered, under heavy penalties, that "na manner of person be chosen Robert Hude, nor Little John, Abbot of Unreason, Queen of May, nor otherwise." But in 1561 the "rascal multitude," says John Knox, "was stirred up to make a Robin Hude, whilk enormity was of many years left and damned by statute and act of Parliament: yet would they not be forbidden." Accordingly they raised a very serious tumult, and at length made prisoners the magistrates who endeavoured to suppress it, and would not release them till they extorted a formal promise that no one should be punished for his share of the disturbance. It would seem, from the complaints of the General Assembly of the Kirk, that these profane festivities were continued down to 15921. Bold Robin was, to say the least, equally successful in maintaining his ground against the reformed clergy of England: for the simple and evangelical Latimer complains of coming to a country church, where the people refused to hear him. because it was Robin Hood's day; and his mitre and rochet were fain to give way to the village pastime. Much curious information on this subject may be found in the Preliminary Dissertation to the late Mr. Ritson's edition of the songs respecting this memorable outlaw. The game of Robin Hood was usually acted in May: and he was associated with the morrice-dancers, on whom so much illustration has been bestowed by the commentators on Shakspeare. A very lively picture of these festivities, containing a great deal of curious information on the subject of the private life and amuse-

¹ Book of the Universal Kirk, p. 414.

ments of our ancestors, was thrown, by the late ingenious Mr. Strutt, into his romance entitled Queen-hoo Hall, published after his death, in 1808.'—Scott.

1. 630. Indifferent as to archer wight. Mr. Rolfe takes 'wight' here to be the noun, and renders 'as to any ordinary archer.' This may be the meaning, but more probably 'wight' is the adj. strong—e.g. Lay, i. 232, 'Mount thee on the wightest steed'—and the meaning 'as to a doughty archer.' It matters little; the force lies in the word 'indifferent.' Scott remarks as follows on the behaviour which he ascribes to the King:—'The Douglas of the poem is an imaginary person, a supposed uncle of the Earl of Angus. But the King's behaviour during an unexpected interview with the Laird of Kilspindie, one of the banished Douglasses, under circumstances similar to those in the text, is imitated from a real story told by Hume of Godscroft. I would have availed myself more fully of the simple and affecting circumstances of the old history, had they not been already woven into a pathetic ballad by my friend Mr. Finlay 1.

'His (the king's) implacability (towards the family of Douglas) did also appear in his carriage towards Archibald of Kilspindie, whom he, when he was a child, loved singularly well for his ability of body, and was wont to call him his Gray-Steill2. Archibald, being banished into England, could not well comport with the humour of that nation, which he thought to be too proud, and that they had too high a conceit of themselves, joined with a contempt and despising of all others. Wherefore, being wearied of that life, and remembering the king's favour of old towards him, he determined to try the king's mercifulness and clemency. So he comes into Scotland, and taking occasion of the king's hunting in the park at Stirling, he casts himself to be in his way as he was coming home to the castle. So soon as the king saw him afar off, ere he came near, he guessed it was he, and said to one of his courtiers, yonder is my Gray-Steill, Archibald of Kilspindie, if he be alive. other answered that it could not be he, and that he durst not come into the king's presence. The king approaching, he fell upon his knees and craved pardon, and promised from thenceforward to abstain from meddling in public affairs, and to lead a quiet and private life. The king went by without giving him any answer, and

¹ See Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads. Glasgow, 1808, vol. ii. p. 117.

² A champion of popular romance. See Ellis's Romances, vol. iii.

trotted a good round pace up the hill. Kilspindie followed, and though he wore on him a secret, or shirt of mail, for his particular enemies, was as soon at the castle gate as the king. There he sat him down upon a stone without, and entreated some of the king's servants for a cup of drink, being weary and thirsty; but they, fearing the king's displeasure, durst give him none. When the king was set at his dinner he asked what he had done, what he had said, and whither he had gone? It was told him that he had desired a cup of drink, and had gotten none. The king reproved them very sharply for their discourtesy, and told them that if he had not taken an oath that no Douglas should ever serve him, he would have received him into his service, for he had seen him sometime a man of great ability. Then he sent him word to go to Leith, and expect his further pleasure. Then some kinsman of David Falconer, the cannonier that was slain at Tantallon, began to quarrel with Archibald about the matter, wherewith the king showed himself not well pleased when he heard of it. Then he commanded him to go to France for a certain space, till he heard further from him. And so he did, and died shortly after. This gave occasion to the King of England (Henry VIII.) to blame his nephew, alleging the old saying That a king's face should give grace. For this Archibald (whatsoever were Angus's or Sir George's fault) had not been principal actor of anything, nor no counsellor nor stirrer up, but only a follower of his friends, and that noways cruelly disposed."-Hume of Godscroft, ii. 107.'

1. 641. To Douglas gave a golden ring. 'The usual prize of a wrestling was a ram and a ring, but the animal would have embarrassed my story. Thus, in the Cokes Tale of Gamelyn, ascribed to Chaucer:—

"There happed to be there beside Tryed a wrestling: And therefore there was y-setten A ram and als a ring."

Again the Litil Geste of Robin Hood:-

"—By a bridge was a wrestling,
And there taryed was he,
And there was all the best yemen
Of all the west countrey.
A full fayre game there was set up,
A white bull up y-pight,

A great courser with saddle and brydle,
With gold burnished full bryght;
A payre of gloves, a red golde ringe,
A pipe of wyne, good fay;
What man bereth him best, I wis,
The prise shall bear away."

Ritson's Robin Hood, vol. i.'-Scott.

1. 886. Where stout Earl William was of old—'stabled by James II. in Stirling Castle.'—Scott.

CANTO VI.

The five preceding sunrises are in the open Highlands. The first sun's red beacon shines off Benvoirlich down dewy Glenartney. The second morn's genial influence wakes the old minstrel on Loch Katrine, and shines on Fitz-James's departing boat. The third summer dawn, when Loch Katrine's blue again changes to purple, reveals the preparations for the despatch of the Fiery Cross. The fourth displays Vennachar's broad lake and the love-inspired young Norman, heir of Armandrave. The fifth rises on Ben Aan, and the bivouac of the two combatants on the mountain side. This sixth sunrise is the gloomiest of the series, and precedes the happy ending of all.

1. 34. with fragments stored. Abundantly heaped. The poet might have found a happier word than *stored*, which is misused in such a connexion, but it is characteristic of him not to mar the vigour of his delineation by too nice a search for the apt word.

1. 43. These drew not, &c. 'The Scottish armies consisted chiefly of the nobility and barons, with their vassals, who held lands under them, for military service by themselves and their tenants. The patriarchal influence exercised by the heads of clans in the Highlands and Borders was of a different nature, and sometimes at variance with feudal principles. It flowed from the Patria Potestas, exercised by the chieftain as representing the original father of the whole name, and was often obeyed in contradiction to the feudal superior. James V. seems first to have introduced, in addition to the militia furnished from these sources, the service of a small number of mercenaries, who formed a body-guard, called the Foot-Band. The satirical poet, Sir David Lindsay (or the person who wrote the prologue to his play of the "Three Estaites"), has introduced Finlay of the Foot-Band, who, after much swaggering upon

the stage, is at length put to flight by the Fool, who terrifies him by means of a sheep's skull upon a pole. I have rather chosen to give them the harsh features of the mercenary soldiers of the period, than of this Scottish Thraso. These partook of the character of the Adventurous Companions of Froissart or the Condottieri of Italy.

'One of the best and liveliest traits of such manners is the last will of a leader, called Geffroy Tete Noir, who having been slightly wounded in a skirmish, his intemperance brought on a mortal disease. When he found himself dying he summoned to his bedside the adventurers whom he commanded, and thus addressed them:—

"Fayre sirs, quod Geffray, I knowe well ye have alwayes served and honoured me as men ought to serve their soveraygne and capitayne, and I shal be the gladder if ye wyll agre to have to your capitayne one that is discended of my blode. Beholde here Aleyne Roux, my cosyn, and Peter his brother, who are men of armes and of my blode. I require you to make Aleyne youre capitayne, and to swere to hym faythe, obeysaunce, love, and loyalte, here in my presence, and also to his brother: howe be it, I wyll that Aleyne have the soverayne charge. Sir, quod they, we are well content, for ye hauve right well chosen. There all the companyons made them seruyaunt to Aleyne Roux and to Peter his brother. When all that . was done, then Geffraye spake agayne and sayde, Nowe, sirs, ye haue obeyed to my pleasure, I canne you great thanke; wherefore, sirs, I wyll ye haue parte of that ye haue holpen to conquere: I saye unto you, that in yonder chest that ye see stande yonder, therein is to the some of xxx. thousande frankes; I wyll give them accordynge to my conscyence. Wyll ye all be content to fulfyll my testament; howe saye ye? Sir, quod they, we be right well contente to fulfyll your commaundement. Thanne first, quod he, I wyll and give to the Chapell of Saynt George here in the Castell, for the reparacions thereof, a thousande and fyue hundred frankes: and I gyue to my louer, who hath truly served me, two thousande and fyue hundred frankes; and also I gyue to Aleyne Roux, your newe capitayne, foure thousande frankes; also to the varlettes of my chamber, I gyue five hundred frankes; to myne officers I gyue a thousand and fyue hundred frankes; the rest I gyue and bequeth as I shall shewe you. Ye be vpon a thyrtie companyons all of one sorte; ye ought to be bretherne, and all of one alyaunce, withoute debate, ryotte, or stryfe amonge you. All this that I have shewed you ye shall fynde in yonder cheste: I wyll that ye departe all the resydue equally and truely bitwene you thyrtie; and if ye be not thus contente, but that

the deuyll wyll set debate bytwene you than beholde yonder, is a stronge axe: breke up the coffer and gette it who can. To those wordes every man answered and said. Sir and dere maister, we are and shal be all of one accorde; Sir, we have so moche loued and douted you, that we wyll breke no cofer, nor breke no poynt of that ye have ordaynd and commauded." Lord Berners' Froissart, II. 418."—Scott. Mr. Rolfe remarked that in this quotation, as given in previous editions, a page seemed to have dropped out. I have restored the missing part, which contains the whole point of the illustration.

1.68. grappled to their swords. Cf. II. 781, 'their desperate hand griped to the dagger.' It may be noted, as showing how Scott searched for the right expression here, that he cancelled in the MS. two tentatives, 'grasped for the dagger,' and 'groped for the dagger.'

1. 80. a chaser of the deer. Poetic diction for a poacher. Cf. Old Marston in *Robbery under Arms*, and Mr. Kipling's Learoyd, in

Soldiers Three.

1. 95. Upsees out. 'Bacchanalian interjection, borrowed from the Dutch.'—Scott. Mr. Rolfe adds:—'Nares criticises Scott for using the word as a noun. It is generally found in the phrases "upsee Dutch" and "upsee Freeze" (the same thing, Frist being = Dutch), which appears to mean "in the Dutch fashion." Cf. Ben Jonson, Alchemist, iv. 6:—

"I do not like the duliness of your eye,

It hath a heavy cast, 'tis upsee Dutch;" that is, looks like intoxication. See also Beaumont and Fletcher, Beegar's Bush, iv. 4: "The bowl... which must be upsey English,

strong, lusty, London beer."

1. 107. Jeffrey found bitter fault with this song for its 'ribaldry and dull vulgarity.' Dull is certainly not the right word; the coarse roystering mercenaries, not without a certain rude generosity in spite of their coarseness, are meant as a foil to the romantic Highlanders, who fight under auguries and out of loyalty to their Chief. John of Brent is a strong contrast to young Norman, heir of Armandrave.

1. 131. The leader of a juggler band. 'The jongleurs, or jugglers, as we learn from the elaborate work of the late Mr. Strutt on the Sports and Pastimes of the people of England, used to call in the aid of various assistants, to render these performances as captivating as possible. The glee-maiden was a necessary attendant.

Her duty was tumbling and dancing; and therefore the Anglo-Saxon version of Saint Mark's Gospel states Herodias to have vaulted or tumbled before King Herod. In Scotland these poor creatures seem, even at a late period, to have been bondswomen to their masters. . . . The facetious qualities of the ape soon rendered him an acceptable addition to the strolling band of the jongleur. Ben Jonson, in his splenetic introduction to the comedy of "Bartholomew Fair," is at pains to inform the audience "that he has ne'er a sword-and-buckler man in his Fair, nor a juggler, with a well-educated ape, to come over the chaine for the King of England, and back again for the Prince, and sit still on his haunches for the Pope and the King of Spaine." '—Scott.

l. 176. halberd. A battle-axe mounted on a long pole and

armed with a spear-point for thrusting.

l. 199. errant damosel. Florimell, in the third book of the Faery Queen, is 'the Errant Damzell hight.' Her first appearance is described in these lines (III. Can. i. St. 15):—

'All suddenly out of the thicket brush Upon a milk-white palfrey all alone, A goodly lady did foreby them rush.'

In the *Morte D'Arthur* the damsel, at whose request Lancelot fought Turpine, was mounted on a white palfrey, but neither white palfrey nor hoar harper was a necessary attendant of the distressed damsels who sought help from the Table Round.

l. 234. barret-cap. It. berretta, a small flat cap.

1. 295. Leech. An old English name for a physician. See SKEAT. A collection of old English medical lore in the Master of the Rolls series is entitled 'Leechdoms, Wortcunning and Starcraft of Early England.'

306. Prore, Lat. prora, Gk. πρώρα, poetic diction for the prow, used by Matthew Arnold in Human Life—' cut by an onward-labouring vessel's prore.'

l. 347. Dermid's race, the Campbells, inveterate enemies of the Macgregors.

1. 348. Strike it! 'There are several instances, at least in tradition, of persons so much attached to particular tunes, as to require to hear them on their deathbed. Such an anecdote is mentioned by the late Mr. Riddel, of Glenriddel, in his collection of Border tunes, respecting an air called the "Dandling of the Bairns," for which a certain Gallovidian laird is said to have evinced this strong mark of partiality. It is popularly told of a famous free-

booter that he composed the tune known by the name of Macpherson's Rant, while under sentence of death, and played it at the gallows-tree. Some spirited words have been adapted to it by Burns. A similar story is recounted of a Welsh bard, who composed and played on his deathbed the air called Dafyddy Garregg Wen. But the most curious example is given by Brantôme, of a maid of honour at the Court of France, entitled Mademoiselle de Limeuil: "Durant sa maladie, dont elle trespassa, jamais elle ne cessa, ainsi causa tousjours; car elle estoit fort grande parleuse, brocardeuse, et très-bien et fort à propos, es très-belle avec cela. Quand l'heure de sa fin fut venue, elle fit venir a soy son valet (ainsi que le filles de la cour en ont chacune un), qui s'appelloit Julien, et scavoit très-bien jouer du violon. 'Julien,' luy dit elle, 'prenez vostre violon. et sonnez moy tousjours jusques a ce que vous me voyez morte (car je m'y en vais) la défaite des Suisses, et le mieux que vous pourrez, et quand vous serez sur le mot, 'Tout est perdu,' sonnez le par quatre ou cing fois le plus piteusement que vous pourrez, ce qui fit l'autre, et elle-mesme luy aidoit de la voix, et quand ce vint 'tout est perdu,' elle le réitera par deux fois; et se tournant de l'autre costé du chevet, elle dit à ses compagnes: 'Tout est perdu à ce coup, et à bon escient; et ainsi décéda. Voila une morte joyeuse et plaisante. Te tiens ce conte de deux de ses compagnes, dignes de foi, qui virent jouer ce mystere."—Œuvres de Brantôme, iii. 507.' The tune to which this fair lady chose to make her final exit was composed on the defeat of the Swiss at Marignano. The burden is quoted by Panurge, in Rabelais, and consists of these words, imitating the jargon of the Swiss, which is a mixture of French and German:-

'Tout est verlore,

La Tintelore,

Tout est verlore, bi Got!'

l. 369. Battle of Beal' an Duine. 'A skirmish actually took place at a pass thus called in the Trosachs, and closed with the remarkable incident mentioned in the text. It was greatly posterior in date to the reign of James V.

'In this roughly-wooded island 1 the country people secreted their wives and children, and their most valuable effects, from the rapacity of Cromwell's soldiers, during their inroad into this country, in the time of the republic. These invaders, not venturing to ascend by the ladders along the side of the lake, took a more circuitous road,

¹ That at the eastern extremity of Loch Katrine, so often mentioned in the text.

through the heart of the Trosachs, the most frequented path at that time, which penetrates the wilderness about half way between Binean and the lake by a tract called Yeachilleach, or the Old Wife's Bog.

'In one of the defiles of this by-road, the men of the country at that time hung upon the rear of the invading enemy and shot one of Cromwell's men, whose grave marks the scene of action, and gives name to that pass 1. In revenge of this insult the soldiers resolved to plunder the island, to violate the women, and put the children to death. With this brutal intention one of the party, more expert than the rest, swam towards the island to fetch the boat to his comrades, which had carried the women to their asylum, and lay moored in one of the creeks. His companions stood on the shore of the mainland, in full view of all that was to pass, waiting anxiously for his return with the boat. But just as the swimmer had got to the nearest point of the island, and was laying hold of a black rock to get on shore, a heroine, who stood on the very point where he meant to land, hastily snatching a dagger from below her apron, with one stroke severed his head from the body. His party seeing this disaster, and relinquishing all future hope of revenge or conquest, made the best of their way out of their perilous situation. This amazon's great-grandson lives at Bridge of Turk, who, besides others, attests the anecdote."-Sketch of the Scenery near Callander, Stirling, 1806, p. 20. I have only to add to this account that the . heroine's name was Helen Stewart.'-Scott.

1. 404. barded. Mr. Rolfe substitutes this for 'barbed.' It is the reading of the MS. as well as of the early editions, but Scott himself, in a note on the Lay, i. 311. gives 'barbed' as a synonym for 'barded,' meaning 'accounted with defensive armour.'

l. 443. twilight wood. The meaning of the epithet can hardly be, as has been suggested, that 'the appearance of the spears and pikes was such that in the twilight they might have been mistaken at a distance for a wood.' It means only that the spears were so close and numerous as to darken the air for the men who held them up.

1. 452. Tinchel. 'A circle of sportsmen, who by surrounding a great space and gradually narrowing, brought immense quantities of deer together, which usually made desperate efforts to break through the tinchel.'—Scott.

1. 603. His parting breath. Lockhart quotes from the Introduction to Rob Roy:—'Rob Roy, while on his deathbed, learned

Pealach an Duine.

that a person, with whom he was at enmity, proposed to visit him. "Raise me from my bed," said the invalid; "throw my plaid around me, and bring me my claymore, dirk, and pistols,—it shall never be said that a foeman saw Rob Roy MacGregor defenceless and unarmed." His foeman, conjectured to be one of the MacLarens before and after mentioned, entered and paid his compliments, inquiring after the health of his formidable neighbour. Rob Roy maintained a cold haughty civility during their short conference; and so soon as he had left the house, "Now," he said, "all is over—let the piper play Ha til mi tulidh," [we return no more], and he is said to have expired before the dirre was finished.'

1. 740. And Snowdoun's Knight is Scotland's King. 'This discovery will probably remind the reader of the beautiful Arabian tale of Il Bondocani. Yet the incident is not borrowed from that elegant story, but from Scottish tradition. James V, of whom we are treating, was a monarch whose good and benevolent intentions often rendered his romantic freaks venial, if not respectable, since, from his anxious attention to the interests of the lower and most oppressed class of his subjects, he was, as we have seen, popularly termed the King of the Commons. For the purpose of seeing that justice was regularly administered, and frequently from the less justifiable motive of gallantry, he used to traverse the vicinage of his several palaces in various disguises. The two excellent comic songs entitled, "the Gaberlunzie man," and "We'll gae nae mair a roving," are said to have been founded upon the success of his amorous adventures when travelling in the disguise of a beggar. The latter is perhaps the best comic ballad in any language.

Another adventure, which had nearly cost James his life, is said to have taken place at the village of Cramond, near Edinburgh, where he had rendered his addresses acceptable to a pretty girl of the lower rank. Four or five persons, whether relations or lovers of his mistress is uncertain, beset the disguised monarch as he returned from his rendezvous. Naturally gallant, and an admirable master of his weapon, the king took post on the high and narrow bridge over the Almond river, and defended himself bravely with his sword. A peasant, who was thrashing in a neighbouring barn, came out upon the noise, and whether moved by compassion or by natural gallantry, took the weaker side, and laid about with his fiail so effectually, as to disperse the assailants, well threshed, even according to the letter. He then conducted the king into his barn, where his guest requested a basin and a towel, to remove the stains

of the broil. This being procured with difficulty, James employed himself in learning what was the summit of his deliverer's earthly wishes, and found that they were bounded by the desire of possessing, in property, the farm of Braehead, upon which he laboured as a bondsman. The lands chanced to belong to the crown; and James directed him to come to the palace of Holyrood, and enquire for the Guidman (i. e. farmer) of Ballengiech, a name by which he was known in his excursions, and which answered to the Il Bondocani of Haroun Alraschid. He presented himself accordingly, and found, with due astonishment, that he had saved his monarch's life, and that he was to be gratified with a crown charter of the lands of Braehead, under the service of presenting a ewer, basin and towel, for the king to wash his hands when he shall happen to pass the Bridge of Cramond. This person was ancestor of the Howisons of Braehead, in Mid-Lothian, a respectable family, who continue to hold the lands (now passed into the female line) under the same tenure 1.

'Another of James's frolics is thus narrated by Mr. Campbell from the Statistical Account:—"Being once benighted when out a-hunting, and separated from his attendants, he happened to enter a cottage in the midst of a moor at the foot of the Ochill hills, near Alloa, where, unknown, he was kindly received. In order to regale their unexpected guest, the gudeman (i. e. landlord, farmer) desired the gudewife to fetch the hen that roosted nearest the cock, which is always the plumpest, for the stranger's supper. The king, highly pleased with his night's lodging and hospitable entertainment, told mine host at parting, that he should be glad to return his civility, and requested that the first time he came to Stirling, he would eall at the castle, and enquire for the Gudeman of Ballenguich.

'Donaldson, the landlord, did not fail to call on the Gudeman of Ballenguich, when his astonishment at finding that the king had been his guest afforded no small amusement to the merry monarch and his courtiers; and, to carry on the pleasantry, he was thenceforth designated by James with the title of King of the Moors, which name and designation have descended from father to son ever since,

¹ The reader will find this story told at greater length, and with the addition in particular, of the king being recognised, like the Fitz-James of the Lady of the Lake, by being the only person covered in the First Series of Tales of a Grandfather, vol. iii. p. 37. The heir of Braehead discharged his duty at the banquet given to King George IV in the Parliament House at Edinburgh in 1822.—ED.

and they have continued in possession of the identical spot, the property of Mr. Erskine of Mar, till very lately, when this gentleman, with reluctance, turned out the descendant and representative of the King of the Moors, on account of his majesty's invincible indolence, and great dislike to reform or innovation of any kind, although, from the spirited example of his neighbour tenants on the same estate, he is convinced similar exertion would promote his advantage."

'The author requests permission yet farther to verify the subject of his poem, by an extract from the genealogical work of Buchanan of Auchmar, upon Scottish surnames:—

'This John Buchanan of Auchmar and Ampryor was afterwards termed King of Kippen¹, upon the following account: King James V. a very sociable, debonair prince, residing at Stirling, in Buchanan of Ampryor's time, carriers were very frequently passing along the common road, being near Ampryor's house, with necessaries for the use of the king's family; and he, having some extraordinary occasion, ordered one of these carriers to leave his load at his house, and he would pay him for it; which the carrier refused to do, telling him he was the king's carrier, and his load for his majesty's use; to which Ampryor seemed to have small regard, compelling the carrier, in the end, to leave his load; telling him, if King James was King of Scotland, he was King of Kippen, so that it was reasonable he should share with his neighbour king in some of these loads, so frequently carried that road. The carrier representing this usage, and telling the story, as Ampryor spoke it, to some of the king's servants, it came at length to his majesty's ears, who, shortly thereafter, with a few attendants, came to visit his neighbour king, who was in the meantime at dinner. King James, having sent a servant to demand access, was denied the same by a tall fellow with a battle-axe, who stood porter at the gate, telling, there could be no access till dinner was over. This answer not satisfying the king, he sent to demand access a second time; upon which he was desired by the porter to desist, otherwise he would find cause to repent his rudeness. His majesty finding this method would not do, desired the porter to tell his master that the Goodman of Ballageich desired to speak with the King of Kippen. The porter telling Ampryor so much, he, in all humble manner, came and received the king, and having entertained him with much sumptuousness and jollity,

¹ A small district of Perthshire.

became so agreeable to King James, that he allowed him to take so much of any provision he found carrying that road as he had occasion for; and seeing he made the first visit, desired Arnpryor in a few days to return him a second to Stirling, which he performed, and continued in very much favour with the king, always thereafter being termed King of Kippen while he lived.'—Buchanan's Essay upon the Family of Buchanan, Edin.i1775, 8vo. p. 74.

'The readers of Ariosto must give credit for the amiable features with which he is represented, since he is generally considered as the prototype of Zerbino, the most interesting hero of the Orlando Furioso.'—Scott.

1. 789. the name of Snowdoun. 'William of Worcester, who wrote about the middle of the fifteenth century, calls Stirling Castle Snowdoun. Sir David Lindsay bestows the same epithet upon it in his complaint of the Papingo:—

"Adieu, fair Snawdoun, with thy towers high, Thy chaple-royal, park, and table round; May, June, and July, would I dwell in thee, Were I a man, to hear the birdis sound, Whilk doth againe thy royal rock rebound."

'Mr. Chalmers, in his late excellent edition of Sir David Lindsay's works, has refuted the chimerical derivation of Snawdoun from snedding, or cutting. It is probably derived from the romantic legend which connected Stirling with King Arthur, to which the mention of the Round Table gives countenance. The ring within which justs were formerly practised, in the castle park, is still called the Round Table. Snawdoun is the official title of one of the Scottish Heralds, whose epithets seem in all countries to have been fantastically adopted from ancient history or romance.

'It appears (see Note on 1.740) that the real name by which James was actually distinguished in his private excursions, was the Goodman of Ballenguich; derived from a steep pass leading up to the Castle of Stirling, so called. But the epithet would not have suited poetry, and would besides at once, and prematurely, have announced the plot to many of my countrymen, among whom the traditional stories above mentioned are still current.'—Scott.

1. 841. Lockhart quotes the following extract from a letter of Byron's to Scott, dated July 6, 1812:—'And now, waiving myself, let me talk to you of the Prince Regent. He ordered me to be presented to him at a ball; and after some sayings peculiarly pleasing from royal lips, as to my own attempts, he talked to me of you and

your immortalities; he preferred you to every bard past and present, and asked which of your works pleased me most. It was a difficult question. I answered, I thought the "Lay." He said his own opinion was nearly similar. In speaking of the others, I told him that I thought you more particularly the poet of *Princes*, as they never appeared more fascinating than in "Marmion," and the "Lady of the Lake." He was pleased to coincide, and to dwell on the description of your Jameses as no less royal than poetical. He spoke alternately of Homer and yourself, and seemed well acquainted with both, &c.—Letter from Lord Byron to Sir Walter Scott, July 6, 1812.—Byron's Life and Works, vol. ii. p. 156.

1. 842. Harp of the North, farewell. Lockhart prints a less formal farewell addressed by the poet to the Printer:—'I send the grand finale, and so exit the Lady of the Lake from the head she has tormented for six months. In canto vi. stanza 21,—stern and still, read grim and still; sternly occurs four lines higher. For a similar reason, stanza 24,—dun deer, read fleet deer. I will probably call this morning.—Yours truly, W. S.'

THE END.

ISTRICT. Forest of Glenartney en Flich Uam -Var Torry Lendrick Deanstown Downe Castle Blair Drummond .Old Keir Ochtertyre TIRLING OXFORD, CLARENDON PRESS. .

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